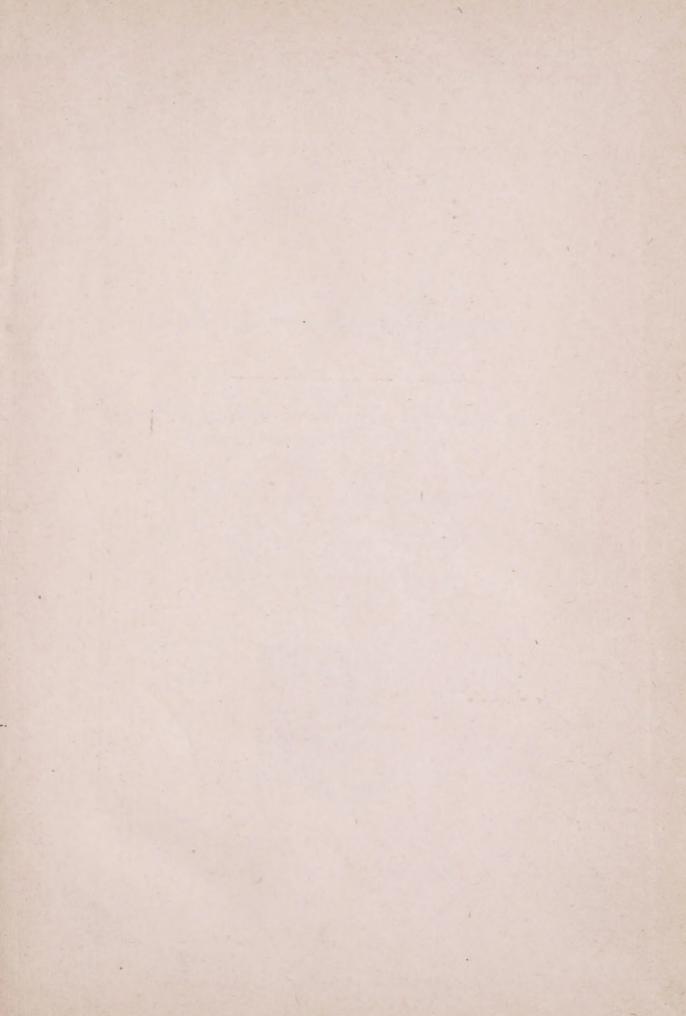


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 3 Coppright Do.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



# AT LAST

BY

## MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER

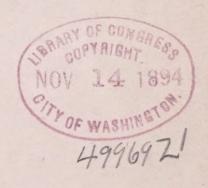
AUTHOR OF

' MOOFIE IN EUROPE," "LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS, &c., &c.

"TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH."

"Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see, And what I do in anything, To do it as to Thee."





BUFFALO N Y
CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
1894

PZ34A

COPYRIGHT, 1894,
By MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.
(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

## DEDICATION.

I dedicate my book,

by kindest personal permission,

given at

Palazzo Capodimonte,

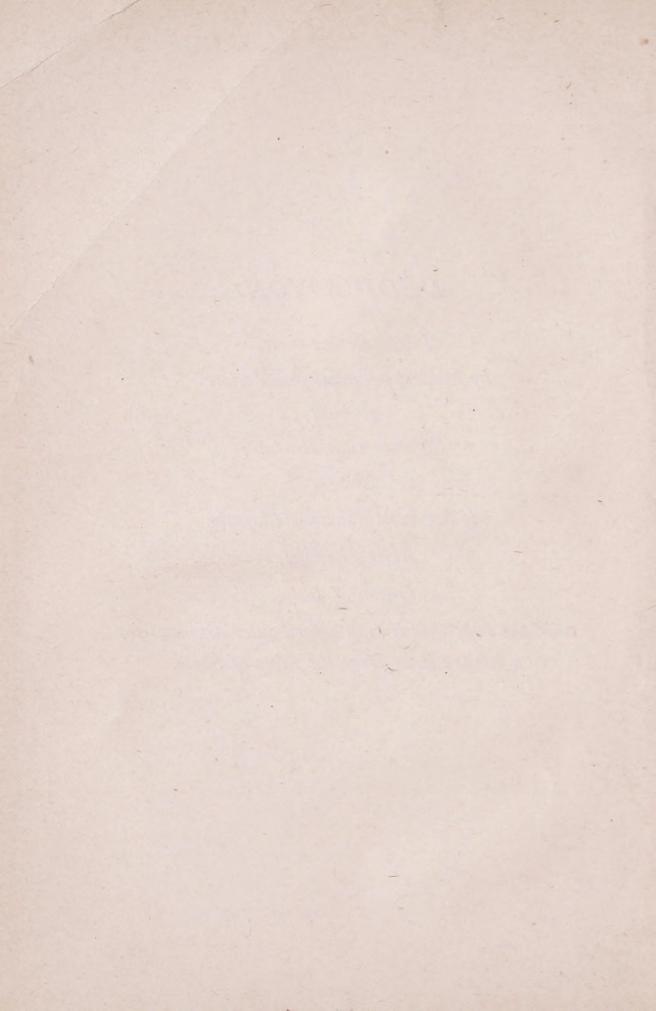
Napoli,

to her most gracious Majesty

Margherita,

Queen of Italy,

with the hope that it may afford entertainment for a leisure hour from the cares of State.



### PREFACE.

JUST look at that Mount Beau Ideal! How resplendent he is in that wonderful light! He lifts his unattainable summit into the blue, and veils it among those mysterious, many-tinted clouds. Alas! how imperfect all human achievement in view of that sublime mountain! Better so. Pity to the climber who has reached his aim, his Beau-Ideal. Eternity will not be long enough for that.

In deepest sympathy with all my sisters and fellow-workers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union all over the world, I have wished to add my mite to all noble, unselfish work done for the Master, by writing this true story.

It can not be urged with success that I have exaggerated in the portions that treat of the temperance question, for no language that I know anything about, would be adequate

to depict the scenes of Slumdom in any land or city.

If my boy-hero and my heroine travel somewhat in France and the Riviera of Italy, they have ever the one great aim—to bring to God a consecrated service. My reader who is ever a student, and constantly discovering the limited extent of his own knowledge, who is an enthusiastic lover of art, history and historical scenes and natural beauty, will follow them, if not to learn, to refresh his memory. He will expand a hint thrown out to whet curiosity and inquiry in less cultivated, or youthful readers. Perhaps he may thus dream again the sunny dreams of his own journeyings, that, hidden away in the store-room of the mind, might not otherwise be turned over and recalled to memory.

If the golden promises, and the resulting peace born of them to my heroine and her laddie, should bring comfort, healing, strength to rise and conquer, to any troubled and

tempted soul, the writer will have her reward.

Carlot of the state of the stat 

## CONTENTS.

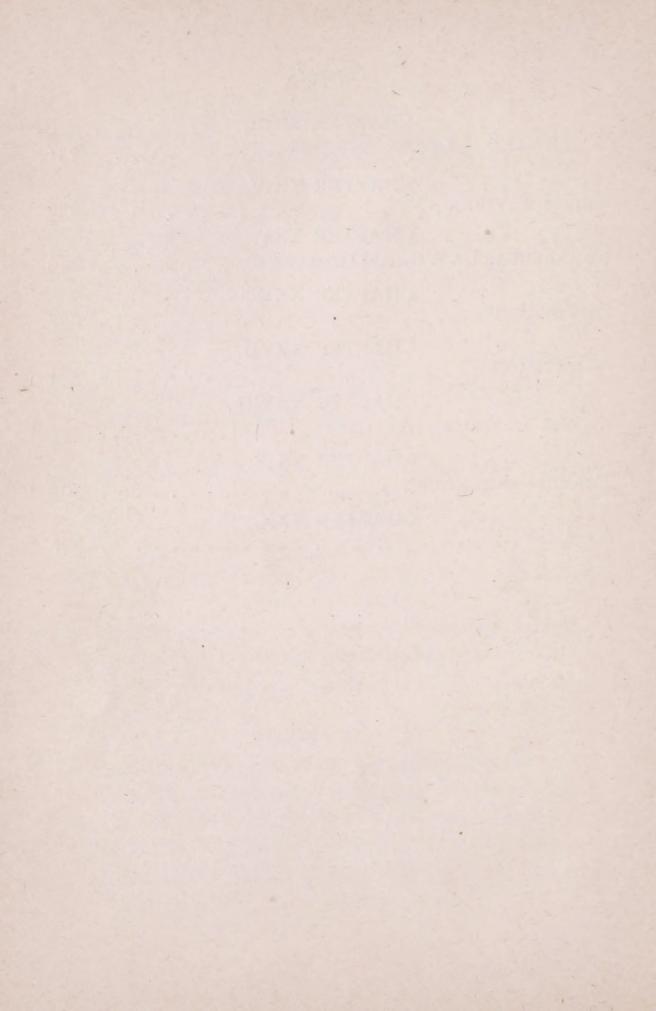
CHAPTER I.	PAGE
No. 12 Free Street. VIA DOLOROSA, VIA CRU-	
CIS—VIA LUCIS	
CHAPTER II.	
LOHENGRIN	24
CHAPTER III.	
New Paths	35
CHAPTER IV.	
THE RUBY	. 43
CHAPTER V.	
TINTERN ABBEY. "DE PROFUNDIS. "NEL LAGO	
DEL CUORE	54
CHAPTER VI. THE CHILDREN'S FESTA	66
CHAPTER VII.	
A Boy's Code—The Anti-Sin Club	74
CHAPTER VIII.	
RABENSHORT	87
CHAPTER IX.	1
PEARL FISHING	101
CHAPTER X.	
THE CONCERT	III
CHAPTER XI.	
THE JEWEL CASKET	115

## Contents.

CHAPTER XII.	
A Co-DITCH-IL	120
CHAPTER XIII.	
THE BISHOP OF HOLLIKULLIWOGONY	127
CHAPTER XIV.	
THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE	134
CHAPTER XV.	* 40
Dolce far Niente	140
CHAPTER XVI.	T 4 8
LA BELLE FRANCE	140
CHAPTER XVII.	
PARIS. IN SAINT DENIS—NOTRE DAME, SAINT	
GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS	153
CHAPTER XVIII.	
LE CHÂTEAU DE RAMBOUILLET—MALMAISON	167
CHAPTER XIX.	
LE CHATEAU DE COMPIÈGNE—SAINT CLOUD	177
CHAPTER XX.	
Le Château de Fontainebleau et la Forêt	183
CHAPTER XXI.	
VERSAILLES, SÈVRES, GOBELINS TAPISSERIE, MEU-	
DON, SAINT GERMAIN—EN—LAYE, MARLY, LE	
Palais Cardinal, Palais Royal, Le Palais	
MAZARIN	189
CHAPTER XXII.	
In Touraine. Choisy Mademoiselle, Choisy Le	
Roi, Le Château de Blois, Le Château de	
CHAMBORD, LE CHATEAU D' AMBOISE, CHEN-	
ONCEAUX, CHAUMONT, LOCHES, AZAY LE RID-	
EAU, LE CHÂTEAU DE CHINON	205

## Contents.

CHAPTER XXIII.	
Southward. Lyons, Avignon	231
NELLA RIVIERA	238
CHAPTER XXV. ENNABELLA, LA VILLA DAGMARA	249
CHAPTER XXVI.	
DISCOVERIES	267
A DECISION	284
CHAPTER XXVIII. IN THE PERGOLA—AT LAST! GONE!	297
CHAPTER XXIX.  TRAVEL—REUNION	305
CHAPTER XXX.	207



## AT LAST

#### CHAPTER I.

NO. 12 FREE STREET.

### VIA DOLOROSA, VIA CRUCIS—VIA LUCIS.

"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend."

IT was a large room with three windows, one looking over a church toward the sunrising, one southward over several church spires, roofs and chimneys, and far to the left, over a strip of the shimmering Lake Ontario; the third looked westward, through which the setting sun was pouring his golden light.

The apartment wore an air of refinement and taste, and its command of light precluded gloom, and that feeling of being shut in, produced by walls and darkened windows. One felt the conviction on entering it, that a noble soul, with the inward eye turned toward the true "Light," had chosen it, and made it a dwelling-place of gladsomeness and peace. Through a large arch, hung with white lace

portières, one saw an inner room, containing a large, halftester bed, and near it a smaller child's couch, both so white they might have been snowed on.

All the windows were draped in pure white, the woodwork was white, and the walls were of a delicate acqua marine. The space between the east and south windows was adorned by a full-length mirror, with a table in front of it, on which stood a large bowl filled with wild-flowers and a variety of ferns. The walls were hung with photographs of Raphael's glorious Madonna, his Transfiguration on the Mount, that beautiful portrait of him, that one sees in the Louvre and in Florence, and a portrait of Luther and Melancthon. There were also two aquarelles, one a view of the Campagna di Roma, with the Alban and Sabine Hills in the background, looking like heaps of precious stones in the winter lights, and the distant, snow-wreathed Soracte. The other was a sketch of Giotto's marvelous tower of the Brunelleschi Duomo in Florence, both painted during happy days in la Bell' Italia.

A small, low book-case contained choice classics, and a carpet of pale, subdued tints covered the floors of both chambers.

A gilt cage hung outside the south window, containing a canary—Roma—for he was a native of Rome—which sang a brilliant melody, for you must know Roma is an educated bird. On a rug near the door lay Don Pedro, a splendid Mount Saint Bernard of purest race.

A round table stood before the west window, the tray laid for tea for two, and a tiny, shining brass tea-kettle on a small petroleum stove, sent up a cheery column of steam.

And now permit me to introduce to you the two occupants of the apartment. Mrs. Molada sits on a low prie-Dieu chair near the sopha, playing lightly "Addio Bella Napoli" on the guitarre, and little Harry, the hero of this true story, is just putting the tea-pot on the table, humming at the same time the sweet melody, that awakens dreams of the blue Bay of Naples, its Capri and Ischia, its Sorento, its lovely shores, once the delight of Virgil and of Tasso, and its awful Vesuvius.

Doctor Molada, a man of high standing in the professional world, and well remembered in Toronto, had left his wife and only child a competency, which he had, unfortunately, invested in the Central Bank. When the crash of that bank came, Mrs. Molada's wealth took its flight for other lands, where it wrote sonnets, and disported itself gaily, like the Jackdaw of the fable, and the result to her was a change from her beautiful home Donthank, to two chambers, her guitarre, her piano and organ were sold, and a portion of her large and valuable library.

Through the kind efforts of the Rev. Dr. Glenavon, pastor of the Fleur-de-lis Church, called by his own people Pastor Glenavon, the equipments of the chambers I have described, were bought in at the sale of Donthank, and presented to her.

Dr. and Mrs. Molada had been—during their residence in Toronto—members of the Fleur-de-lis church, and the good pastor had been as a brother to them, and, like all great souls, when the tornado of sorrow broke upon them, he was true to the old friendship.

As Mrs. Molada sits in her low chair, sweeping the strings of her guitarre, you see a lady somewhat above the medium height, with a large head, gold-brown hair of that rich and rare shade one sees in the old paintings of Venice, a regal brow, too high for an artist's type of beauty, a countenance illuminated by large, soft, lustrous hazel-gray eyes, and a firm mouth, about which plays a pensive smile—a mouth, though firm, of mild and gentle expression. Her graceful form is draped in black — there is not a hint of color about her save the gleam of her wonderful eyes and magnificent At the first interview, you are struck with a sublime something that seems to rest like a halo over the form and features, and fill the great eyes with a radiant light, and you look again to discover the mystery. When you come to know her better, you will understand it. Her attitude towards Christ is fairly well expressed by the little hymn which she wrote in the hour of her bitterest sorrow:

#### HOW LONG.

How long, oh Lord, how long?

Has been my constant moan;
But now my only song—

I trust in Thee alone.

Thy will is always good,
And what Thou dost is best,
Thou knowest, Lord, I would
Seek only Thee for rest.

My sufferings seem small,
When I recall Thy pain,
And Thou hast borne them all,
That I with Thee might reign,

Might triumph over sin,
And walk in constant light;
The victory I win
Through Thy eternal might.

Harry is almost a perfect copy of his mother. His golden hair tosses itself in a beautiful confusion of freedom-loving curls over a massive head of grand proportions, and his eyes are the loveliest sapphire blue. When under the influence of any strong emotion, like listening to favorite poetry or music, the eyes seem aflame with latent fire, and the child-face becomes pale. Raphael would have chosen him as a model for one of his glorious boy-angels; he reminds one of Fra Angelico's purest, divinest forms. The head is that of a philanthropist and of a genius. Will he write in marble or in colors? — in music or in words? Vast possibilities lie wrapped up in the little form. As you regard him, you see the fact, and you ask the same questions his mother has asked herself a thousand times.

She has devoted herself during his young life, to the training of his rare mind, taking care to lay the foundations of a high, all-sided character broad and strong. But Mrs, Molada is in a rapid decline, combined with heart trouble, forbidden much physical exertion, and you feel a wild throb at your heart as you look at mother and son, and see that the boy will probably soon be motherless, as well as fatherless.

A tap at the door interrupted the playing and the humming, and a kind-faced woman opened it, to enquire if she could do anything more, and her little daughter, Baldéra, somewhat larger than Harry, peeped in from behind her mother.

Mrs. Trueman is Mrs. Molada's landlady. She is a poor widow? Bless you, no; she is a poor woman with a *drunken husband*; she rents the chambers, and gives attendance, and takes in ironing to support herself and her helpless children and her useless husband.

Query. Does a woman get out of her "sphere" when she supports a lazy, good-for-nothing drunkard, who swore at God's altar to "cherish" her?

How glad I am that woman has a "sphere"! That has been unanimously granted her. It never entered into the head of any man under the sun to deny that woman has a "sphere," even if he have none himself. If he had, why does he intrude so much into hers?

A sphere of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere.

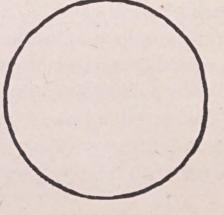
Now a

would have been left out, over could have had

is a large place.

Look at it!

If she had received only



there
much space
which she
no claim.

But she has a "sphere." Look at that, and see the vast difference between it and a flat circle. Woman has an absolute right to every inch of that globe—every square inch in it is hers—every cube inch in it is hers—every superficial inch is hers, and, therefore, the entire globe is hers, to live in, to work in, to use, and God has "pre-ordained" her to occupy it. She may dig down to the heart of it, climb the highest mountain-peak of it, or go down into Slumdom.

"Do you demand proof? Here it is." Psalm lxviii-11:
"The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it." I wish that every woman knew that the pronoun in the original Hebrew is in the feminine, and means women. The New Version translates it properly. "The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host." Wonderful prophecy! for this is a prophetic Psalm—wonderful, partial fulfillment in this age!

This is emphatically woman's age. The world can not do without her work. If the great reforms that our troubled world so much needs, are ever to be a glorious reality, and not the wild chimeras of a disordered brain, it must be largely accomplished by woman's influence, woman's heart, and woman's work. The world's cosmopolitan minds already recognize this.

Let it not be forgotten—a most striking fact—that the first commission given by the Christ after the resurrection, was to women. The first commission is in Matthew xxviii10. The second in John xx-17. This is indisputable. Jesus sent women to tell men.

It is clear, then, that woman has been pre-ordained by

the "Bishop of Souls" to proclaim His gospel, and in presence of this royal ordination, "every mouth shall be stopped," that would hinder her in this the "King's business." No deputed commission is hers. It is direct from the Head "of all power in heaven and in earth."

One thought more. Women were present at the Pentecost—Acts i-14, Acts ii-1, and, "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost,"—"the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus."

Mrs. Trueman was a true soul, full of large sympathies, and the whiteness of those beds already referred to, proved her loving care of her lodgers.

But to return to our sheep.

The sun had set, and the gray shadows of twilight were busy extinguishing every ray of light, when they had finished tea.

Harry, with rare handiness and grace for such a wee laddie, had put all in its place, his mother watching him the while with a yearning tenderness, and what an inexpressible solace he was to her, only her great mother-heart and God knew.

Seating himself close to his mother, he said: "Mater, we are very, very poor. We have not food for to-morrow. What shall we do?"

"You remember I told you, Harry, that when the Glasgow Bank failed, ladies in Edinburgh and elsewhere, who had dwelt in mansions, and driven in carriages, were obliged to hide themselves in attics, sometimes up eight stories or more, and sew or knit, or do anything. And

they had not as we have had, a noble pastor, to buy in favorite objects to furnish these home-like rooms, as our dear Dr. Glenavon has done."

"If we only had our dear piano in that space there on the east side, near that pleasant window, and the organ in that corner between the south and west windows, it would be so nice—just perfect!"

"Yes, dearie, but we must be patient and thankful. How good and true God has been to us. Bring your little Bible, son, and let us see from that, whether we are 'very, very poor,' as you think."

"And your guitarre, too? We will sing, will we not?"

"Now, son, turn first to Isaiah liv-5," and Harry read:
"For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"Such a 'husband' can never fail, Harry, for he is the Omnipotent, 'in whom all fullness dwells.'" Colossians i-19.

"Next find Jeremiah xlix-11." Again the musical child-voice read: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me."

"Then Psalm cxlvi-9:" "The Lord relieveth the fatherless and widow."

"Now Proverbs xv-25:" "The Lord will destroy the house of the proud; but he will establish the border of the widow."

"Next Exodus xxii-21-22:" "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry."

"That is just wonderful, mater."

"The truth is, son, the grandest, choicest promises in God's word, are to the widow and orphan."

"Mater, people can not know these words are in the Bible; if they did, they would not worry so, would they?"

"Nor think themselves 'very, very poor'."

"Oh, mater! I did not understand when I said that."

"No, dearie, I know. Now, we will couple with the foregoing, two sublime and glorious assurances. You will find the first in I Corinthians iii-21-22-23. The second is in Romans viii-28."

Harry, trained in finding places in his Bible, having committed the names of all its books to memory, and knowing just where each book was to be found, could almost open at the place sought.

Not like a person I once saw, when the pastor announced the first reading-lesson for ii Chronicles, turned to the list of the names of the books of the Bible, to find where Chronicles came! Not to be able to turn to a book at once, is as bad as having dust on one's Bible.

Again Harry read: "For all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." How I love those 'knows' of the Bible. They leave no doubt, no question, all is absolute certainty. It is not I hope, nor think, but 'I know'."

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle

were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." ii Corinthians v-1.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." i John iii-2.

"We know that he heareth us." i John v-15.

"These marvelous promises, chéri, comprehensible only to faith, these 'knows,' are for all God's children, and since you and I have taken Christ for our Lord and King, they are ours. But, they are only for them. There is not a promise to the rebel. So you see, chéri, we can not possibly estimate our riches, they are so vast; they fill the Now and the Eternities."

A carriage was heard to drive up and stop in front of the house, and Harry ran to the window. "Oh, Mütterchen! It is Mrs. Raben, with carriage, and coachman and footman, and he has got a large basket! How nice! You said you knew—you trusted. God has heard!"

"There!"

"Mrs. Raben said something to the footman, and he has shut the carriage door again. She is not coming up. The footman is bringing up the basket. You will not permit him to leave it? It is like sending an empty carriage to a funeral."

"Let us hear the message, chéri."

In answer to the knock, Harry opened the door. Don Pedro barked—he understood! he had heard!

The liveried footman, setting down the basket, delivered a polite preamble, and ended that "Mrs. Raben was greatly hurried—would call next week."

- "Harry, say we thank Mrs. Raben very much for her thoughful kindness." The footman departed, and Harry set down the basket and shut the door.
  - " Mutterchen!"
  - "Yes, dearie."
- "Is Mrs. Raben a crue lady? Or has she only money? Is she a snob? She dares to send you up a basket by her servant—she, sitting in her carriage!"
- "Harry, the Lord sent the basket. Let us not worry over the manners of those who brought it. Is there just a little pride in hiding, son? You are too little a boy to know that the world is full of shams and snobs. A true character knows that money does not make true merit, or high culture and breeding per se. But it is a mighty factor for good, consecrated to God.

She would not have dared act so if we had been at Don-thank."

- "There would have been no need, Harry. The Central Bank made all the trouble—but it has been permitted."
  - "Why?"
- "I can not answer you—I have many thoughts about it. But, now, bring in Roma, or we shall have him hoarse; how sweetly he sings to-night!"

Patting Don Pedro's beautiful head, he went to the window followed by the dog, when he suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh, Mütterchen! Here are Pastor and Mrs. Glenavon,

and she is carrying a basket!" and Harry flew down the stairway to meet them.

"We have just come to say good evening for a minute," said Mrs. Glenavon, entering. "I have been so much engaged to-day, that I could not come earlier. To-morrow will be my husband's birthday, and as you are not able to join us just yet, I thought we would run over and bring you a share of our preparations."

"And I suspect," said the pastor, "that Harry will find his favorite cake, to say nothing of a certain cream—Charlotte Russe, which is rather toothsome for older boys."

The Rev. Dr. Glenavon was a born pastor. His tall and slender figure was seen quite as frequently at the doors of the poor and neglected, as at those of the opulent. He had a true sympathy for the rich, who are often misunderstood and undeservedly censured, and from whom impossibilities are sometimes expected; but there was not a single grain of snobbishness or toadyism in his composition. Simple and unassuming in manners, he made himself at home everywhere. In the home where Sorrow had enthoned herself, there he sat down at the hearthstone of the heart, where oft-times only the gray ashes of consumed earthly joys and hopes were left, and which no leaping flame should again gladden, and in just the right words held up the torch of eternal hope and faith. And when he went away people said,

"What a beautiful life!"

In the pulpit he captivated the thinkers, and the non-reflecting he set a thinking. Whether he examined the surface, face, or plunged beneath the surface, or looked at the under side of things, or dug to the core of them, or traced the guiding Hand in the mazes of life's tragedy, there were always the racy style, the quaint, sparkling thought, bracing the intellectual being like a mountain breeze.

He was a poet too, in the highest sense, and many of his poetical flights in the pulpit were evovled from his arduous brain, though the fact was not always known. His quiet modesty delayed people in discovering all his rare intellectuality.

"I see you have your guitarre ready, dear Mrs. Molada, will you and Harry sing? Or, if you must not, accompany him?"

"I feel my heart so full, Dr. Glenavon, I must try a little to-night."

Mrs. Molada possessed a voice of rare pathos, and richness of tone and color, and she had carefully trained Harry. She sang that beautiful solo from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and then Harry had to sing alone the same composer's "The Lord is mindful of His Own" from the "St. Paul." When he came to "Bow down before him, ye mighty," he sang with such abandon, with upturned face, forgetful of all around him, his face pale with enthusiasm, that the mother forgot her accompaniment to listen, and the pastor rose and moved toward the window.

So must Mendelssohn himself have looked in his moments of inspiration. Harry," said Dr. Glenavon, "God has given you a voice to sing; have you consecrated it to Him?"

Last.

"Yes, Dr. Glenavon-I am all His."

A sudden and powerful change, a wonderful development seemed to have taken place in the boy as he had sung, and not only the mother, but Dr. and Mrs. Glenavon had been struck with it.

When they had taken leave, Harry set to work to discover the contents of the two baskets.

Mrs. Raben's contained a dozen bananas, a large basin of strawberries ready for table, a jug of cream, another of milk, a roast chicken, a boiled tongue, bread and cake.

In Mrs. Glenavon's, were a loaf of home-made bread, rolls, a roll of butter of the choicest, fruit, and the cake and Charlotte Russe of which the pastor had so playfully spoken.

"What do you think now, son, of your 'very very poor?"

Her face was shining with a wondrous light, and a tear glistened in the great eyes.

"Carissima mia," Harry cried, embracing her passionately, "I will never say I am poor again, never. You have proved to me that that is impossible. How queer! We have nothing, and yet we have 'all things!"

"To the world a paradox. May my wee laddie never forget the divine command—'Have faith in God.'"

## CHAPTER II.

#### LOHENGRIN.

"So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, such things to be."

"MATER, may I go down town? I want to see a boy about something. May I do what I like all this morning? You always said you could trust your Harry. I will be back before noon."

"You are a wee laddie to go about alone. You know nothing of the world."

"'Little Mother,' I shall have to learn, now we are all alone, poor, and you ill. When we used to drive, or ride, and visit the poor so much, I saw and heard all sorts of boys. I know a good many poor boys. Please let me go, and say I may do what I choose."

"I trust you, son, but I fear others. Go with God's blessing."

"Addio Carissima mia," and hugging his mother enough to strangle her, Harry dashed down the stairs, and turned his steps toward King Street, his constant companion, Don Pedro, marching with stately dignity by his side.

Harry was a precocious boy of double his years, of striking originality, great self-reliance, and a courage that did not know what fear meant.

"L'anima tua è da viltate offesa,"\* could not be asserted of my little hero; true, he had, so to speak, no experience of life; as with all children, his knowledge was, so far, largely subjective, though he was far wiser than people gave him credit for—the objective must come with life—sorrow, life-joy, life-disappointment and désillusion.

His theory, not yet understood by himself, or developed, was that to will was to do, and, to a certain extent, he was right. He had not yet learned that there are limitations to this will-power and its results.

His love for his mother was the governing passion of his young soul, and now, when she was reduced to poverty and delicate health, all sorts of plans for her support and comfort floated through his boyish mind. Of himself he never thought, only of her; and, though, perhaps not fully conscious of it, his trust in God was perfect. Those promises, of which she had spoken so sweetly and eloquently, and with such childlike faith, had stamped themselves deeply on his mind, and would lend tone and color to his life. Mrs. Molada had proved her superior wisdom and insight into the boy's character, by trusting him; nothing would have discouraged him, and grieved his high and noble spirit, like a want of confidence.

At the corner of King and Toronto streets, Pat Donegal had a "stand" as a boot-black. Harry had been with his mother to visit the Donegals, a very poor Irish family, who had known better days, and he knew Pat as a kind, generous lad.

<sup>\*</sup>Thy soul is oppressed with vile fear.

Pat Donegal was the "boy" Harry wanted to see, and he was not long in reaching the place where he worked.

"Good morning, Pat. How is business?"

- "Hello! Molada. What does such a little toad as you know 'bout 'business?" What's up?"
- "Pat, I am going into business, and I want you to tell me some things—to teach me. Will you?"
- "You! Business? Whatever's in the wind?" cried Pat in genuine surprise.
- "See, Pat, you know the Central Bank has—" "quashed" interrupted Pat, emphatically—" and I must take care of my mater."
  - "St. Patrick! You?"
  - "Yes, Pat."
  - "What are you going to do, Samson!"
- "I am going to be a Newsboy; but I must earn some money to buy my papers to start with."
- "Oh, I'll lend you all you need. I don't forget your beautiful lady-mother's visits, and baskets of good things, nor her kindness when poor sister Nora died, either. I would do anything for her and you."
- "Thank you Pat. I knew you were the boy to consult; but I have resolved never to borrow. I will earn it."
- "Resolved!" That's a big 'un for such a little codger.
  "How will you earn it?"
  - "Blacking boots."

Pat uttered a prolonged wheugh.

"Pat, you must not judge me by my size. I think I can do it. What do you say when you want to polish a gentleman's boots?"

- "Do you want a shine, sir?"
- "How much should he pay?"
- "Ten cents I ask. A generous cove sometimes gives more. Is Don Pedro going to help?"

Don Pedro wagged his tail.

"Thank you so much, Pat," and they turned to go.

"I say, hello!" cried Pat. "You'd better go to the corner of King and Yonge, there by Ellis' Jewelry store."

Don Pedro careered and danced around his young master like a dog out of his mind. Harry hastened back to No. 12, but not home. He knocked at Mrs. Trueman's door. She was ironing, and Baldéra was attending to the fire. Out of breath he managed to say, "Mrs. Trueman, I want our boot-brushes and polish, and the stool till noon, if Baldéra can nurse baby without it, and the whisk too, please."

"Why, Harry what do you want with them? I am doing those things for you."

"I will tell you again Mrs. Trueman, I am in a great hurry now. Mater has given me the whole morning to do as I choose."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Trueman, but Harry was gone, Don Pedro carrying the whisk.

It was a lovely June morning. The chimes of the English Cathedral were ringing nine, and the various steamboats, arriving and departing, were expressing their high appreciation of sounds by letting off steam in dismal minor, or sharp major key.

Harry reached Ellis' store, and just opposite the Dominion Bank he set down his stool and laid his brushes and box of blacking on it. Don Pedro kept the whisk firmly in his mouth. Harry had not long to wait. Presently a tall man of majestic mien approached, attended by an Italian servant carrying a valise. He was of the purest Saxon type, pale yellow hair, blue eyes, an athlete, over six feet in stature, but with a remarkable grace and lightness in every movement. The countenance was a very striking one; it was not only a handsome, but a good, a noble face, without a trace of vanity.

There was a latent power expressed in the massive head, covered with those bright golden curls, in the fine features, in the whole personality. He looked like a man who could do anything he chose to do; like one, who, once aroused, would perform mighty deeds.

The ancient Scandinavians would have called him Balder of the Norse Myths. He looked a worthy spring-god.

Harry saluted the stranger with the gesture of a prince, and said:

- "Do you want a shine, sir?"
- "What did you say?" asked the gentleman. "Per Bacco! Poverello!" he added in undisguised amazenent. The manner of the boy and the question he had asked did not rhyme.
  - "Santissimia Maria! È piccolo!"
- "Thou art right Alessandro—he is 'piccolo.' What is thy name Master Lilliput?"
  - " Harry Molada."
  - "What a musical name! Are you from Italy?"
  - "Our name is of Eastern origin. I am Canadian born."

<sup>\*</sup>Per Bacco! Poverello! By Bacchus! Poor little fellow!

"'Eastern' is it? And you want to 'shine' my boots do you? How long have you been at this work?"

"I never polished a boot. Yours will be the first pair,

and they are very dusty."

The stranger looked down at his boots and laughed. "How long do you expect to 'shine' boots?"

"I am just making this a stepping-stone. I intend to be a newsboy."

"What do you know about 'stepping-stones?"

- "Why, you know Tennyson says: 'Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to better things."
  - "So! Is that beautiful dog yours?"
- "Yes. That is Don Pedro. Mater brought him from Mount Saint Bernard."

Don Pedro wagged his tail, and tossed his head.

"What is he carrying that brush for?"

"I thought I might brush some one's coat or hat."

"You are an original scrap of humanity. Do you speak Italian?"

"Si, Signore, un poco.—Yes sir, a little."

"And German, too?"

"Ja, mein Herr, ein wenig."

"And, of course French?"

"Oui, Monsieur, un peu."

"And Spanish probably?"

"Si, Señor, un poco."

"Where did you learn all these foreign tongues?"

"Mater taught me. Pater also spoke several languages. We take a different language every day."

Let it not be imagined that I am guilty of exaggeration, or am describing an impossible or improbable precocity. My traveled and experienced reader will know full well that such is not the case. On the Continent of Europe all cultivated families speak several languages. A professor of distinction in Heidelberg said to me that he did not intend his daughters to grow up "with a German mouth." And they spoke several languages with perfect fluency as a mother tongue. Take a little child just beginning to lisp words. Speak to it alternately in French, Norwegian, Danish, and that child will soon distinguish one from the other, and will reply very soon in the language in which you address it. Try it, and you will prove the truth of my assertion. I know that of which I affirm. You would be surprised at the speed and ease with which a child will learn to speak a language. I knew a wee Americaine of five years in Paris, who spoke French exactly like a French child in three months, while her sister of sixteen did not speak so well in six months. All mothers ought to be linguists. A good mother will spend hours daily in her nursery—it is a true sanctuary to her-and her little people will know all the modern languages she does. And what weariness this would save in a University course-and what time-and then the student does not learn to speak these languages there. But what he learns with his mother in his first seven or eight years, has become as much a part of him as his head.

Again. Why may not America produce a precocious boy? Italy has her precocious Dante. Germany has

her "Wonder-child" Mozart, who played before the great Austrian Empress at seven years with éclat, and Hungary her Liszt, who played before Beethoven at nine, and astonished him. After this furious digression, we return to our sheep.

The stranger gazed earnestly into the sweet face, and the great eyes, and an expression of melancholy swept like a shadow across his noble countenance. What was it that had so suddenly recalled a face he had known and lost so long ago forever?

"How is it you are wishing to polish boots to buy papers?"

"Pater died. He left us rich; but the Central Bank failed—failed—and—and mater has only me—and she is ill. Our money was not simply *invested* in the Central Bank. Dear pater held *shares* you know—and—so we lost *double*, you see."

"Yes, yes, I see. It is hard on you, my wee chappie."
The stranger reflected. Turning to his attendant, he said:

"Alessandro, thou canst make use of these things. Thou hast lost thine again, without doubt."

"Siccuro, Si-Signore."

Then addressing himself to Harry, he said: "You see, Molada, I am a traveler, wandering all over the world, and my man here needs these things you have. Will you sell them to me?"

"I promised Mrs. Trueman to return with them at noon."

- "Who is Mrs. Trueman?"
- "She is our landlady. We rent our rooms from her, she serves us."
  - "Are the articles hers?"
  - "No, they are ours."
  - "Then just tell her you sold them."
  - "But Baldéra uses the stool to nurse baby."
- "Oh, you can keep the stool. I will take the whole Kitt, whisk and all. Here, Alessandro, polish my boots—and—Molada, you might brush my hat; it is dusty enough."

This being finished, the stranger put a gold coin, a double eagle, in Harry's hand. More he dared not do.

- "Oh, this is too much!"
- "No, it is not. You have taught me a lesson, Braveheart, worth the gold a thousand times. Now tell me where I can find good coffee."
- "At Mrs. Coleman's, King Street West, just this side of the Rossin House. The number is 113."
  - "Good-bye, Molada. We shall see each other again."
  - "Addio, Signorino," added Alessandro, removing his hat.
  - "Will you not tell me your name?"
- "Oh, call me Lohengrin. I am traveling incognito. Good-bye."

The little fellow watched his new friend till he was lost in the distance, then set off for home, the double eagle in his hand, Don Pedro carrying the stool. Rushing into Mrs. Trueman's, he cried:

"Mrs. Trueman, I have brought Baldéra the stool to keep. I sold the other things for this—see?"

"Be still. Is it possible? Why it is a double eagle!"

Mrs. Molada had laid the covers for dinner before the western window, which looked down on a flower-garden and trees, had decorated it with the wood-flowers Harry had gathered, and some fruit. All was ready for Mrs. Trueman to bring in dinner.

She was playing softly Schumann's Schlummer Lied when Harry knocked, entered radiant as a sunbeam, kissed his mother over and over, and then laid the gold coin in her hand. Then he told her of the interview with Lohengrin.

"What was he like, Harry?"

Harry drew a picture. Mrs. Molada laughed.

"I wonder who he can be," she said.

"He said we would meet again."

Mrs. Molada seemed lost in a reverie. Then Harry told her all about his plan to be a newsboy, and she was still silent. And then Mrs. Trueman served their simple dinner, but, thanks to those two baskets, their sweets and dessert were not wanting.

"You know, mater," said Harry, as they still sat at table, "one tenth of that ten dollars is the Lord's."

"I am glad you thought of that yourself, *chéri*. All you have is a gift from Him, to enable you to try to make the world better, and your life, grander, nobler, more powerful."

Harry placed a plate of bananas on the table before the mirror, together with that bowl of fresh wild-flowers and ferns, calling his mother's attention to their loveliness.

"What a proof we have had, son mine, last night and this morning, of God's love and care. Those promises we read together have been verified in our experience within twenty-four hours."

- "Carissima,\* you are always so quiet and happy—so sure."
- "Yes, chéri, I am sure, because I believe God. 'I know him whom I have believed.' Our Father keeps his word."
  - "Will he never forget, or rather wait to answer?"
- "Perhaps 'wait,' to try our faith, 'forget,' never. Where is your Bible? Open at Isaiah xxxiii-15-16. 'He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be *sure*.' Then Psalm clii-15. 'I will satisfy her poor with bread.' Thus I might quote by the hour. There are thousands of promises.'

Then Mrs. Molada took her guitarre and they sang:

- "Take the name of Jesus with you," and then Harry sought his books.
- "Mater, it is Deutscht to-day, and I have to repeat the first half of Schiller's Lied der Glocke—'the Song of the Bell."
- "That is true, you may stand to repeat it, nay I need not the book."

<sup>\*</sup>Carissima—dearest—a favorite pet name of Harry's for his mother. †Deŭtsch—German.

# CHAPTER III.

#### NEW PATHS.

- "Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath."
- "I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!"
- "I heard at night a little child go singing."

THE day after Harry's rencontre with his mysterious friend Lohengrin, he had sought counsel of another boy, this time a newsboy, Max Dorn. He found Max at the corner by the Dominion Bank.

- "Max, I want you to tell me how you buy your papers."
- "What do you want to know for?"
- "I am going to be a newsboy, too."
- "Good for you!" cried Max. "How many papers do you spose you can carry? Of course Don Pedro'll help.

Don Pedro pricked up his ears.

- "Oh, lots!" said Harry.
- "Well now, you see," said Max, assuming a very knowing look, very much like that of a crow, "it stands to reason you must clear somethin, or else what ud be the good? You must buy wholesale, and then they give you a rabbit."
  - "A 'rabbit'?"
- "Yes, you git somethin' taken off, rabbit they call it, I dunno why."

"Oh, Max, I think you mean rabate; the word comes from a French verb, *rabattre*, to abate, to lessen; the price is lowered because you take a number."

"That's the ide', 'zac'ly. I say, Molada, its O. K. to know 'bout things. Now I don't know 'most nothin'. If I had a mother like yourn—my mother's dead—father too. I live in the Newsboys' lodging-house. If we only had a bigger house, it 'ud be comfortabler; we're awful crowded. Come and see. You could help us to read and write. We're goin' to have a night school."

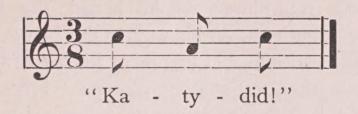
"That I will, Max. I will help you all I can. Now tell me the rest about the papers."

"Well, in a dozen cent papers, you git a cent rabutter! For two cent papers, you'd git two cents in a dozen; in five cent papers, five cents in a dozen."

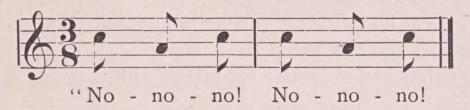
"I see. It is quite clear. You are very good at reckoning, Max. There is a twenty-five cent piece for your lesson. You can teach well. Do you ever put anything in the savings bank?"

"How kin I? I had to buy a suit—cheap—hat and boots for to go to church and Sunday school."

- "You will be able to, after awhile, Max."
- "I will 's soon 's I kin, you bet."
- "You do not waste your cents on beer, or whisky, or tobacco, I know."
  - "You bet your life I don't,"
  - "Good morning, Max. Thanks, very much."
- "Good morning," said Max, touching his poor little torn hat.



Sang birdie, in a wild delirium of gladness.



Katie did not," echoed Harry, as he went gaily through the beautiful fields at Parkdale, bordering the blue waters of Lake Ontario—Beautiful Water—a blue that rivals at times the blue of Bell' Italia, treading down the great snowy-goldenhearted-daisies, the shining buttercups, the rich dandelions, that grow like a carpet, so that one could not set the foot down anywhere without crushing them.

"Thou bonnie gem!" soliloquized Harry, plucking a great daisy, large as a Roman one, and putting it in his buttonhole.

"I know another daisy as pretty as thou, they call her Gowan. I would give thee to her if I could. If I only had a fern now! Never mind though; mater and I will find an abundance in Humber Woods this afternoon," and he went merrily on, Don Pedro careering around him in high glee.

Little "Braveheart!" Lohengrin had rightly named him. He had been taking the morning papers to some of his customers and was returning. As he hailed the King street west trolley going east, on his way to the banks, two gentlemen in it observed him, old friends of his father's.

Dr. Kurewell remarked to Senator Swinton: "I declare, there is little Molada! What a picture he makes with that grand dog! Poor Molada! Well, well! one up, another down, and the game goes on, and the years fly! I was best man at his wedding. Who would have imagined all this a year ago? Central Bank bankrupt, that noble Mrs. Molada plunged in sudden indigence, with that fine boy to educate."

Meanwhile, Harry entered the trolley, saluted his two friends, sold to them and every other man there some one, of his papers, and at Molson's Bank he alighted.

"That is a very remarkable boy," remarked Senator Swinton. "He will make a noise in the world, depend upon it. I hear he speaks five languages fluently, and his only teacher has been his mother."

"What extraordinary things, events, environments, go to the formation of a great character in man or woman," said Dr. Kurewell; "that lad is learning men, boys, nature, things, now, in a way he would not, perhaps have done, but for the apparent misfortune. Poverty is a great master, a resistless propeller. Look at our Edison, the newsboy genius of Canada. Where did he pick up his telephone? Genius is an unfathomable mystery, possibly akin to inspiration."

"It unquestionably is a sort of inspiration," replied the Senator, "inasmuch as all intellectual force and power

come from the Allwise. And this marvelous age, just at the threshold of the twentieth century, will doubtless see other great inventions and discoveries. Events move rapidly, great reforms are fighting for the mastery. The world needs great philanthropists, never more, and these must be growing up somewhere. God always has his man ready for the need. Canada has yet to produce her Luther, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Liszt, Raphael. Canada is young, her future is destined to be great."

"You are right," said Dr. Kurewell, "this is a wonderful age; it has many startling characteristics, mastery of unseen forces, education of the masses, freedom of thought and of the press, scientific method of thought, with much skepticism I grant, considerations concerning the relations of capital and labor, the true position of woman in the social, ecclesiastical and political economies, her education for her rightful position, her enfranchisement; the question of temperance reform; each of these is of immense importance in epoch-making and national development, and some of these questions will demand settlement in the near future, as the Sabbath question, or I am much mistaken."

"Yes," replied Senator Swinton; "and there are questions of vast importance to Canada now, and destined to be farreaching in their results, as the dual-language question, the just power of the Jesuites. Then the struggles of the laity or proletariat in the various churches, to attain to more power, and a controlling influence over the clergy, is a very marked feature of the past decade."

"Speaking of the temperance reform," said Dr. Kurewell,

"in my estimation, it is immeasurably the most important of the moment. Did you hear the new lecturer on temperance last week, Mr. Colonna? The meteor-flashes of his burning eloquence are dazzling. Since Punshon and Darcy McGee, we have had nothing to equal him, and his reasoning is clear, logical, and absolutely unanswerable."

"No, I regret I could not hear him, though in full sympathy with the temperance reform, and I expect much from that noble organization of grand women, 'The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.' This work can never be done without woman. She will be the main factor."

After our young hero had gone the rounds of the banks, where he had several subscribers, he hastened down to the Montreal steamer, the *Corsican*, which had already sharply warned *tout le monde* by her first whistle, that her departure was not far distant.

On board, he speedily disposed of his remaining papers, and on his way to go ashore, he heard a familiar voice behind him, "Hello Molada!" He turned to see Lohengrin and Alessandro. There was no time for conversation, for the last whistle was distinctly imperative.

- "Sold out, I see!" said Lohengrin; "not even a single paper for me! Doing well, eh?"
  - "Are you going away?"
- "Yes, off to 'shoot the rapids." We will meet again in some land or another."
  - "I hope so."
  - "Good bye! Au revoir!"
  - "Au revoir!" cried Harry, in his voice a hint of a shake.

- "Arivederci!" cried Alessandro, removing his hat, with a profound bow.
- "Mater!" exclaimed Harry, rushing into the room; "Lohengrin is gone! I have just seen him on board the Corsican."

"So!" said Mrs. Molada.

Humber Wood was refreshingly cool, and luxuriant with wild flowers and ferns. Mrs. Molada seemed to gain strength from the pure, fragrant air; her cough was less tyranical. She was an accomplished botanist, and while she sat and rested, Harry brought her the sweet angel-flowers, and together they dissected and studied calyx and corolla, stamens and pistils, and she explained to him some of the mysteries of plant-life, the varied leaf-forms.

In the marshy bits along Humber river grows the magnificent pitcher-plant, Sarracenia purpurea. It is an interesting fact, that a Frenchman gave his name to this beautiful botonical genus Sarracenia, of which he specially describes the Sarracenia purpurea, or pitcher-plant. This person was Dr. Sarrazin, both a naturalist and physician, and the friend and contemporary in Canada of the traveler and historian, the Jesuit Charlevoix, and the Marquis de la Galisonnière, the most enlightened of the French governors.

In Humber Wood also grows in luxuriance the Mocasin-flower, or lady's slipper, and the lady's Mantle, belonging to the exquisite wild-wood orchids of the genus Cypripedium, its pure white touched with the faintest blush, or deeper rose. Those unfamiliar with wild-wood solitudes, can scarcely have an adequate idea of the loveliness of this

glory of our Canadian woodlands. Charming blue, violet, pink, yellow and white blooms mingled with the greens of ferns and moss, foliage and undergrowths. Nodding bluebells greeted one; snow-white trilliums, and delicate woodanemones—the Germans call it wind-blume, wind-flower, waved gently in the faint breeze; white waxy mandrakes expressed their fragrant breath; the yellow elecampane, its root full of exquisite sweetness, the plant that in fable sprung from Helen's tears, offered her incense to the sylvan goddess. Trailing things clambered and twined, and swung in mid-air. One finds, too, the wondrous Ginseng, Panax Quinquifoluim, possessing, if we are to believe the Chinese, miraculous youth and vigor restoring powers, bringing to age and decrepitupe, all that they have lost.

"What does the word 'ginseng' mean, Mater?"

"It is a Chinese word, and signifies the resemblance of a man, or man's thigh, hence the name, for its creamy-white root resembles the lower extremities of the human form. The Iroquois word is garentoquen, signifying legs and thigh separated."

Harry was in an Elysium. He wrapped up the freshly-gathered flowers in damp moss, then he opened the luncheon-basket, whisked out the little spiritus lamp, boiled water and made his mother a cup of tea. How happy they were together! But the sun, as he has a trick of doing, got down on a level with the tree-tops, and threw long shadows, and swiftly approaching night sent them back to the smoke and dust of the city.

## CHAPTER IV.

#### THE RUBY.

"Oh, beings blind! what ignorance besets you?"

"Of this be sure, Where freedom is not, there no virtue is: If there be none, this world is all a cheat."

IT was on a corner, where four streets crossed, so that its chances were good for entrapping its victims. It was a "first-class" saloon, was the Ruby, though it would have been difficult to tell to what "class" some of its guests belonged. It was rightly named, for no ruby could boast such a blood-red dye as the noses it turned out.

Men have a queer way of classifying the genus, Homo. They have their 'first class,' 'middle class,' 'lower classes,' till they reach the lowest scale in the human gamut—'the scum of society,' 'the tramp,' 'the wretched dwellers in the Slums. They seem to forget that there must have been a time when these Slums found origin, and that men and women began sometime, first to create them, then to live in them, till, finally, they were born there, and died there, and—well, God knows how they died, and how they were buried! These people never seem to ask if they have anything to do with these Slums, or, 'am I my brother's keeper?''

Do they forget that these 'classes,' all have souls, whether they belong to Exclusiviana or to Slumdom, living, immortal souls, capable of upstepping or upleading to God himself, or, on the other hand, of descending incalculably far below the brute? But few ask "how did they get so low?" They were not created low. Man "was created in the image of God."

I imagine, should you ask these people if Christ died for every soul, for the poor tramp, for the Slummers, their response would be: "Y-es, oh yes, of course." But how is Christ going to save them in the very face of Selfishness, Indifferentism—that are "lifting up the horn" into the very heavens, and grasping after possession of the whole earth, making a ladder of human blood and bones by which to ascend?

Booth, that Christ-Jesus-like man, and his wonderful wife and their Salvation Army, are down in Slumdom, and a few self-denying souls, who "have not counted their lives dear unto them;" but do you suppose anybody who talks about the *scum* ever goes down where the Vesuvius of alcohol has poured down his burning lava, and scorched to death, the poor quivering souls? I trow not.

Slumdom, like Pompeii, has to be exhumed, dug out with patient pick-axe, and every unit of that 'Sunken Tenth,' must be hand-picked, slowly oftimes, and with prayers and tears—yes, and with desperate struggles with cringing, shrinking despair. Love goes down into Slumdom; she is its sole friend.

Ye churches! What are you doing? Are you supporting

the traffic in alcohol, and daring to go to the Lord's Table on Sunday to commemorate the undying, the infinite love of the Christ, who died for each—all? Are you hesitating, are you refusing to unite as one, to annihilate the most terrible evil the world has ever seen? Are you doing this for gain? Beware! You will yet find yourselves in the "Gold Mines" of the "Inferno," "descending to the fourth steep ledge," where "not all the gold that is beneath the moon, or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls, might purchase rest for one."

"What is the weightiest question of to-day?"

"It is how to get those people out of Pompeii—Slumdom, and to prevents others from going down there and becoming petrefacts. Now, how shall we do this? Shall we open a Ruby on every corner in Slumdom, and have Trap Lanes radiating like a honey-comb through the dismal region? And shall we set up troughs at principal points and fill them with rum, whiskey, gin, brandy, beer, cider, and place a trough-tender at each with tin cups, and let the miserable men and women—aye, and the children drink? So long as they have a sou—then kick them out, and bid them 'move on.' And should they say 'where? into the lake?' Will you reply 'yes, yes, anywhere, only get out of the way!' I exaggerate? I paint a horrible picture? Would that I possessed a Faust and Wilhelm Meister pen or the tragic pencil of a Gustav Doré, that I might portray in the tints of woe, and death, and ruin, and broken hearts, the environment and the clientèle of the Ruby and its allies. 'It stood on a corner,' I said. It was Janus-faced. It was not like

'Mr. Facing Bothways'—it was more. It was Mr. Facing Allways. Its Argus-eye pierced every human horizon, and penetrated to the depths of every pocket. Gold was its aim. It lived for gold. Souls? Bah! What are they to us? If people want to drink, let um. Let the people be free! It's not our fault. They will drink, so we may just as well have their money—if we don't, somebody else will."

The Ruby was "first class," with a back-door leading into Trap Lane, the main street in Slumdom, which descended to Hell Gate Brewery.\*

There were no mansions, nor villas, nor residences on Trap Lane, nor its radiating lanes, only hovels. Any hour of the day or night one would see human ruins tangle-legging up and down in the various stages that end in "tight," whatever that means. Now and then a tangle-legger was "hustled" into a hovel at the sight of a bāton turning a corner; but frequently he was caught—but where to put him? what on earth to do with him?

The Christian Government had issued licenses to sell alcohol. "Revenue, you know, must be had." The people got drunk, and the Christian Government must, as in duty bound, look after tangle-leggers and worse. So the Mercers were built, and a Black Maria set up. All this outlay of money to keep these Slummers from the throat of society. Yes, it is true. The Colossus, the beast, that Nebuchednezzar "set up," is standing yet, rules the Gentile period, and the end-time of it is not yet.

<sup>\*</sup>There is a brewery of this name in the United States. I have taken the liberty of borrowing its name.

Women were seen in Trap Lane, reeling on unsteady feet, girls wandered there in hopeless misery, little children, headbare, foot-bare, ragged, unkempt, carried jugs of beer there, or tried to get father or mother, sometimes both home. Home? Of course, these people did not march out in a body! Exclusiviana would have turned up its fastidious nose, and the Toronto Wittenagemote would have been called to order in no time.

The Ruby façade fronted Broad Boulevard, and at night, under its electric lights, one saw the glitter of its gilding, its plate-glass, its pictures, its luxurious carpets, hangings, tapestries, silver-plate and polished crystal. There were private chambers, where the professional man, the student, the artist, the bank-clerk or other clerk, the merchant, the traveler could enjoy each other's society over a bottle of Burgundy, or Château Margaux or Lacrymae Christi, when it was genuine, or indulge in a "B. S." or an "S. C." or a "G. C. T." or some other elegant concoction with a musical name, and play a "quiet rubber" for "trifling sums you know."

The down-grade began under such refined environment, that no one dreamed of the "biting serpent," the "stinging adder," the back-door, Slumdom, Trap Lane and ruin. How could this refined enjoyment in the society of high-breeding, end in tangle-leg?

Impossible! You are a *crank* to suggest such a thing. What right have you to tell a man what he ought to drink? Grapes and rye and barley and buckwheat and hops and juniper and poppies and wormwood grow. Why? Granted,

friend. And the deadly Upas-tree and the nightshade grow, and God made arsenic, and strychnine!

"We become drunkards? Ha, ha, ha! We know how much to drink, when to stop." But your one bottle has become two—three! Why did not the people in Trap Lane stop? The Ruby turned out "first-class" work—none better. No saloon could show finer "redness of eyes," "woes," "babblings," "cups of trembling," and its gout and carbuncles were simply beyond compare.

"Father, I wish I had the money it cost to color your nose," cried a poor boy, who wanted to study, but there was nothing to pay with. To how many of the fathers of the Ruby might the same words be addressed, who shall attempt to say?

My little hero had disposed of his evening papers, and was walking down Broad Boulevard, and just as he reached the Ruby, he saw little Baldéra Trueman whisk round the corner. He turned and ran after her down the street that extended along the east side of the building, and into a court-yard, on one side of which is the back-door entrance to the Ruby, on the other, the gate which opens into Trap Lane. He overtook her at this door.

"Where are you going, Baldéra?"

"To try and get father to go home! Mother has been crying all the afternoon, and I thought she would feel better if I brought father home."

"I will go in with you. You ought not to go there alone. Are you not afraid?"

"Not now. I used to be afraid, at first, Harry, but I

have got over all that for poor mother's sake. Do you know Harry, I can not understand it at all, but I feel it, there are things so awful, you *forget* to be afraid."

Twenty years ago Alexander Trueman was a gold-medalist of Toronto University, and one of the most brill-iant barristers of the bar. None could plead with such overwhelming eloquence. Judge, jury, counsel, prisoner, were all fascinated with his sarcasm, his *esprit* and woe to the witness inclined to labyrinthine answers, when he cross-questioned.

Mr. Trueman had married a noble, cultured Toronto maiden, whom he truly loved, and whom he intended to care for. He frequented the Ruby to meet fellow-lawyers, and other friends, and, over a glass of wine, to discuss some new and important case, or the new entanglement of some imprudent and blundering politician. But the one doubled itself, till *five bottles* had been seen under his chair at a public banquet. Toronto can witness "if I lie."

Now came tremblings, head-burnings, heart-burnings, delirium tremens, till his very soul was worn threadbare with sin, as well as his body and his garments, so that he was metaphorically kicked from the state entrance to the Ruby, and in his unceasing crave for drink, he slunk to the backdoor, he, who like a king in person as in intellect, had commanded in every environment. He would have ended in a Trap Lane hovel, in the heart of Slumdom, had not his noble wife kept him in a respectable street and in comfort, ironed till she was in danger of evaporating, and his poor young daughter went carrying home the baskets of

shirts and collars that the wife's poor, trembling hands had learned to iron.

God help such wives and mothers! Oh, it is a bleeding pity that man can be so hard, so cruel, and for the miserable crave and craze for gold will wreck the body and the soul of his brother.

Harry and Baldéra went into that bar-room. I would as soon attempt to picture to you the realism of Dante's Inferno, as to portray the horrors of that bar-room. A bartender was serving brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, and what besides? Some took their "horn,"—"bitters," "straight"—nearly all. One poor wretch, shaking as if he had St. Vitus' Dance, stood looking at a man who had paid for a glass of brandy and was lifting it to his lips, when his hand was arrested in mid-air."

"A'n't you goin' to treat me? I ha'n't got no more money, I've pawned every blessed thing to my wife's wedding-ring, and I'm burning in here'—pressing the poor, trembling hand to his chest—"for God's sake give me a drink."

Baldéra stood by the door, Harry at her side, and looked around that hellish den. Poor Trueman had evidently drunk his liquor "neat," and it had gone "straight" down his throat. He was lying on the floor, in a corner, dead drunk! It is not a polite expression, my dear. I know it. But I am not talking of Dante's Paradiso, nor of roses. We will just look this thing "square in the face." You see no trace of a gold medal about that miserable prostrate form. No, no! that is only clay. God! Is that

thing a man? What put him there? Answer me without flinching, ye who sold those infernal drinks. No brew from witches' cauldron was ever so deadly. What will you do when you stand before another "Bar," not the bar of any Ruby?

Poor Baldéra stood and gazed. She looked as if she had been turned to marble.

"We can not get father out like that," she said in a hoarse whisper.

"No, I am afraid not," whispered Harry.

"What shall I do? Poor mother!"

One of the half-drunken wretches standing near, turned at the sound of child-voices, and recognized Harry.

"By Jove!" he cried; "if here a'n't that little cursed, white-faced saint Molada! Come on my young Puritan! Have a glass! I'll stand treat. Hello there! a glass of brandy—hic—straight—hic, and be quick about it." And he seized Harry's arm, and dragged him toward the bar.

Baldéra disappeared like a flash, and, opening the door, let Don Pedro in.

"Let go of my arm," said Harry; "I do not drink."

"Oh, you 'do-not-drink,' eh? Ha, ha! I'll make you drink; I'll pour it down your throat."

Some laughed and cried "go it!" and some "shame! shame!" and the bar-tender began to look nervous, but he could not offend his customers—of course not—that meant money!

The man took up the glass. "Drink!" he said. Don Pedro uttered a low, threatening growl.

"Still Don Pedro!" said Harry, patting the dog. "I warn you, Mr. Drinkdregs, if you make another move with that glass, or use any violence, Don Pedro will kill you."

The man held him by the collar, but stood still; Harry kept his hand on his dog. In the meantime, Baldéra had run to Broad Boulevard, in search of help, when she saw Dr. Glenavon coming toward her.

"Oh, Dr. Glenavon," she said breathlessly, "quick! quick! They are trying to force Harry to drink in the back bar-room of the Ruby!" Imagine the scene, as Dr. Glenavon suddenly stood under the open door.

"Hands off! That boy belongs to God." Every horrorstricken face turned toward the speaker—the glass fell shattered to the floor.

"God! He never comes here," groaned one. "No, that he don't," muttered another.

"Jesus Christ came to save the lost. He would save you from the accursed drink, if you would let him," said Dr. Glenavon. "See, this poor little girl came to take her father home. Could you not let her and her friend go in peace?"

The two men who had cried "shame!" came forward, and helped poor Trueman, who had been somewhat roused from his drunken stupor by the noise, to go out.

"If there were only some shade hereabout," said Dr. Glenavon.

"Shade?" At the Ruby? The Ruby did not provide "shade." Fire-burning-thirst, yes, but customers must find their own "shade."

"Call a cab, Harry, and we will take poor Trueman and Baldéra home. Oh, thou monster, thou Demon Selfishness!" he soliliquized as he waited. "But for thee, this ruinous traffic in alcohol might cease. Poor friend! What has made the difference between thee and me?"

I can not close this chapter without reminding my readers that this "brandy quarrel" began almost at the threshold of the history of Canada. All honor to the memory of Bishop Laval, of the race of the great Montmorency family, descendant of the powerful and stern Constable of France, Anne de Montmorency, who demanded total prohibition with unyielding firmness. He excommunicated all those engaged in the abhorred traffic, and, not only he, but the clerical party in Quebec, demanded that the sale of brandy should be made a capital offence. And in fact, death was decreed, and two men were shot, and one whipped for selling brandy to Indians. Selfishness prevented his wise design, for the sale of brandy was a source of great profit to the fur-traders, and Laval's party was defeated.

## CHAPTER V.

#### TINTERN ABBEY.

"De Profundis."
"Nel lago del cuore."

TINTERN ABBEY was the country-seat of Judge Underhill. It was situated in a large park of oaks, beeches, maples, and evergreens, on the shore of Lake Ontario, and within agreeable driving distance from Toronto. Thirty years had brought the trees and lawns to a fair growth—some of the trees were aborigines—and the house, like its ivy-grown namesake, built of gray stone, had thrown over itself a hint of that nameless softness of tint, that age alone can produce.

The approach to the house was by a winding allée of silver maples and sweet limes, interspersed with large boxes and urns, containing the ilex, the pomegranate, the olive, orange and lemon trees, the lovely passion flower, one precious Edelweiss, brought from the Tyrol, and one caught glimpses, now and again, of a statue or a bust, or a fountain, and countless festoons of roses, trellised from tree to tree, like that lovely Villa Wolkonski in Rome.

In the winter season the great conservatories at Tintern Abbey, were a rich treat, graced, not only with the exotics I have already mentioned, but with many others from all parts of the world. The main entrance was on the east

side; the south and west front faced the lake, and a double veranda extended around these sides, the pillars of which were entwined with clematis, sweet-honeysuckle, bitter-sweet, and roses. To the south a point of land stretched some distance into the lake, called the Poets' Corner, from its being adorned with statues and busts of some of the world's crowned poets, and three allées, the Dante, the Schiller, and Goethe allée, led out to its extremity, which was beautified with a charming Tuscan Temple, the Doria, a summer study, furnished with choice books, a piano and harp. In summer the air was laden with the perfumes of the south. There grew vanilla-sweet, scarlet and gold orchids, niphetos, Grand Duke Jasmine, roses in luxuriance, from the rich, deep crimson, to the delicate white Malmaison rose, with its soft inner blush, the luscious tuba-rose, the snowy guelder rose, helitrope and violet, the flaming pomegranate, and the pale and deeper tinted passion flower. The spicery and the glamor of Italy and Spain lingered in countless blooms, in shrub and tree-top, and the tremolo of some wood-bird gave life to the stillness, disturbed only by the lapping of the waves. The entire water-front was terraced, and strengthened by an embankment of solid masonry. Steps descended from the Poets' Corner to a pier, to which a boat, like a Venice barchetta-not a gondola, for that is always black, and enclosed like a wee room —with its pink and white striped awning, was waiting for use. The western side of the park was terraced from the lake to its extremity. Each terrace was a garden of exquisite flowers, bordered by sweet limes, the tops trained to

interlace, so that one walked under an extended Gothic arch of living green. The upper terrace was the Wilderness, with a labyrinth, rocks, caves, and on the highest point stood an Ionic Temple, in the centre of which was a fine statue of Shakespeare, who enthroned as the King of Poets, surveyed the entire domain. Beyond lay the Tintern Abbey farm, which included a beautiful wood, and the streamlet Princess Ilse went serpentining through.

Mrs. Underhill was the designer of this Canadian Palavicini, and it was a faint reflection of her highly-cultivated mind and taste, broadened by much foreign travel. Judge Underhill was a man of stately dignity on the bench, and his penetrating eye seemed to read counsel, jury and witness through and through; but in his own home he was the embodiment of genial kindness, and the highest breeding. He was a good husband, and a good father, an universal favorite, and little children approached him in perfect trust.

Judge and Mrs. Underhill were people of the world, and had not yet learned the true aim and purpose of life. Mrs. Underhill was a leader of fashion, though not its slave, and an idol of Toronto society. But Sorrow paid a visit to their lovely home. Five coffins forced their way unbidden to the great garden-drawing-room in a single week. Diptheria was the Fate that cut the thread of life and bore the five home-treasures to God's acre, and Mrs. Underhill sat down childless, in sullen and rebellious despair.

Mrs. Molada brought to her friend the sympathy of a large heart, moved and filled with the true Christ-spirit, and sought, while comforting, to point her friend to the life of

higher latitudes, the life of love; she endeavored to show her the sweet Christ, with all His tender pity and love. But Mrs. Underhill could not see. She said it was *cruel* of God to rob her of her children. She could not live without them. God did not need them. He might have let her keep them her life through. He had so much, all joy, and he had made her wretched, had left her nothing.

Husband? Home? Great talents to do good work for God and humanity? These were left. The gifts of God were his to take when he chose. That he *loved* his creatures, and could only do what would bring good to them, if the soul would but see his true character.

In vain, Mrs. Underhill did not want the work. Her children were hers, and she neither saw nor felt the love. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," brought her no ray of hope or comfort, for she did not "love God." The struggle was long and bitter, and Mrs. Molada could not be sure that her words had made any impression. But, one day, asking her friend if she could not see light?—see the Way of Faith?—Mrs. Underhill grasped her arm in much excitement, literally shaking her, and cried: "Mrs. Molada, where is God? I can not find him. I pray, but I speak only into empty air—there is nothing there—there is no one to hear. Oh, show me God!"

Mrs. Molada had her answer. Her heart was filled with a holy joy. She rejoiced in her friend's agony. She knew what the end would be. A few days after this touching, thrilling interview, it was announced that that great soulhelper, the Rev. Mr. Moody, would hold services in Toronto.

Mrs. Molada hastened to Tintern Abbey, and asked Mrs. Underhill if she would accompany her to one of these services.

"Oh," cried she, "I will go anywhere, where I can find God."

Accordingly day and hour were fixed for a service, and they went early in order to secure seats.

Mr. Moody, as God had directed him, took for his subject how to find Christ, and in his simple, inimitable way, told the soul-saving story of the Cross, and the direct road to it. During the first half of the sermon, Mrs. Underhill wept passionately, so that her friend feared she would lose all self-control; then she grew perfectly still. Mr. Moody closed with a short, but a wonderful prayer, and then they sang:

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God," and then:

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness," and Mr. Moody pronounced the benediction.

Immediately Mrs. Underhill turned to her friend, seized her by both hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, Mrs. Molada, I see it all now! It is all right! I feel like a new woman!"

And she looked it; her face was radiant, and her whole form radiated the interior light and joy. She was literally transformed.

I have related in these few words exactly as it happened, the story of the birth of a soul into Christ. But who shall tell the never-ending results of that new birth, not only to that individual soul, but to the universe? Stupendous

thought! A saved soul! If one only knew what the soul is in its entirety, or its possibilities and potentialities! Theology can not tell. Psychology can not scale its heights, nor fathom its deepest depths, for its Godlike. Could one comprehend, in all its woe and horror, that "wail"—the meaning of a lost soul!—the effects of such a loss upon the universe! Incomprehensible mystery! But God teaches the holy soul—I mean the Christian sunk in Christ-Jesus—something of these awful mysteries, and such a God taught one will be always reaching out the helping-hand to those groping in the night, and not finding the light.

But Mrs. Molada knew the snares and traps set for the downfall of the newly-born-soul, and she warned her friend that Satan would attack her very soon, and attempt to persuade her that the whole thing was but a fraud, a hallucination, a self-deception. She counselled her to begin some work forthwith for the King, and thus her strength would grow.

Mrs. Molada was an enthusiastic worker in the Toronto Home for Incurables, and at the time of which I speak, there were three very great sufferers there, all Maggies, and all friends of Jesus.

One, dear Maggie Robinson, is still lying on her sixteenyears-couch of pain, a sunbeam on her countenance, and peace within. Maggie Begg was near death, and Mrs. Molada invited Mrs. Underhill to accompany her on one of her frequent visits to the Home. Maggie was a remarkable Christian, never losing the clear consciousness of the presence of Christ. She lived in touch with the Master. They sat down by her bed for a little talk and a few promises.

"Is Jesus as precious as ever, Maggie?" inquired Mrs.

Molada.

The reply filled them both with inexpressible awe.

"Oh, Mrs. Molada," Maggie said, "Christ is as really near me now as you are, nearer. He touches me, my hand is in his, as truly as I put it in yours," and she grasped her hand.

Mrs. Molada prayed a short prayer.

"Good-bye, Maggie! If you see Jesus when you go, tell him—though he knows, I do so wish to send the message by you—tell him I am coming."

"I will tell him, I will tell him! I shall see him! And, oh, I will be the first to meet you at Heaven's gate when you come. You told me all that Jesus would be to me. I have proved its truth. Good-by! dear Mrs. Molada." That night the weary eyes saw the "King in his beauty."

To poor Maggie Kerr, dying of consumption, Mrs. Molada gave a white lily, and how the dear girl cherished that flower, begging the patients for water to refresh it. Poor dear girl! She too is with the Saints in Light.

On their home-drive, Mrs. Underhill remarked: "Maggie Begg has something more than I have; I could not die like that, and I do not live "in touch" with God as she does, as you do; I am afraid of God, but not of Jesus. How is this?"

"' God is love," replied Mrs. Molada; "He gave His son; Jesus Christ is God—is love. Herein is love, not

that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His son to be a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' 'He that spared not His own son; but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?' God's law is broken, Christ, the God-man is the 'propitiation.' God is holiness itself, and sin can never be in harmony with holiness, but Christ takes away the sin. It is like this; do you not recollect, when a little child, if you had done anything displeasing to your mother, you were afraid, and could not run to meet her with the same free gladness?''

"I begin to see what you mean. God loves the sinner always, hating sin only."

"The life-blood of Jesus, the Son, washes away the guilt of sin. That is highly figurative. It means that His life was given for your life, for mine, forfeited by sin, and you live. I can not tell you all that the atonement means. It means infinitely more than the finite mind can comprehend. But it means this much at least—At-one-ment with God. He hates sin, I also, if I am His child. He loves all souls, without respect of persons, I too, bathed in the Christ-spirit."

"Yes, I see; that is clear to me now. Now, how am I to live in touch, in perfect harmony with God always?"

"You have taken a new Sovereign," said Mrs. Molada, "you have thrown off allegiance to 'the Devil and all his works,' and now you will seek to please your King and serve Him truly and faithfully. There is the idea of separation you see. Paul says in Romans i-1, 'Paul, a servant

of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, *separated* unto the gospel of God.' This separation implies, nay, demands self-renouncement, and world-renouncement. God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you, you are His, consecrate all you have to Him, and *do good* to all you can, in every way you can.'

"How shall I begin?"

- "First, make the consecration. Next, do something for somebody. Visit the Incurables. Give them a promise. Pray with them. Comfort them. Take some flowers with you. And this, not because of any imagined merit in thus doing, but because you love."
- "I see what you mean. Will God accept that 'do' and make me quite, all his own?"
- "If you give yourself, He takes you, accepts you. Do you believe God?"
  - "Yes, I do!"
- "You want to be all His, you want His Holy Spirit to lead you?"
  - "Yes."
- "Has He promised the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him?"
- "I do not, alas, know my Bible as I ought, but I take your word that He has promised that."
- "God's word, not mine. Now, you want God, and He says He will be yours, He will give what you ask, He says so."
  - "I believe He will."
  - "Very well. Now for the promises. The first you will

find in John xiv-13-14. Jesus says: 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son; If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' '

"What a marvellous promise! 'Whatsoever!' 'Anything!' I never saw it so before. But is that sure?"

"God says so. Here is the condition of answer—of receiving. It is in the next chapter. John xv-7. 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Now if I abide in Christ, and he in me, the Holy Spirit will teach me how to pray. God never yet promised to answer a selfish prayer. Selfishness is sin. It is not self-seeking, but Christ-seeking that God loves."

"And yet I have doubted God!"

"And made him a liar! Just listen to this, the third promise, it is in i John-v-14-15. "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

"That is like the setting of the royal seal, 'we know,' "said Mrs. Underhill. "Oh, how wonderful! I give myself and all beside, now, I take Christ forever as absolute King."

The work was done. With a glad heart Mrs. Molada mounted the stairs to her rooms in Free street, and Mrs. Underhill drove to Tintern Abbey in an extasy. She had taken in the extent of the work to be done. She had

offered the sacrifice—had put her hand in the hand of Christ. That was settled forever.

The first fruits of her entire consecration was the soul of her husband. She loved now to serve the poor and neglected, and nothing was too good for the Master's use. To her now, 'to live was Christ,' and when she had learned her lesson, and taken *God's will for her will*, and taken up the cross as her true life-work, God gave her a daughter, whom she named Gabrielle, as a direct gift and messenger from him.

One evening near the time of the opening of our true story, Judge and Mrs. Underhill and little Gabrielle were sitting in the barchetta, enjoying the coolness of the water, for the day had been warm. Suddenly Gabrielle cried:

- "Papa, I want you to do something for me! Will you?"
  - "What is it, Gowan?"
  - "Promise first, papa."

"Nay, nay! You would not have me be so imprudent."

Gabrielle was a child of a rare type of loveliness. Long curls of pure gold hair, peach complexion, so seldom seen, large brown eyes, clear as a mountain spring, beautiful forms, a voice that gave promise of great vocal powers; but, more than all, a sweetness of character, which made her a general favorite, especially with the servants and the poor.

Judge Underhill loved this young daughter with all the fervor of a deep nature.

"Papa, poor dear Mrs. Molada's piano and organ are to be sold at auction to-morrow; will you buy them in?"

- "Why, Gowan! what can you want with them, pray? You have already a piano, organ and harp—-
  - "And a lute, papa, and a Jew's harp."
- "I suppose my Gowan has some new plan sur le tapis. What do you think, Chérie?" inquired the Judge of his wife.
- "I have no doubt that Gabrielle's plan is a good one," replied Mrs. Underhill; "but she has not yet taken me into her confidence."
  - "Some Laune, I should imagine."
  - "You will, papa?"
- "Yes, yes, Gowan, you shall have them bought." So Judge Underhill sent a young law-student to "bid in" the Donthank piano and organ.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CHILDREN'S FESTA.

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?"

WHEN the strawberry season had just touched that of the raspberries, it was the custom of Judge and Mrs. Underhill to give a festa or fête to all the poor children of Toronto, and to Gabrielle, this was the most joyous of all summer festivities. The charities for children, the poor children from the destitute families, the newsboys, were bidden, and the clergy of all denominations, and other friends, were invited to assist in entertaining and taking care of the children. This summer the children's festa was to grace Dominion Day, and the preparations had begun.

Mrs. Underhill and Gabrielle had been busily engaged decorating the Doria with floral designs, had played a duet

on the piano, and Gabrielle was practising her lesson on the harp.

"Ma mére," said Gabrielle, interrupting her practice, "the Moladas are coming n'est ce pas?"

"Certainly, ma miette, if Mrs. Molada is able. She was too poorly to go to Dr. Glenavon's birthday festa; but the weather is warmer now. I will send the carriage for her and Harry early in the morning."

"But Harry said he would come with the newsboys. Do you know why I asked papa to buy the Donthank piano and organ?"

"I fancy I know."

"Do you? Well, after the Moladas are come, will you give orders that the two instruments be taken to their rooms? Oh, will not Harry be surprised?—and glad? He will never guess who sent them."

"Mrs. Trueman will have the key, as she does up the rooms when they are out, so there will be no difficulty."

"Oui, ma mére, and see, I have printed this little note, address and all, because they must never know who sent them. And please send those two pretty shades that I bought with my pocket-money, for the gasalier, will you?"

"Yes, darling, you shall have all as you desire in this matter."

The little note ran thus:—"A true friend sends Harry Molada the Donthank piano and organ, that he need no longer neglect his music. Never seek to discover the Sender."

Dominion Day came with perfect weather. Rain had

fallen the day previous, laying all the dust; but at Tintern Abbey there never was any dust. Trees, flowers, lawns, leaping fountains, the smiling, shimmering lake, the boats and steamers, had clad themselves in gala-dress, to honor the birth-day of Canadian Unity, and to welcome and gladden these dear poor children, into whose lives came so little gladsomeness. A steamer had been chartered for the day, to convey the children, who assembled at the foot of Yonge street, under the care of officers appointed for the purpose, and to make the trip every two hours for the convenience of helping friends.

Mrs. Underhill sent the carriage for Mrs. Molada and Harry directly after breakfast, and the moment they arrived, Gabrielle seized upon Harry, and the two children set off to inspect the preparation of the tables.

"Do you know, Harry," said Gabrielle, "you are my Round-Table-Knight' to-day?"

"And you my 'Kilkenny,'" replied the delighted boy. "You look as if you had been in Fairyland."

A clear case, you see, of Dante and Beatrice.

Long lines of tables, draped in the snowiest white, were being laid. Mountains of strawberries and choice flowers beautified them. There was to be a dinner at one o'clock, and tea at six, just giving time to have the children all safely back in Toronto before nightfall. Several bands, and amusements of all sorts had been provided. Judge and Mrs. Underhill, Mrs. Molada and the two children stood on the great lawn, between the house and the Poets' Corner, and their freinds and the children, gathered around them.

What a scene it was! What a joy in the faces of the children!

When the newsboys approached in a body, Harry ran to meet them, and walked with them to the place of reception. Many of Toronto's noblest were there that day. Mayor Mowbank soon found himself in the midst of the children, who all knew him—all the poor and troubled knew him. Toronto little guessed all that her Mayor was doing sub rosa, for the miserable.

Among the clergy came Pastor Glenavon of the *Fleur-delis*, and the stately Dr. Knox, who thought "there would be no lack of parsons to-day." When all stood around the tables under the delicious trees, the bands played the Doxology, and the grand old melody, and the golden words that have belted the world and thrilled millions, rose against the heavens, and died away over Lake Ontario.

Little did Luther imagine the extent of his work, and little does any worker know the tremendous importance of every polishing rub given to the stones, the living stones of the Temple of Christ. The chiselling, and the polishing do not manifest themselves readily, and many a worker has toiled on a life-time, never guessing the immeasurable results. Take courage. *Der Tag der Garben*,—The Day of Sheaves—shall reveal thy labor.

As Mrs. Underhill looked about her, and moved with her husband past the tables, and looked into those child-faces, and saw there the pain and neglect written on them, a vision rose before her of the Christ-Child, and the awful mystery of pain—sorrow. And her heart throbbed to reflect that she had been admitted as a co-worker.

Dinner over, Judge Underhill told them how glad he, and his wife, and daughter were to see so many happy faces at this festa. He hoped they would all grow up to be good men and women. There was only one way to be good—only one who could give strength to be good. He, the Christ, loved children, for he was once a child. He would always hear their prayers. How good it was for every boy and girl to know this.

Gabrielle and her Knight had been going up and down among the tables, and when Judge Underhill had finished speaking, there was a general movement among the newsboys. They all rose and came forward, calling "Molada! Molada!" Harry came bravely forward and said, saluting the host and hostess:

"Dear Judge and Mrs. Underhill, the newsboys have elected me, because I am the smallest newsboy in Toronto, to offer you our thanks for this festa. We thank, also, very much, the ladies and gentlemen who are here to help us enjoy this festival. We propose three cheers for Judge and Mrs. Underhill, and Miss Gabrielle." And the newsboys cheered, and everybody joined in, and the tree-tops took it up, and the waves echoed the cheering. Then they sang a verse that Mrs. Underhill had written for the occasion:

We thank thee, Lord, for food and friends, And all the good that Heaven sends, O, may our hearts with praises swell, And Christ within us ever dwell.

At the ringing of the Abbey bell, they were all to assemble on the great lawn ready for tea. And the company dispersed, some to the wood for the games, some to the terraces, and Mayor Mowbank set off with a flock of children, to unravel the labyrinth in the wilderness. There were two trees, and two seats in the centre of the labyrinth, where those who found their way in first might sit down. There Mayor Mowbank sat some time before anyone joined him. At length a poor little girl was the first to solve the puzzle, and once in, she ran to the Mayor, sprang into his lap, and, throwing her arms around his neck, cried:

"Oh, Mr. Mowbank! I wish I was your little girl!" \*

"Harry, what do you say to being my little Toronto agent for my new work 'The Will?' I will give you the city for the present."

They were already seated in the carraige for the drive home, and there was no time for delay.

"And I can begin at once, to-morrow?"

"Yes. Here is a note to my publisher, desiring him to deliver any books you may order. "The Will" sells for two dollars. You will receive one dollar per copy, and your tram-fare."

"Thank you very much, Judge Underhill. Mater will be obliged to go to a warmer climate for the winter, and I shall be able to take her I think. If I only had my piano and organ to work at my music, I could add to my income, perhaps."

The Judge smiled.

"Ma mére," whispered Gabrielle as the carriage drove away, "did the piano and organ go?"

<sup>\*</sup> An actual incident.

"Oui Chèrie."

"Oh, I just wish I could be behind the door and watch Harry when he first sees them!" And she danced and clapped her hands in glee.

"Why, Mitterchen, there is a very brilliant light in our

rooms!" cried Harry.

"I fancy good Mrs. Trueman and Baldéra are expecting us. Depend upon it, they have been making our rooms nice."

Mrs. Trueman opened the door, and Baldéra stood smiling.

"Why! Little Mother! Whatever?—how beautiful those shades are!" Then he espied the piano, which stood open, just where his imagination had placed it, and then the organ. He flew to the piano, running his fingers over the keys, then to the organ, then he espied the printed note.

"Whoever has it been?"

Mrs. Trueman and Baldéra could offer no solution of the mystery.

"It has been Lohengrin! I wonder!"—His ace was pale with excitement as he hummed the melody of "The Lord is mindful of His own." "It is wonderful, Mütterchen! wonderful! Oh, let us sing Little Mother! come!" He seated himself at the piano, ran his fingers lightly over the keys, and began singing, his eyes gleaming with that leaping fire to which I have before referred, "Oh, for the wings of a dove!" And his whole being seemed to expand as the rich voice swelled and rose with the tones. He looked back at his mother with that radiant face:

"You are not singing Little Mother! sing, sing!" And the instrument seemed impassioned like the young artist, as the melody rose and floated through the open windows into the moonlit air.

Mrs. Molada's pillow that night was the promise: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee," also, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

# CHAPTER VII.

### A BOY'S CODE-THE ANTI-SIN CLUB.

"I was as one, when a forgotten dream Doth come across him, and he strives in vain To shape it in his fantasy again."

HARRY kept his promise to Max Dorn, and went when he could to the Newsboy's house, to help them with their reading, and writing, and "sums." He knew all the boys now, and had won their hearts, and Don Pedro was their delight. The tenth of all his profits, beginning with the tenth of Lohengrin's double-eagle, was carefully kept in a box with a slot in the lid, and after much thinking about the matter, he had decided it should be used for a Newsboys' Hall, with a large lecture-room, and a library and reading-room.

Judge Underhill and Mayor Mowbank had promised him to "see the thing through," and such was the interest excited by the lad's striking personality, his distinctly pronounced individualism, his manliness and self-reliance and his singular history, that when he took Judge Underhill's book to the leading men of the city, they not only took it for its excellence, but they seemed to conspire as one to help this remarkable child, and they added their names to his subscription book for the Newsboys' Hall. His young soul

was brimful of enthusiasm for his scheme, and the unselfishness of it "took," and many a one found an incentive, in the ardent zeal of a child, for nobler and more persistent effort. But my hero had larger plans still. He not only resolved that the newsboys should have a large and handsome hall, but, with a true missionary spirit, he wanted them "cured" of every bad habit. With this idea in his busy, inventive young brain, he prepared a card for an Anti-Sin union, and I give the card as he thought it out, not willing to change a single iota.

One day he ran into Mrs. Trueman's rooms to "consult" with Baldéra—to "ask her opinion." Baby was asleep, and Baldéra was sitting on the stool that Harry had given her, rocking the cradle. Mrs. Trueman was at the ironing-table. Harry sat down on the floor close by the stool.

"Baldéra," he said, "I am making a card for my Anti-Sin Club, for the newsboys first, and all others who do naughty things—drink and swear. I call it an Anti-Sin Club."

"Anti-Sin!" exclaimed Mrs. Trueman.

"Yes, Mrs. Trueman, because sin includes everything wrong, you see."

He proceeded to show Baldéra the plan of his card, which he had all written in pencil. "See, it is like this," he said.

Mrs. Trueman stopped her ironing and went to look on.

#### ANTI-SIN CLUB.

I. I solemnly promise and vow never to take any

injurious stimulant, alcohol, or other spirit, such as brandy, rum, whisky, gin, wine, champagne, beer, cider, opium, absinthe, or any other injurious intoxicating thing, that may be invented in the future.

- "You are very foreseeing Harry," remarked Mrs. Trueman, smiling.
  - "Have I omitted anything, Mrs. Trueman?"
  - "No. That is pretty comprehensive."
- "So I think," said Baldéra, giving the cradle an extra shake to quiet the restless babe.
- II. I promise and vow never to take God's name in vain —never to swear that is.
- III. I promise and vow never to smcke, either a pipe, cigar or cigarette.
  - IV. I will never chew tabacco, nor take snuff.
  - v. I promise always to be exactly honest to a mite.
- "Could you not leave out 'to a mite,' Harry?" asked Baldéra.
  - "What do you think, Mrs. Trueman?"
  - "Yes, I think so."
- VI. I promise never to tell a lie, always to say the truth, nothing else.
  - VII. I will never steal.
- VIII. I will never say an unkind word to anybody, nor of anybody.
- IX. I will help everybody all I can, and do all the good I can.
  - x. I will never hurt a little child.
  - "That is nice," thought Baldéra.

XI. I will be kind to animals.

XII. Every morning and night I will pray to God, and read one verse at least in the Bible, or New Testament.

"You see," said Harry, "some one might only have the New Testament."

"That is true," said Baldéra.

XIII. I will never think wicked thoughts.

XIV. I will love God, and put Him first always.

xv. I will love all people, even when they are not nice and good.

"But you could not like their ways," said Baldéra.

"No! That is true. I only said I would like them. Do you see the difference, Baldéra?"

Baldéra looked doubtful. "That is hard to do," she said.

"Did you think your card all out yourself, Harry?" asked Mrs. Trueman.

"I have had a great many talks with mater, and have asked her such a number of questions. Now I will show her these rules. If she approves of them, I shall be so glad."

Mrs. Molada approved of the card, and Mrs. Underhill had a large number of cards printed, with a beautiful border of snow-drops and passion flowers, and a large one to hang up in the newsboys' dining room. The next time Harry visited the newsboys, he took his cards, and the first thing he did was to hang up the large card in the best light in the dining-room. Twenty boys gathered around it forthwith, and various observations were heard as to its beauty; one boy read one rule, another another.

"He'd be a pretty perfect boy who kept them rules," cried Jack Drinkdregs, son of the man who had tried to force Harry to drink in the Ruby.

"There never was no such boy, nor man neither," said

Mike Ballytara.

"Nor woman neither," said Sam Alive—his mother was a drunkard.

"Nobody couldn't keep them rules no how; 'tain't in human nater; you bet your life on that," cried Bill Pennyman in some excitement.

"It's all rant!" cried one. "Nothin', but cant!" another.

Finally Max Dorn spoke out, "Bill Pennyman is right." Tain't in 'human nater." But God told us not to steal or swear. What made Him tell us not to, if we can't obey Him? Don't He promise to help those who try to be good?"

"I guess so: I guess I kin prove it!" replied a quiet boy
—Adam Hyslop, from New Haven. His dead mother had
been of the old Puritan stock. The newsboys all respected
this quiet boy, who was always kind and gentle. "We all
know when we do wrong, don't we?"

"Yes, that's right," cried the boys in a chorus.

"What makes us know and feel so unhappy when we are wicked?"

"Conscience," said some.

"Now, what is conscience? Where did we all get that something we call cohscience?"

Dead silence.

"You know, all of you, it comes from God, boys!" said Harry, who had been standing all this time silently by the table, on which he had laid his cards, and the copy-books which he had taken home for his mother to "set copies."

"Will you tell us, Molada, the meaning of the word conscience?" asked Hyslop.

"Yes, I can. My mother explained its etymology to me the other day. It comes from two Latin words, con, a preposition, with; and scio, a verb, I know. It is the faculty of judging ourselves whether we do right or wrong. It is God's writing in *every* human heart, just as those copies in the copy-books are my mother's writing. God wrote the moral law in us. Conscience is God's voice talking in the soul."

"That's true, I've heerd it!" said Max Dorn.

"Now," said Hyslop, "conscience lets us know when we do wrong, and we're often sorry, and think we won't do it again. I said I could prove to you that God had promised to help us be good. 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee.' What would God tell us to 'call,' to pray, for, if he didn't mean to hear and help? 'Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you: draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you.' 'I will be found of you.' 'He will answer thee.' 'I will help thee'—the very word 'help.'"

There was a little pause, when Harry took up his cards, and, giving each boy one, said: "I am not going to ask you to sign them to-night, boys. Think the matter over well first. See, each card is made to hang up, like the large one, in your room, so that you can always see it, and remember what you have promised to do and *not* to do."

"That's a good ide'," said Max Dorn.

"And, boys, I want you to get as many members for our Anti-Sin Club as you can."

"I say," cried Ballytara "we'll hang a card round Don Pedro's neck!"

"Hurrah for Don Pedro!" cried the boys, "he's a member of our club!" Don Pedro gave his paw to shake hands.

"That means yes!" cried the boys. Harry ran home with a very happy heart, for his card had won the victory.

Since the surprise of the Donthank organ and piano, Harry's music had made rapid strides. His *Technik* was Liszt-like in its dawning brilliancy and power, and he played with such varied and subtle expression, and his conception was so original that one was profoundly moved with limitless and incomprehensible visions of an infinity of thoughts, emotions and powers, that are always excited by good music. And Roma sang gloriously the moment Harry struck a chord, and when out of his cage, which he frequently was, he would sit on the lyre of the piano, and stretch his neck to see where the sounds came from, or he would alight on Harry's hand, or sit on his head, or Mrs. Molada's. What winning ways birdie had, and how he loved the music!

Beethoven was Harry's favorite, and when he played those divine Sonatas, and other works of the king of harmonies, one seemed to see one's inner life pass before one, and the thrilling themes awakened corresponding slumbering melodies and disharmonies of the entire gamut of the human soul. One felt as if one could accomplish anything under the magic spell of this Beethovenismus. Singularly true is this of the Kaiser Sonata, the Eroica, and the Appassionata.

Seldom is a good Beethovenist also a master of Szopen-Chopin. But my boy-disciple of Apollo would play Chopin with all the feathery-lightness of a spirit's touch, of a soul that felt and heard the echoing wail and dying moan of broken Poland, as Chopin ever heard them—the wail of Poland and of Freedom. Probably no one ever did, or ever can render Chopin as his most intimate friend Liszt did. It is a fact that the maestro Liszt would seat himself at the piano and imitate Chopin's *Vortrag* so perfectly, that one, not knowing, could not distinguish the difference. Dear old Meister! With what pride he would say: "J'ai reçu le baiser celebre!" He had played before Beethoven when a little boy, and after the concert, Beethoven had kissed him, saying:

"Du verstehts mich: hilf der Welt mich auch verstehen."\*

Mrs. Molada was forbidden to sing much, save to train this rare voice, but she would accompany Harry on the guitarre, both when he sang and played, and Dr. Glenavon frequently glided in at these hours, to sit lost in a rapturous reverie, listening to the wondrous strains, and some of his best productions were evoked, with their rare richness and depth, at these times.

Oh, Mŭsika! Thy power is boundless!

The universe is set to music so subtle, so ravishing, that

<sup>\*</sup>Thou understandest me: help the world to understand me too.

only when we become pure spirit, possessed of all the senses of the "glorified body," may we hear thee as thou art. Many a pleasant interlude was filled in with musical chat.

Mrs. Molada had visited the last resting-place of nearly all the great old composers, and she would picture the tomb of Beethoven, with nothing on it except Beethoven in large letters of gold-the world needs nothing more, and Schubert's grave, next but one to him, adorned with his bust. Or Mozart's gorgeous Denkmal, erected solely at Liszt's expense, above the humble grave in the pauper's cemetery in Vienna. Poor Mozart! Dead so young-and so poor, he had not money enough to buy a Sarg or a Grab, he, "Der König der Töne." And then she would discourse eloquently of all the living artists whom she had met and heard, and of the lonely, white-haired Frau Hummel, widow of the great composer and pianist, who sleeps in the Gottes Aker at Sachse-Weimar. There sleep Goethe and Schiller, side by side in the Grand Ducal Gruft. Not far from it, Herder, Musæus, Fraŭ von Stein.

"Betty" had known Beethoven, Mozart, Vater Hayden, and all the rest of that ilk down, and they had all visited her and her husband, and played on his old piano, with legs like table-legs, on which he had composed. "Betty's" talk was a perfect romance, as you may well fancy.

Then there was a reminiscence of lonely Osomansstädt, eight miles from Sachse-Weimar, where Wieland sleeps under an obelisk. And Mrs. Molada had met Wieland's granddaughter at one of Liszt's musical receptions, and had

afterwards visited her in the "Wieland Haus, now her home, and walked in the dear old Garten, and sat in the Laube-arbor, where the great author had walked and written. And Harry drank this all in with the avidity of a traveler.

"I have a fancy," said Mrs. Molada on one of these occasions, "that, in the Beyond, we shall have music in color as well as in sound-tones. I had a most marvelous vision of this, a color symphony, once, when in the beautiful Odenwald. We were driving among those romantic, rich-in-ruins mountains, and, one day, as the day declined to the sun-setting, we reached the summit of the Melibocus. Our horses were tired, and we hungry, and we halted for refreshment. What a scene of silence and of beauty it was! Mountains sweeping onward, clad with magnificent foliage, gray granite peaks, or huge boulders, peeping between, while the fleecy, silvery clouds floated leisurely over and on into unseen spaces, casting great shadows as they passed.

I sat to rest a half hour till Abendbrod was served, and in that golden dream came my enrapturing vision. I can not describe it as I saw it. It was grand and glorious. There rose a mass of softest, silver-white clouds, mountains of them, in countless forms of grace and beauty, rising, spreading, floating, till my horizon was swallowed up in them. Then a filtering of the faintest rose and gold, shone through the silver transparency, a golden-rose, or rosy-gold, like the Alpenglühen—After-glow of the Alps. I felt the music of their varied forms, and gliding, rising, expanding movements, but there was the silence of a spirit.

In my dream these rose to the zenith, and as they swept on, a soft, pale, blue mass rose from behind the mountains, rising ever and extending, deepening into varied shades to the rich sapphire. Then these were followed by vast masses of purple, and such purple methought I had never seen, and in grandeur inexpressible, these colors blended and swept silently on. Now to this succeeded masses of orange in wondrous hues, and then a glory of scarlet, followed by deepest crimson, rose and mounted higher, and cast a tinge on all the other cloud masses. Then all the greens, in sublime harmony of variety, floated up, and around and through, and there seemed no limit to this wonderful glory of color. And while this majestic symphony floated on and rose into the infinitudes, and while I was gazing, I saw a bridge of pearl and rose and crimson and scarlet wonderfully blended, leading to a castle with many and lofty battlements, pinnacles and towers, of all these colors in a united glory, but no black did I see there, and the castle was far, far beyond my ken, or boldest fancy, for I could not think up to its limitless extent. And on that bridge, and through those interminable castle halls, glided, meseemed, God-like forms in such a white as no human eye ever saw, or can see, and on each head I saw a crown like nothing I had seen heretofore, only its dazzling glory blinded my eyes, and I whispered to myself in awe and joy, the "crown of life" it must be. These silent ones listened too to this cloud-color-symphony, but they saw and heard what, to my dull senses of earth, were incomprehensible. How long this vision lasted I can not tell you, but the bliss of it will shed a joy over all my life.

"Oh, mater! how grand that dream must have been! I do love to hear you talk like that."

Frequently, after an hour with an "old master," or with Mendelssohn or Schumann, or some other maestro, Dr. Glenavon would say:

"Come Harry, let us have a little elocution; give us 'The Psalmn of Life,' or 'To be, or not to be.'"

The musical soul of the mother had brought out the conception of the music in language, thought, gesture, and the result was seen in the development of a born musician and orator. Every child-soul sleepeth till some master-touch set the chords a ringing. Forget not this ye mothers, and all educators. Sweep skilfully and lovingly those human heart-strings entrusted to your care, and the enrapturing sweetness you have touched into life, shall gladden your soul forever.

But while Mrs. Molada made it the work and delight of her lonely life to train her gifted laddie, it had become evident that she could not winter in Canada. But she had not the wealth of former days to travel, and Harry resolved that he would take his mother to some warm, southern land. In spite of her resignation and fortitude, her great sorrow had undermined her physical powers, and nothing but change of climate could save her, even if that could. If she crossed the Atlantic, this voyage must take place not later than the beginning of September. The results in any case were distinctly doubtful.

Dr. Glenavon fell on a brilliant thought one evening, or it on him, at least it occurred to him, that Harry could give

a concert in the pavilion, Mrs. Molada could accompany him with the piano for his singing, and the guitarre for his playing, and he could vary the entertainment by "an interspersed bit of elocution." And this thought simmered in his brain for some days, until an unexpected occurrence led to an expression of it.

# CHAPTER VIII.

#### RABENSHORT.

M. RABEN was a self-made man, that is he had "made money," and the money had made him. When he had acquired his wealth, he built a large house, gave it his own name, and left the church in which he had been baptized, where his parents had attended till they died, and where he had grown to manhood, and joined a fashionable church for "better society," people said, but then people say so many things. People do change their church sometimes with such an object; but these are not the strong souls, who form the bulwarks and battlements of the church of Christ.

"There is no one in the Salmon Street Church you would want to speak to, you know," said Mrs. Raben.

"Souls? How queerly you do put things! Yes, I suppose they have souls, what of it?"

"I thought one would always 'want' to speak to a soul."

Those people who leave the good old church of their forefathers, have very nebulous ideas touching "society." This contemptible snobbishness! Pray do read Thackeray's "Book on Snobs."

What is best society? They talk in affected tones about "low society," "common society," "la crême de la crême,"

if they happen to know a little French, and assure you that they only "move in the best circles," when their ancestors were bakers, butchers, shoemakers, or what else, not that all toil is not honorable, but the snob is ashamed of labor. Their definitions of best society are crude enough. Indeed I have seen them sorely put to it to give a sensible definition at all. Some think the best must dance perfectly, wasting hours every week to learn how—"waltz like a top," frequent the theatre, the horse-races, play cards, give "progressive euchre" parties, dress in the extreme of fashion, have "beautiful" manners, and be accomplished in talking senseless nothings by the hour, and all the rest of it. Mind? Fiddlesticks! One can not dance any better for knowing Greek and Latin, German and mathematics, Spanish and Italian, saying nothing of all the ologies.

"Reading? I hate to read!" said Mrs. Raben. "I have so much money I do not know what to do with it."

And yet, she had her good points. She had false ideas of money, and the true value of the perishable. The summing up of all thoughts on the subject, produced this false syllogism:

"Money makes worth, makes a lady, I have money, therefore I have worth, am a lady."

Mr. Raben had been a son of toil, as his father before him, only he had given a wrong aim to his toil. Labor just to gain money, with no higher aim behind, warps and disfigures. His poor mother had been long a widow, and so poor that she could not afford a common "dip" for her only son to learn his lessons by, and he had done his

studying mostly lying on his face before the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place. Talents? He had a knack for making money, and he began early. He had not had much chance, but he did the best he knew how, and poverty had taught him to value money for more than it was worth.

Mr. Raben had married while poor, and when money came at last, and horses, carriage, jewels, costly toilettes, poor Mrs. Raben's frail bark, having no intellectual ballast, toppled over. She had little sympathy for others, and when Mrs. Molada asked her to take a share in church or charitable work, replied;

"I do not know anything about these people, and I don't care. I am going to take care of myself. I mean to enjoy life. Everybody seems to think I ought to do this and that. What have they to do with it? Let them join the Woman's Missionary Society if they want to, and go to the charities and places, and hunt up the dirty lanes, and filthy houses and people. I am not going to do any such thing. Selfishness? Do you call it selfish to take of yourself, and keep what you have? Humph! Mr. Raben and I would not have one cent in a month if we went on in that style."

Mr. and Mrs. Raben were the felicitous parents of three "olive branches;" the second, a laddie, had made what haste he could out of a world he did not like.

At the time of the beginning of this true story, the youngest daughter of Rabenshort, Gertrude, was a generous, noble girl of nineteen, as unselfish as her elder sister, Hester, was haughty and self-seeking. Gertrude was the blessing of her parents, and her taste and influence were

seen every where. Where she found her character was a question. Probably from that dear old, simple-hearted, paternal, grand' mère, whose greatest extravagance had been a common tallow candle for her boy on rare occasions. Gertrude's loving hands had prepared that basket for Mrs. Molada, in the delivering of which her mother had so bungled, though she never discovered that bungling, and which had raised such resentment, and questionings, in the mind of our young hero. Gertrude Raben had been a member of Mrs. Molada's Bible-class in the Fleur-de-lis Sunday school, and her beloved teacher had led her to Christ, and now, in her turn, she was endeavoring by her loving attentions, to repay all the love—and she was one of the most ardent workers in Mayor Mowbank's Cross Street Mission.

Dinner was over at Rabenshort, and the family were gathered according to custom on the veranda, to enjoy the cool of the evening and the sunset. Mr. Raben was buried in his papers, now and then reading something to his wife. Hester was reading a sensational novel, and Gertrude was writing at her lawn table.

- "Mamma," exclaimed Hester, "when are we going to give our garden party?"
- "I have been thinking about that," replied Mrs. Raben.
  "I think we had better have it next week; what do you think, Richard?"
- "Not later, at any rate, I should think." It will be the middle of July, and summer will be gone in a jiffy. Invite every body you know, and make it a grand affair. We are not going to entertain all the tramps like the Underhills."

- "Who ever is to write all those invitations?" moaned Mrs. Raben; "they must be sent to-morrow. I'm sure I can't."
- "I will mamma," cried Gertrude, looking up from her writing, "and Hester can address the envelopes."
  - "Who told you so?" asked Hester.
  - "Oh, you will, sister mine; we can do it all in a morning."
  - "I don't know whether I will."

r

- "Mamma, of course we invite some good pianists and singers for music in the evening, and Mrs. Molada and Harry, who sing and play together so beautifully. It is wonderful what strides the laddie has made since the advent of those Donthank instruments."
- "What do we want of the Moladas?" asked Hester in a scornful tone. "They are nobody now. I don't fancy Mrs. Molada has a gown fit to appear."
- "If I knew she had not, she would soon have one. I would give it her as to a sister miles beyond me."
  - "I hate her. We do not want such learned paupers."
- "Oh, Hester! how can you? Money is not everything. Mrs. Molada is a perfect lady, the most highly accomplished and widely travelled in Toronto. Whose fault is it that the Central Bank broke and robbed her? It does not touch her character. Harry will be a star of the first magnitude. I should not be interested in anything if they were not here, and I will invite them in person. I fear they will not come."
- "Yes, yes," said Mr. Raben, "the Moladas must come. Let Gertrude do as she likes, and manage the affair in her own way."

- "Thank you, papa, so much. So that is settled, is it not, mamma?"
- "Certainly, dear child; I never had an idea of not inviting them."

Gertrude made her call when she knew Harry would be at home, and playing. As she mounted the flight of stairs that led to their rooms, she heard the sweet strains and majestic chords of Schumann's greatest Concerto. Dr. Glenavon was a rapt listener, and Mrs. Molada had the guitarre.

- "I am sorry to interrupt such music," said Gertrude, entering; "pray finish what you are playing."
  - "That is sublime music," said Dr. Glenavon.
- "I heard Fraŭ Schumann play her husband's *Meister-stück* when in Germany," said Mrs. Molada. "Her chords were majestic, and she put such a spirit in the music, as no one else ever does or can, it seems to me."
  - "But Harry plays it well," said Gertrude.

And then she had to play and sing with Harry, and Mrs. Molada forgot her cough and joined in, and Dr. Glenavon paced the room, now and again putting in a favorite strain.

- "I have a brilliant idea Dr. Glenavon," exclaimed Gertrude, leaving the piano.
- "I propose that Harry give a concert in the pavilion. I will start the ball a rolling at our garden party."
- "I have entertained the same thought in part for some days," replied Dr. Glenavon, "and Harry shall also vary by some of his elocution. He has quite a repertoire."
  - "Will you do it, Harry?" enquired Gertrude.

- "Will you help me Gertrude? You play so well."
- "Yes, I will."
- "Good! Then I put myself in your hands, and you and dear Dr. Glenavon may do what you think best. Is that right, mater mine?"
  - "Yes, dearie, certainly."
- "Oh, another brilliant thought! Little Gabrielle Underhill would play a harp solo or two. I am sure they will allow her, and she is such a lovely little creature, and plays so nicely. It would create a furore—two children giving a concert! No danger of a fiasco!"

So they settled the point by fixing the first week in August, and Gertrude would see to the tickets, and secure the co-operation of her friends at the garden-party, and she would obtain Mrs. Underhill's consent for Gabrielle to play, and Dr. Glenavon would secure the pavilion.

- "Now I call this doing business," said Gertrude laughing, and the newsboys will sell tickets for us."
- "Yes, and they shall go to the concert in a body," said Harry.

With much persuasion, Mrs. Molada consented to go to the garden-party, and Harry was to take music—Liszt's Barcola, Chopin's Berceuse, Beethoven's Mondschein Sonata, and Gertrude was to come for them with the carriage the morning of the party.

The glory of Rabenshort was the music-room, which constituted a wing added to the main building, to please Gertrude, who was a lover of *Die Mŭsika*, herself a royal Muse, and queen of the immortal Nine, though not one of

them. It consisted of two stories, with a broad gallery extending around it above, and a horse-shoe-stairway at one end of the room led up to it. The room was finished in white and gold, containing white marble busts, and portraits of great composers, Beethoven and Händel filling the niches of honor, and the chamber contained two grand pianos, and an organ.

My readers may imagine all the banalities of a gay gardenparty. People laughed and gossiped, ate ices and fruits, drank unlimited quantities of drinks, and one heard the click of the croquet-ball, and the merriment of lawn tennis and archery.

Hester, "got up," in a dashing toilette, thought of nothing else but to gain admiration, and indulged in a good deal of violent flirtation.

Gertrude moved about with quiet, unobstrusive dignity and grace among the guests, and somehow, made everyone feel pleased to chat with her. She told them in a confidential way of the coming Molada concert, of Harry's striking talent, and of his mother's failing health, and received the promise of every gentleman, and most of the ladies to go. She told them that Mrs. Molada ought to go South, or she would die. That Harry was determined to take her to the Riviera, and that she herself had proposed the concert, and how Dr. Glenavon had the idea first, and was very enthusiastic in helping it on. Then she told them that little Gabrielle Underhill was to play the harp, and Mrs. Underhill would accompany her on the piano. She ended by exciting their curiosity to the highest pitch. Meanwhile Judge

Underhill and Dr. Glenavon, aided by their host, had taken advantage of such a large re-uuion, and had set on foot a little plot of their own, the result of which shall appear later.

Mrs. Raben had received her guests on the wide veranda, and there she chatted with Mrs. Molada, Mrs. Underhill, and others who came and went during the afternoon.

"I hear you are going to the Antipods for the winter," she remarked to Mrs. Molada.

"Perhaps. It is not yet decided."

- "I have not traveled much. Mr. Raben is always too busy to get away. I went with him once to Penetanguish-enee, and we saw the church containing the memorials to the Jesu-ites, Lalemanté-'Lalemant'-and Breboof-'Brébeuf.' I should love to cross the ocean. A good many of the aris-tokrassy have left Toronto already for Europe. We let Gertrude go with her friend Kate Marron, and the governess, to Germany for nearly three years to study music and German, and they visited France and Italy. Hester, she didn't want to go. Ah, see! there are little Gabrielle and Harry trying grace hoops! They look like figures in a fairy-tale or a mazurka. They are the only children here." This chat was interrupted; Mrs. Glenavon joined them, and Dr. Glenavon stood looking over the books on Gertrude's lawn-table. Among them were "Layard's and Rawlinson's Travels in Babylonia," also "A Miracle in Stone" by Syce.
- "I suppose you are greatly interested in the cunieform inscriptions," he said to Gertrude, as she, her friend Kate and Mr. Brenta, the great Canadian artist came up.
  - "I confess those Runes excite in me a wish to be a

pansophist. I find the subject most fascinating, and I have been so glad to find those skeptics silenced, who made such capital out of the first verse of the twentieth chapter of Isaiah. But, Dr. Glenavon, what is your opinion concerning the great Pyramid of Gizeh? Do you think that Syce is right?"

"Now you attack me with a broadside. I fancy only time, and the development of events in the world's advancing history, will prove adequate to the solution of the problem. I confess frankly, that *lidless* sarcophagus presents difficulties. We are told that the builders were obliged to build the sarcophagus in as they built, also, the lid, naturally, if there were one, for it is claimed neither could have been introduced after the completion of the pyramid, hence could not have been taken out. Where is that lid? Plainly there never was one. And the inevitable hypothesis is, that polished granite was never designed for a sarcophagus. And there are no hieroglyphics."

"I want to ask your opinion if I may, Dr. Glenavon," said Kate Marron. "Gertrude and I have just had a little argument with Mrs. Narrowviews. She maintains that we should only wear drab and slate-colored, or black, which is, truly, always distinguished. Oh, I think she permits brown. Now I can not see how a bright and lovely color can be injurious to true religion. God did not make all the birds drab or slate-colored, and then there are the exquisite greens and purples and grays, and the brilliant tints of sunrise and sunset, and of all the flowers."

"Religion is a state of mind, the attitude of the soul,

toward God," replied Dr. Glenavon. "It is neither a lump, nor a color, nor a form; it is spirit, purpose, love. A refined taste will teach one how to dress, and what colors to wear in harmony with one's income and position. There can be no harm in color *per se*. But a white-haired lady in a bright scarlet gown, and a Rembrandt hat, would be somewhat incongruous. By one's attire, one expresses respect on occasions. God gave us common sense to use in all the emergencies of life, and not to employ it, would be like sitting down to write without pen, or, to read without book."

"And Mrs. Narrowviews maintains," said Gertrude, "that we spend far too much time 'over these poor bodies that will become dust." In the meantime, my body is the house of my soul, and I am bound to nurture it, or my soul will be turned out into space by my fault perhaps."

"It depends on what kind of care one gives. If a man spend an hour brushing and waxing his moustache, to give it the true à la Napoleon twist and upturn, this would argue egregrious weakness and vanity. But any attention to the person condusive to the health and strength of the body, and, thus, indirectly, to the intellectual being, is not only justifiable, but absolutely imperative.

Then, there is the inspiring thought that 'your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost,' and that they will be glorified and 'made like unto Christ's glorious body.' The question of 'identical particles' does not trouble me at all, for we change these 'particles' every moment. 'Behold I show you a mystery.' 'We shall all be changed!'

How, then, can I esteem the care of this body too highly? To neglect it is suicidal. It is like this, God has lent me myself, and the talents lent, must be returned with usury. Destroying the body, I destroy my opportunities for usefulness."

Just then Judge Underhill joined the group.

"I have not seen you for some time," he said, addressing Mr. Brenta, "have you been out of town?"

"Yes, I was in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, where I took occasion to study Mundcacsy's 'Christ before Pilate.'"

"Ah! I saw that painting in New York, exhibited by gaslight! It impressed me profoundly. What is your estimate of the work?"

"On the whole it is a grand work. The grouping and the coloring are masterful. There is much to be said, and that suggestion of the coming church, pre-figured by the woman with the child in her arms, is a beautiful conception. In all that mob, her lovely countenance alone expresses sympathy for that lonely figure, protected by a superb Roman soldier, standing before the craven-coward Pilate. Many have named the scene 'Pilate before Christ.' What a tragedy!'

"Touching impressionism, realism; if you artists mean by realism truth in art, be realistic when need be, but it is not de rigeur to paint all the truth in any form. Let me illustrate my meaning. I prefer one of Raffaello's grand cherub boys, to that hideous old Romaness drunk, that one sees in the Capitoline at Rome. Do you imagine a single being ever reformed by a view of that work?" "You would not, then, portray life as it is?"

"That is a large question. I will ask one in return. Is the human benefitted more by a portrayal of the noble or the low? I beg to remain debtor to both questions."

The conversation was interrupted by the approach of two or three clergymen who had just left their great annual church councils.

"Ah, gentlemen," cried Judge Underhill, laughing, "the Proletariat is waking up, and finding its sea-legs; it is doubtless animated by the amiable and most laudable desire to rectify wrongs and abuses, and clip the wings of the clergy in general."

"We are ready for the conflict," said the Rev. Dr. Knox, "and perfectly willing that the Proletariat should have its proper share in church government."

"It is indisputably true," said Dr. Clearcomment, "and just, that the Laien should participate in ecclesiastical matters, but an attempt to infringe—a—a—on the prerogative of the clergy, or to abrogate rights inherent in the sacerdotal dignity, will most assuredly lead to confusion and complications."

"My opinion is," said Dr. Glenavon, "that the Laity has, heretofore, not participated in its legitamate share of church legislation. The church is for the people. The clergy are for the people, not their lords, but servants—helpers. We must imitate our Divine Priest."

Meanwhile the sun had gone down behind beautiful trees, the attendants were lighting up the house and grounds, which were lighted with electricity, and the guests were moving towards the music-room. Gertrude opened the music by the performance of that lovely march in Lohengrin. She was encored to the echo, and responded with the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Then Harry played Chopin's Berceuse, and Barcarolle, Mrs. Molada taking guitarre, and Gertrude second piano. Then Mrs. Ghiberti and Mrs. Bellamontana sang "Oh, lovely peace," and Signore Stellabella accompanied them on the harp, Gertrude on the piano. Now Harry played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Mrs. Molada played guitarre, little Gabrielle harp, and Gertrude piano. Harry's bravoura took the guests by storm. There was a tempest of applause. "Marvellous!" "Wonderful!" "A coming Liszt!" "A virtuoso!" echoed on all sides.

After a violin obligato, and a tragic thing on the cello, came the closing *Vortrag*—performance, "The Lord is mindful of his own," from Mendelssohn's St. Paul. Mrs. Molada had arranged a quartette accompaniment, and she, herself played guitarre, Mrs. Underhill and Gertrude the two pianos, and Gabrielle harp. Harry's passionate enthusiasm and the power of that bell-clear voice almost terrified the listeners, who held their breath to hear.

It is said, when Paganini played on one string, his audience wept, and many learned to pray. But oh, the power of a God-endowed voice in a child!

# CHAPTER IX.

#### PEARL FISHING.

"Love, that discourses in my thoughts."

"Behold God's angel: fold thy hands: Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed."

THE evening after the garden-party was Harry's evening with the newsboys. They knew all about the proposed concert, for Gertrude Raben had enlisted their services in the sale of tickets. The boys greeted Harry with cheers, and made much ado over Don Pedro, who most distinctly enjoyed being lionized.

"Now boys," cried Harry, "you are to be deadheads at my concert. A place has been reserved for you all close by the platform, and you are all to go together."

Then every boy showed his Anti-Sin Club card, with his signature, "and we mean to keep our pledge too!" cried the boys. And then they seated themselves around the table for a reading lesson.

Before they parted, Jack Drinkdregs told Harry that his mother was very ill, and that she had begged to see his mother. Did he think Mrs. Molada would come?

"And then, maybe you could coax father to sign a card; I can't; he swears at me."

"I will try, Jack, and if mamma is able, I will bring her to-morrow."

The following morning Gertrude Raben called at Free street to fix a time for their practice for the concert, driving herself in her pony-carriage. When she heard of the illness of poor Mrs. Drinkdregs, she immediately proposed to drive them to the house. Mrs. Molada sat down by the sick woman, in the drunkard's wretched home—Home? Rags, filth, utter desolation! what a parody on the sacred name home! and the besotted being whom she, alas! called husband, sitting there in the next room a curse to himself and his poor wife and boy. She had repeated some of the sweet Bible-promises, and comforted the poor soul with words of Jesus himself, and was about to pray with the dying woman, when her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Hett, entered. Mrs. Molada offered him her place by the bedside.

He did not shake hands with the invalid, but said to her, at the same time searching in the back-pockets of his coat: "How are you to-day, my good woman?" Then, after a more vigorous search, he exclaimed: "Ah-a-a! I see I have forgotten my prayer-book! So I will not pray to-day, but I will read prayers when I see you again." \*

And he bowed himseif out. Let us hope there are not many such pastors. The sick woman died that night, and those promised "read prayers" she *lost!* 

My hero, meanwhile, was giving a card to the poor sot. "It is not too late, Mr. Drinkdregs. Put your name on this beautiful card, among the flowers, see? and we will all help you not to go to the Ruby again."

<sup>\*</sup> A fact.

- "Mr. Drinkdregs! Yes, the laddie had called him 'Mr.!' and Mrs. Molada had too! him—worse than a beast," he soliloquized.
- "I wonder, Molada, you speak to me—me, who treated you so shamefully and wickedly in that saloon of the Ruby."
- "Never mind, Mr. Drinkdregs," said Harry; "you would not have done it if you had not been-"
- "I was drunk!" interrupted the miserable man. "I was drunk! Oh, God! I wish I could stop drinking; but I can't. I'm a lost—a ruined man forever. There's no hope for the like o' me."
- "Do—write your name here," pleaded Harry, handing him his own pocket-pen. "Jack will help you, he has signed."
- Mr. Drinkdregs wrote his name. "I'll try once more," he said.
  - "Do not go past the Ruby."
- "There's one at every corner, nearly. How can a fellow escape? The smell maddens me; it pulls me right in, and then I'm done for."
- "We will find you some work, and Jack will take you to and from, and avoid going past a saloon."
- "But they'll offer me drink. They carry bottles in their pockets."
- "Turn and run if they do; run just as you would run from a thousand mad dogs. That one black bottle after you, is worse than all the mad dogs in the world together. Run! and pray out loud! No matter who hears you, if God only does. Don't be afraid of a laugh, let

them laugh. Say 'Oh, Jesus! help me, take away this thirst for drink.' "

"I'll do it. God help me!" At the door stood Jack. He had heard all, and he was busy rubbing his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

Dr. Glenavon had work. Catch him not having work, when work was needed to help a soul. Dr. Glenavon seized the horns of an opportunity, and held it, and shook it, and got all out of it, there was in it, and never let go, and never missed one. You can never catch an opportunity, once gone past. As well try to catch the mighty, swiftwinged eagle or to find that lost chord in the music now forever silent. Pick up every good act as you go.

"Baldéra, is your papa at home?"

"Yes, Harry, he has not been out yet this morning; he is in his room."

"Then I will take him this card now. Jack Drinkdregs' father has signed one. We have just come from Trap Lane. Mrs. Drinkdregs is dying, and she asked to see mater."

Mrs. Trueman was in the kitchen at the ironing-table, and the streaming perspiration from her face fell sissing on the flat-iron. Baby was playing and cooing on the floor in the living-room, and Baldéra was tripping around the room laying the covers for dinner. Harry tapped and entered Mr. Trueman's room.

"Good morning, Mr. Trueman," said he with a smile; "I have brought you one of these little cards; I have come to ask you to sign it, and if you will, and keep its rules, you may soon become as happy again as you used to be before you visited the Ruby."

- "I should like to, Harry; I would if I thought it would be of any use at all. My poor wife killing herself, and my little Baldéra losing her education. Your noble mamma has been so good in giving her music and French lessons, but the dear child has no time for study. And all this is my fault. Woe is me! What shall I do?"
  - "Mr. Trueman."
  - "Well Harry."
  - "Have you spoken to God about it?"
  - "No."
  - "Why do you not?"
  - "What would be the use?"
- "Do you not believe He could and would strengthen you to keep a promise—a vow?"
- "If I made one, perhaps. But this awful thirst, this mad craze, it is paramount to a disease. Fever is ice compared with it. It is a living fiend tearing my very heart out. I must drink to live. Is this being possessed of a devil, I wonder?"
- "Jesus 'cast out devils' when he lived a man down here. Could he not just as easily up in Heaven?"
  - "To be sure, Harry—if this is a devil."
- "Mater told me he cured Gough; took all the desire for drink, all the thirst itself quite from him, so that he never wanted it again. If God did that for Gough, could not He do it for you?"
- "I suppose he could, if I could see it that way, and could decide."
  - "He will cure you, if you will let Him."

"Oh, if I thought I could stand! I have been fighting a duel with this foul demon all morning. I can not hold out much longer. He will trip me up. I shall go down those steps three at a time. Oh, God! oh, God!"

"Have you no will?"

"It seems not, Harry. Will-power is paralyzed by the

deadly demon alcohol."

"Alcohol is a drug, Mr. Trueman, and you have taken the poison till you are sick unto death. I know God can heal you."

"Oh, if I thought I could stand!"

"You can not. You never can. But Jesus Christ will stand for you, and hold you up."

"You dear little boy! Surely God sent you to me, this

morning."

"He did, yes. I am His, He told me to come. Now I will leave a card, and this is my own pocket pen; write your name with that, will you? Tell Jesus, talk to Him just as you have to me. Good-bye." And the little fellow ran away, leaving no time for a reply.

Mr. Trueman sat very still, looking at the card and the pocket pen, like a man in a dream. He heard the cooing of baby, the light steps of Baldéra, that hurrying flat-iron, unconscious that he heard; a great crisis in his broken life had come. He knew that he was standing at Which-Way-Crossroads, and that he must choose now—or die.

Suddenly a mighty impulse shook him, as the strong onsweeping wind shakes the trembling leaf. Something in him stood up like a giant and said "I will." It was so great, so strong, that it seemed ready to burst him. A loud cry broke from his quivering lips—"Oh, God! I will!" and he fell upon his knees. The flying flat-iron stood still and listened, the girlish steps stopped and listened, only baby cooed on.

"Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, I am at your feet, at your cross, all broken, and bruised, and crushed, and ruined—ruined! You gave me talents, and I have burnt them well-nigh up in alcohol-fire. A loving wife, and I have broken her heart, and my oath to her, made at your hallowed altar, and my darling little Baldéra I have left to grow up as she might, like an evil weed. Oh, Jesus! can you do anything with such a poor broken thing as I am? I want to stop drinking. Oh, God! I want to stop drinking. I want to pick up the dropped threads in my life, fallen through my sin, and begin again. How shall this be accomplished? My promises are like silken cords in the paw of the lion. There is no strength in me.

"Oh, God! oh, Christ-Jesus, help me. I am so miserable. This great movement in my inner life I know is God. Jesus! Jesus! can you heal me? Will you heal me? Now! Now! Why wait? 'Now is the accepted time.' Give me your strength, for I have none. Everything is against me. You know all, Jesus. You know my need, which is so great, I can not fathom its depth, but you, the great Godman, on the throne of Infinity, you are omnipotent, and you are on my side. You died for me! Oh, how could I doubt your love? All the fiends of perdition are less than a breath before the on-rushing tempest, when you speak,

and command, and the sinful soul says I will. Jesus says 'I will, be thou clean.'

"I accept the promise. Burn up this raging, raving thirst in the fire of your love. Wash me in your life-blood, give me the 'white robe,' the 'new name!' Here on my knees, in a very Gethsemane of anguish, at the foot of the Calvary-Cross, I write my name on this card, and I will keep these vows. Oh, God! Jesus Christ! help me. Son of God! hear—help. Amen!" Writes—"Felix Trueman."

He paused but a momrnt, when a joy-wave swept through his soul. He rose to his feet, crying:

"I am free! Hallelujah!"

He opened the door, calling:

"Costanza! Baldéra! Come here quick—quick! Jesus Christ has healed me! Set me free from my sin! I shall never touch alcohol again."

He was unaware that they had heard his prayer. Alone with God in the chamber of his immortality, all other consciousness had been lost.

Baldéra flew to her father, Mrs. Trueman caught up the cooing babe, as she hastened to her now transformed husband. He threw his arms around the three—"No more ironing for thee, my sweet Costanza. Can'st forgive me? And Baldéra shall have her governess again. Oh, we will be happy!"

Mr. Trueman was a "genuine case." He had found the strength he so sorely needed, and he never did touch alcohol again. His brilliant talents were so well known, and his piteous history, that the whole city, and, in fact the whole

country, were greatly moved by his remarkable conversion. Some doubted, and said: "it is all nonsense! No man can change so suddenly."

They forgot that conversion is simply a turning with—con, with; verto, I turn—the one whom you have hitherto opposed. One may take a year, a month, a week, a day, a moment, to decide; but, the act of turning with, must be instantaneous. God is always ready. The instant the soul says I will, the work is done, the reconciliation complete. It is that will not that keeps the face, and the heart, turned from the "Light of the world."

Mr. Trueman stood—he was a very Gibralter. Several law-firms offered him a partnership, and he finally united himself with that distinguished Toronto law-firm of Messrs. Goodwill, Seaklere & Deep.

Everybody knows The Towers, the Trueman home. It is the sunniest, brightest house, full of flowers and light. In the library is a portrait of Harry. "That is the God's-angel who led me to say no forever to the Ruby," Mr. Trueman would say to friends, "and I am a member of the Molada Anti-Sin Club."

When Harry left Mr. Trueman, he had another visit to make that morning, and he hastened to the home of Pat Donegal. Pat had taken a severe cold the previous winter, which had been unusually severe, standing so much in the streets; this had seized the lungs, and he had grown gradually worse, until, finally, he was obliged to give up work, and now it was plain he could not last much longer. Harry bought a white lily and some fruit on his way. Pat's face lighted up when he entered.

"Oh, Molada, I'm so glad to see you!"

"How do you feel, Pat?" he asked, handing him the

lily, and peeling an orange.

- "Weak, weak, but so happy. I had a lovely dream last night. Nora came to me in such a white robe, and she said: 'be patient, Pat, I heard Jesus say he was coming for you soon.' Oh, won't it be nice to see Jesus? There's one thing troubles me. Poor mother!"
  - "God will care for her, Pat."
- "I know; but I forget that sometimes—or I lose my faith."
  - "You are not afraid to die, Pat?"
  - "No, never-now. I'm just glad."

Harry drew out his little pocket-Bible, and read the "Shepherd" Psalm, and then the "Hills" Psalm.

"Now," said Pat, "read me 'Let not your heart be troubled.' I just hear Jesus saying the words."

As Harry read, Pat cried: "Isn't that foine? 'I will come!' He's coming Himself!"

Then Harry knelt down and had a talk with Jesus about Pat, and the newsboys, and all the poor, and sick, and tempted ones. It was a wonderful prayer.

When Harry was leaving, Pat said: "I hope I'll die before you and your lady-mother go."

- "I will come and see you the day before we leave for New York."
  - "If I'm here. I'll maybe be home before then."
  - "Good-by, dear Pat."
  - "Good-by. Good-by."

# CHAPTER X.

#### THE CONCERT.

'God's child with His dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings.''

THERE had been much talk and wonderment regarding the talented boy, who had worked like a true son of Beau Canada for his widowed and invalid mother, and who had a child's simplicity, and not a trace of vanity or self-adulation. People came from Hamilton and London, from Kingston, Quebec and Montreal. Long before the time for beginning the concert, the pavilion was crowded.

The two children, Gabrielle and Harry, opened the concert, and when they appeared upon the platform, Harry leading Gabrielle by the hand, and they together saluted the audience, there was an enthusiastic clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. The little maiden played that sweet melody "O, mia bella patria!" and Harry accompanied her on the piano, and then they responded to the encore with "O, Bellezza! O Dolcezza!"

Now Harry made his first public effort in elocution, reciting "A Psalm of Life." Next Gertrude Raben and Harry played Liszt's "Carnival de Venise," with immense bravoura. Then Harry played Liszt's "Spinnlied," Mrs.

Molada accompanying him on the guitarre, the accompaniment her own composition.

And now he sang "Oh, for the wings of a dove!" Mrs. Molada accompanying him, with Gertrude on the piano, and encored to the echo, he gave "Angels ever bright and fair," and little Gabrielle accompanied him on the harp. But the enthusiasm of the audience was so untamable, that Harry sang again an exquisite composition, words and music by Mrs. Molada, "My love lies far in a Soldier's grave," and she accompanied on the piano. Next he recited "The charge of the Light Brigade," and in response to the enthusiasm of his audience, Scott's fascinating ballad "Rosabelle." Now came Beethoven's sublime "Kaiser Sonata." Harry played first, Gertrude second piano, Gabrielle harp, Mrs. Molada guitarre and Mrs. Underhill lute, and for an encore, Gertrude and Harry played a Nocturne by Chopin. And Harry closed the concert by singing "Gute Nacht!" all his artist friends accompanying.

As Harry returned to bow his thanks to the excited audience, Don Pedro following him in with the calm dignity of a German Kaiser, Judge Underhill came forward, leading Gabrielle, who carried a small round salver of pure gold, with a silken purse on it, worked by Mrs. Underhill and herself, with the letters G. U. worked in with the beads.

Harry, understanding nothing, hesitated a moment, when Gabrielle handed him the salver, saying: "Dear Har—I mean Master Molada,"—the audience laughed and cheered, "I am to hand you these from your friends of Toronto, because—because you have been such a good son, and they

all wish you and your mamma a safe and happy journey, a pleasant stay, and a safe return to Toronto.'

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the audience.

The purse was filled with English gold sovereigns. The small gold salver bore the legend—

#### GERTRUDE UNDERHILL

TO HER FRIEND

#### HARRY MOLADA.

TINTERN ABBEY.

Harry bowed profoundly and replied: "Through you, Miss Underhill, I beg to thank all my dear friends for their beautiful gift, and yourself for this little salver, and if my dear mater returns well, I shall have all the reward I ever thought about—and—and I shall never forget you all."

"Bravo! Bravo!"

Harry again saluted his audience, and turned to withdraw, when the newsboys rose as one boy, and Max Dorn walked up the steps to the platform, bearing a beautiful dogcollar and a leading-chain.

"Master Molada," he said, "the newsboys wish me to put this collar on Don Pedro's neck as a souvenir from them, and as a protection on his journey." Handing Harry the chain, he locked the collar on Don Pedro's neck, and gave Harry the key. The collar had a silver plate on the top, bearing the legend:

"Don Pedro Molada, Toronto."

On the under side were the words:

"From the Newsboys of Toronto."

"Dear Max," said Harry. "I want you to thank the newsboys very much for this lovely collar and chain. I am glad you put it on Don Pedro's neck, for you are the boy who taught me how you bought the newspapers."

The artists of the evening now played "God save the Queen!" and everyone sang with a will, and a more satisfied and delighted audience never broke up.

# CHAPTER XI.

# THE JEWEL CASKET.

AT the time of the bankruptcy of the Central Bank, when Donthank and its rich treasures had been all surrendered, Mrs. Molada had retained nothing belonging to it. All that remained to her were two beautiful works of art, a gift of her girlhood, from a friend long dead, a rich Roman cabinet of inlaid ivory, containing an exquisite casket of pure silver, richly sculptured, and inlaid with precious stones.

Preparations for the fast-approaching journey were in progress. It had been decided to leave the piano and organ with the Truemans, and Baldéra was in great glee at the prospect of having the two Molada rooms, and Gertrude Raben had promised her two lessons a week. Little Gabrielle Underhill was to keep Roma.

- "Mater, what are you going to do with your Roman cabinet?"
- "Take it with me, *chéri*. This leather trunk, apparently, is really its case, and was given me with it. Do you know what is in that cabinet, Harry?"
  - "No mater; I have never seen its interior."
  - Mrs. Molada proceeded to open the lock of the cabinet.
  - "What a peculiar lock this seems," cried Harry.

- "Yes. No mortal could ever open it without knowing its secret;" and Mrs. Molada told him the letters on and through which it was opened. She took out the casket and placed it on the table.
- "What a magnificent, what a beautiful object of art," cried Harry. "On the lid is C. M. in sapphires."
  - "It is a monogram."
  - "C. is not for you?"
- "No. This casket contains the treasures of the dead—hence forever sacred."

She unlocked the casket. First there was an enameled portrait of Harry's father in youth, then a brooch bearing his portrait in enamel, at the time of his marriage, a gift to his bride, and a rare old Sard ring, engraved with something from Homer's Iliad. A delicious rose-fragrance, fresh, as it would seem, from the Rosen-Ernte of Bulgaria, filled the apartment, and two gilt bottles of attar de rose, lying in their soft velvet nest, betrayed the source of it.

"Mater, why do you not wear this brooch and lovely ring?"

"That is my betrothal ring, Harry. Your papa brought it from the east. He treasured it highly, and he said that was why he made it our engagement ring."

Then came a rich, enameled, book-shaped-locket. Harry opened it. It contained the face of a babe, and three shades of hair intertwined.

- "Who is it, mater? And whose hair?"
- "You, the day you were three months old; the gold hair is the first cut from your head, the dark is your papa's, the other you know."

Touching a spring, another side showed the face of his father.

"Papa! how beautiful! What a pretty idea the whole thing is, mater! You should wear that."

Next came an enamel of a youthful maiden face.

- "Is that you, mater?"
- "Yes, when I was fourteen. You recognized it?"
- "Yes, Carissima mia, it is very like you now. And who is this?"

It was a girlish face.

- "That is my beloved and only sister, Renée; she died when a young girl."
  - "Who are these two faces together?"
- "Enamels of my father and mother when they were married."

The inner side of the lid was adorned with an exquisite copy of the lovely Carlo Dolce Madonna and child, in the Palazzo Corsini at Rome.

"The friend who gave me the casket," said Mrs. Molada, "had that painted from the original by a Roman artist, and placed there. It was his favorite Madonna after the Raffaellos."

- "And now, that is all, Carissima."
- "Are you sure, Harry?"
- "Surely; I see nothing more."

Mrs. Molada touched a hidden spring, Harry could not see where, and the inner side of the lid slid down, revealing a compartment behind, and a glorious enamel on the inner side of the true lid, of a noble countenance, beautiful as Apollo. "Mater! my Lohengrin! Oh, how beautiful! How like him! Golden locks, blue eyes, and that noble look!"

"Your 'Lohengrin,' Harry? That is not possible.

That face has been dead for years."

"It is my Lohengrin, exactly! He must have sat for that portrait. Oh, mater! he is just grand, my Lohengrin, I mean. I wonder if I ever shall see him again!"

Mrs. Molada seemed struck by the child's persistency.

"Why did your unknown friend call himself 'Lohengrin?" Did he say why?"

"Yes, he said he was travelling incognito."

"It is singular."

"It is my Lohengrin, mater. Nobody could look like him."

There were three divisions in the inner compartment, each opened by an invisible spring. The first contained an enameled gold watch, with a large M in Indian rubies. Mrs. Molada opened it, on the inside of the lid was a costly enameled portrait.

"Mater! Lohengrin again!"

"It is, certainly, the same face as the enamel on the lid, only smaller, and set with diamonds and sapphires." The second division contained a ring, a great sapphire of the richest of stones.

"What a gorgeous ring, mater!"

The third division contained a rich, old Roman bracelet, enameled in lapis lazuli, bearing the legend: "Amo te. Ama me." \*

Amo te. Ama me. I love thee. Love me.

"That is all now. Close we up the casket. It, and its contents belong to the dead—to the unforgotten past."

"Mater! do not look like that. Your face is as white as marble." And throwing his arms around her neck, and covering her face with kisses, he whispered: "I could not live without you, Carissima, make haste and forget all sad things, and grow strong."

Then he seated himself at the piano, and began playing a Chopin waltz, Roma joined in with his fascinating little ways, and Mrs. Trueman appeared bearing the tea-tray, Baldéra carrying a lovely basket of fruit and flowers from Tintern Abbey.

# CHAPTER XII.

### A CO-DITCH-IL.

#### CUI BONO?

"Lo! the fell monster with the deadly sting, Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls And firm embattled spears, and with his filth Taints all the world."

M. RABEN, of Rabenshort, had made an appointment with Goodwill, Seaklere and Deep—and Trueman now—for a business interview, and he presented himself, punctual to the moment, as was his wont, at the office of Mr. Goodwill. He desired to add a "Co-ditch-il" to his will.

"I suspect that that trait in your character has contributed largely to your success in life."

"I shouldn't wonder. I never was late in my life, and I have generally risen with the sun. My whole life has been an up-and-down race, and the minutes are few that I have squandered. I have heard folks talk of 'lost time,' but I never had much of that commodity, a losing business I should say."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Raben. You know the

story of the unfortunate man, who had an appointment with the Duke of Wellington, and arrived late, but the victor of Waterloo had no time to wait. Bad for the late comer, doubtless."

"Served him right. I have known people, do what you might, were always late, late on 'Change even! There will be a once they can't be late."

"When will that be?"

"When they die. Death won't wait for nobody."

Mr. Goodwill laughed. "How about taxes?"

"'Taxes?' The country's taxed to death. Shut up the saloons, and the prisons will be less crowded, and a useless, dangerous class might be lessened. I never see that 'Black Maria' dragging some miserable criminal or 'drunk' through the streets, with a bâtoned policeman or two on guard, but I feel like swearing. We begin at the wrong end for a revenue. We put the horse behind the cart."

"Toronto is not in much danger of becoming Utopia just yet. Selfishness is the great obstacle to the world's emancipation from evil. We begin wrong, as you truly say. Governments destroy the best any nation can possess for gain, for a revenue. I would call your attention to an article from the pen of Archdeacon Farrar in the Fortnightly Review, which is just to the point. He says: 'In 1724 gin drinking began to affect the masses, and Mr. Lecky, in his 'History of the Eighteenth Century,' draws a terrible picture of the way in which the fatal passion for drink was at once and irrevocably planted in the nation.

On that account he fixes on that year as one of the blackest and most fatal epochs in English history. And are we now to be told that drink in those days did not cause crime? One may suppose that the grand jury of Middlesex were under no such utter delusion, for soon after 1724 they declared that 'much the greatest part of the poverty, the robberies, and the murders of London, might be attributed to drink.'

In 1750 the London physicians also drew up a memorial, and said that there were then 14,000 cases of fatal illness due to gin alone. At the same time Bishop Benson, of Gloucester, one of the best bishops on the bench, used these words so diametrically the opposite of Mr. Walker's insinuation. 'Our people,' he said, 'have become what they never were before, cruel and inhuman. These accursed liquors which, to the shame of our government, are so easily to be had, have changed their very nature.'

At the same time the whole bench of bishops interposed the unsullied purity of their lawn between the nation and the curse of the drink traffiic, as in their days, our judges have interposed 'the stainless sanctity of their ermine.' They protested against the Gin Act as 'founded on the indulgence of debauchery, the encouragement of crime, and the destruction of the human race.' Lastly, John Wesley was far from thinking of those days, as Mr. Walker now thinks, that 'it would have been a palpable absurdity, to speak of a relationship of cause and effect between drink and crime.' He said: 'But all who sell dram or spirituous liquors in the common way to any that will buy, are

poisoners general. They drive men to hell like sheep. A curse is in the midst of them.' And if this be true of the last century, how much more emphatically is it true of this nineteenth century. In fact, intemperance has become such a fiendish destroyer of human flesh and human souls, he might reasonably be compared to Dante's 'Geryon.' Intemperance is the monster-fraud of the world, and selfishness is the corner-stone of his hellish fabric.'

"That is terribly true, Mr. Goodwill; but there are, nevertheless, some splendid mountain peaks, some great souls, towering above the awful darkness, and scattering their rays of light. There is the noble organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with their queenly President, Miss Willard, and Lady Henry Somerset in England, and Mrs. Youmans, now invalided, in Canada."

"Yes, you are right," said Mr. Goodwill; "these fearless women have the courage of their convictions, and they have discovered that woman's sphere is where God tells her to go."

"To come to business, Mr. Goodwill; I want to add a 'co-ditch-il' to my will, which you made some five years ago. Since that time my income has increased considerably, and I can provide for that without changing the main body of the will."

"Good. Quite right."

"First, I leave two thousand dollars to the 'Molada Newsboys' Hall.' That is justly the name, for Harry started the idea, and it is needed, and ought to be built. Next, I will and bequeath two thousand, five hundred

dollars to Mrs. Molada, and the like sum to Harry Molada, only son and child of the said Mrs. Molada, and of the late Dr. Oscar Molada. Should either one of these two persons be dead at the time of my decease, the survivor shall receive the five thousand dollars."

"And should both be dead at your demise? What then?"

"The next legal heir of both shall inherit the sum."

"And if there be no heir? Mrs. Molada has no relative beside Harry."

"In that case it shall form the nucleus of an endowment for the Toronto Molada Newsboys' Hall."

"Good."

- "One more item. To little Baldéra Trueman three thousand dollars. Mayor Hector Mowbank, the Rev. Dr. Glenavon and her father to be executors. She may draw the interest, if needed, for the completion of her education. It is settled absolutely on herself, she to have control of the principal on her twenty-fifth birthday. Trueman is a true reform, I am convinced, but my Gertrude wishes this thing done. I am a better man since Gertrude grew up. I do all this 'co-ditch-il' to please her."
- "She is a noble girl. This thing does you credit. Is that all?"
- "Yes. I will call on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, and have this co-ditch-il executed."
- "Good. We will be ready. That Molada concert was an original affair, and an immense treat. Mrs. Molada is a remarkable personality. Harry is a new edition of her, and she has trained him wonderfully well."

"Gertrude raves about her. She says nobody has an idea of her pure and exalted character."

"I hope she may recover by her stay in Italy. The laddie, humanly speaking, could ill lose her, such a mother, now. How much did the concert realize?"

"Over two thousand dollars, Gertrude tells me, and then there is the purse beside."

"Oh, that will take them well to next June. The little fellow did a good thing for poor Trueman. 'A little child shall lead them.' Even Dr. Glenavon could do nothing."

"There is another matter, Mr. Goodwill, but it must be strict confidence between you and myself. Gertrude has gained my promise to do it, and she is the only being on earth who knows anything concerning the matter. I hand you a cheque for two thousand dollars, payable to yourself. It is destined for Mrs. Molada, and Gertrude desired to give this sum out of her own fortune, but I would not permit that. Do me the favor of sending this sum to Mrs. Molada through your agent in Paris, in such a way that she can never discover whence it came, and at once. She is to spend a few days in Paris before going further south, so there is sufficient time to accomplish this. There are so many expences in foreign travel, and Gertrude wishes her spiritual mother to enjoy every comfort, and to be able to have a villa, for home quiet and perfect rest—and to drive. Both my daughter and myself owe this noble woman a changed life and higher aims, and from my wealth I can well do this without injury to either my wife or daughters. We are taught to 'bear one another's burdens,' but men's

talk don't 'bear' anything; there is so much talk, so little do. Do not fail to send this money with this week's mail. *Post restante* is the address."

"It shall be en route to-day."

# CHAPTER XIII.

## THE BISHOP OF HOLLIKULLIWOGONY.

#### ENTSAGEN-ENTSAGEN.

THAT last week before the voyage flew by on swiftest wing, and was a memorable one to some of the friends of this true story. There was a re-union and 5 o'clock tea for the innermost circle of Tintern Abbey, and among the guests was the Bishop of Hollikulliwogony, who had returned to Canada from his mission-field in India, for a year's rest from the tropical heat, and his arduous pastoral and literary work.

Bishop Taborno was still in the prime of his manhood, tall and stately, with a princely mien, without a trace of hauteur, great suavity of manners, and kindness of heart. His black eye had lost none of its keen penetration, and his black curly hair had not yet been touched with snow. One needed not to spend many moments in his fascinating society without making the discovery that here was a consecrated soul, and a consecrated life. One was reminded of the sainted Bishop Heber, who made a holocaust of his being to the King, and whose writings breathe such a pure spirit.

Bishop Taborno was a life-friend of the Underhills and the Moladas, and the Rev. Dr. Glenavon was to his heart knit, not only by a pleasant student life at Oxford, but by the holy vows they had each assumed. This little re-union was both in honor of the good Bishop's return, and of the Moladas who were so soon to depart.

It was a warm August afternoon, but not oppressive; tea was served on the lawn, and the perfect freedom of the highest breeding reigned. Bishop Taborno was highly delighted with Gabrielle and Harry, neither of whom he had seen, and it was his great regret that he had not arrived in time for the now famous concert. He was himself a passionate lover of music, could sing a tenor well, and had translated and set to music, some of our grand English hymns for the use of the church in India.

The Bishop was not long in proposing music, and the friends repaired to the Doria, where Gabrielle had still her piano and harp for summer practice, and Mrs. Underhill her lute. Harry, by special entreaty, had brought Mrs. Molada's guitarre.

Beneath the burning lights of a radiant sunset, they sang some of the hymns so precious to all Christians, no matter what their church, for is it not the deep-lying sentiment of all holy souls,—Christian unity and brotherly love? A holy union and unity for work for souls, even if they can not agree on all points, so long as they *live love?* The various churches are hastening to learn this great need, and truth of the age. Bishop Taborno's favorite hymn was;—Baring Gould's "Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war," and they sang that first. Then Lyte's "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," then followed that pathetic

and thrilling hymn from the German, by Alexander Bernard, "O Sacred Head, once wounded," ("O, Haŭpt, voll Blŭt ŭnd Wŭnden"). Then Toplady's "Rock of Ages cleft for me," that no church could do without now, and Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," no less precious and dear. Now came the consecration, "Take my life and let it be," "Forever here my rest shall be," "Go labor on, spend and be spent," and "I gave my life for thee." Then the part iii of the hymn, "Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey bless'd," and they concluded with Faber's

"O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?"

While these hallowed melodies and words floated over the rippleless Ontario, many an oar ceased its rowing, and the numerous boats on the lake took up the strains and bore them far, and it was as a divine benediction descending from the expanding heavens.

"Oh," said Bishop Taborno, his countenance aglow with an exalted enthusiasm, "I have listened to ravishing music on the Swiss Geneva and Neuchâtel, but not so sublime and soul-inspiring as this."

Then Gabrielle and Harry went out on the terraces among

the whispering flowers, Judge Underhill and Dr. Glenavon rambled down to the barchetta at the pier-head, Mrs Underhill carried off Mrs. Glenavon to show her some fine passion flowers and pomegranates at the Ionic Temple in the wilderness, and so it chanced that Mrs. Molada and Bishop Taborno were left alone.

"Will you play that beautiful composition, Mrs. Molada, you used to play before I went to India?" asked the Bishop. "It was your own, and you called it Entsagen."

Mrs. Molada had written it at Lake Como, as the outlet of a bitter grief, and she played it to-night with a depth of feeling that was a partial revealing of her life-history.

"That is most exquisite, but very sad," said the Bishop. She went on sweeping lightly the strings of her guitarre.

- "I regret your leaving us so soon. I hope you will be benefitted by your stay in the Riviera."
- "Thank you heartily for your wish; I hope so too for Harry's sake."
- "He is a remarkable lad. No doubt God has some great work for him."
- "I believe he has. It is also Harry's idea. When do you return to India, Bishop Taborno?"
- "A year from this September is the command. In the meantime I have much work laid out—much translating for the mission work. You propose returning to Toronto next June, do you not?"
- "That is the intention, if my health be restored. I am much better this warm weather; it is the severity of the Canadian winter of which my medical adviser is so

apprehensive. A cold wind or a heavy rain excites the cough to an alarming degree."

"I need not assure you what a delight it is to me, dear Mrs. Molada, to renew our old friendship. Will you permit me to ask you that question again? Upon your reply my happines, and, possibly, my usefulness, largely depend. Should your health be restored, will you be my wife, and go out with me to India? Do not give me your answer, now, dear friend. I need not tell you my heart has never changed since our last interview and parting at the Hermitage. And you see I have kept my word. I have not married. I shall never marry if you say me nay. I need such a counsellor and friend as you. My soul yearns for you in the loneliness of Indianism. I could do my work infinitely better possessed of your love and companionship. Be my wife, and together we will toil with the Master. And I will be a true father to Harry." He seized her hand and kissed it.

"Do not answer me now. I can not return to India without you. You have not forgotten that last ramble along the banks of the leaping Silver Brook? I never. I was not aware till that hour that you were an affianced bride, and your affianced found a soldier's death in a foreign land, and you did not become his after all. Do you remember what you wrote that sunset hour, sitting on a granite rock? See here!"

He drew from a breast-pocket a little morocco case, and displayed a poem written in pencil. "I begged you for it, I have carried it ever since. You are free now, and I dare approach you. Listen till I read the sweet lines so dear to

me, for you say 'we.' You wrote them as a sudden impulse, you thought the lines worthless,—to me they have been as pearls.' He read:

We stood by the stream in the twilight, 'Neath the sunset's crimson glow,
And the fire of the dying sunlight
Gleamed bright in the river's flow.

The rosy blush of the waterfall
Met gently the sky's deep blue,
And the floating cloud-fleece over all,
Lent its tints to the blending too.

With quick'ning pulse and throbbing heart,
We gazed on the wondrous scene,
And gladly we took a trembling part
In the anthem of praise, I ween.

And mystic dreams of the Great and True United with murmur and song;
And purple, crimson, and softer hue Spoke to us of the angel throng.

Thy moods are sweet, oh brooklet fair, And lovely thy rock-strewn glen; Shine on, sing on, in thy beauty rare, Till I greet thee with joy again.

"You cut off all hope for me then by that 'I' in the last line. That was inevitable then—the case has changed."

Mrs. Molada had turned very pale; her frame trembled; she was incapable of uttering a single word. Her gaze was fixed on the splendors of the golden sunsetting. A couplet rang in her ears, uttered long ago by a voice now silent—

"Lo yonder golden-sun!
The sky aud waters blend in one."

That friend was now a "shade," a "light" in Dante's Paradiso.

A thousand memories awoke and trooped through her soul. There was a pause. The two children were near the Doria, and their voices could be heard. The Judge and Dr. Glenavon were returning from their walk, Mrs. Underhill and Mrs. Glenavon were descending the Dante allée.

Mrs. Molada's trembling fingers swept lightly the guitarre, and Bishop Taborno said leaning toward her:

"You will write me from the Riviera? You will correspond with me?"

"Yes, I will write, but, amico mio, you do not wish for a broken heart?"

"No, no, say not so. A new love, a new life will awaken. Oh, my love, my love! Ten weary years since we met, and now to part again so soon!"

Mrs. Molada let the guitarre speak again. The chords rang out deliciously, but sadly, on the evening air, their burden entsagen, entsagen! \*

"Listen amico mio," she said, "Entsagen ist des Menschen Schicksal," Take up thy cross and follow me, 'The servant is not greater than his Lord.' What if it be India alone?"

<sup>\*</sup> Enstagen signifies to abdicate, to resign. It contains the idea of perfect self-renunciation, and the yielding up of all. We have no English word that conveys its full meaning.

# CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

"That which befalls,
She said, befalls not otherwise
Than as it hath been willed."

SO! Then what becomes of free will? Man has free will. God, the Omnipotent, the Omniscient, governs this universe. Man has not free will? He is incapable of choosing right, since his will is perverted by the fall? Then he is not at all responsible. Where there is no freedom there can not be responsibility. That is indisputable, as a priori, as that one body can not occupy two spaces at the same time, or that twice nothing make nothing.

If man can not obey, why did God command "Love thy neighbor as thyself?" If "God is love," and if he governs this universe for the *universal good*, the happiness of His creatures, he can not, consistent with his nature and attributes, give any impossible law, one that can not be obeyed. That is as clear as where total darkness is, there is no light. Evil is. Sin is. Sorrow is. Suffering is. Monstrous wrongs and injustice prevail. Did God decree them? Did He will evil, sin? "God is not the author of evil." God is not the author of sin, for He is absolutely holy.

Here we stand face to face with an inscrutable mystery.

The origin of evil, sin, has not been clearly explained. But, as there can exist only one Infinity, and since that Infinity is holy per se, sin must have had its origin in the Finite. God created man and all intelligent beings, with power to choose, pointed out to them that holiness, and holiness alone, meant happiness, and gave a command. Self opposed itself to the Creator, and chose self-gratification to God. It is not my province to follow out the argument here; but to my own mind the thought underlying all, and that which leads up to it, are clear. "God is love." Faith waits. "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain." Let us consider some of the characters of this true story with reference to this question.

It was not God's will that Mr. Trueman should drink himself into a beast, almost into perdition. He had the consciousness all the time, that he was breaking God's law, for the law is, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." But self, in the person of appetite said, "I will drink; it gives me pleasure." He knew that it was suicidal, that he had no right to injure his body, because it was not his, and because to injure the body long enough, meant death,-eternal. He knew perfectly "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price," why? To secure happiness, true happiness. And Mr. Trueman always meant to stop "sometime—soon," just as you do; but you will find, as he did, that self, long indulged, gains strength with every yielding and fall, till he becomes the strong man among the tombs, that can not be bound with chains.

Did God will that the Ruby should sell him alcohol to the death? You dare not maintain that. Even the Ruby dare not. Will you say it is God's will that Hellgate Brewery shall go on distilling that which so degrades man if he drink it? You dare not maintain it in your dying hour. Your blinkers will fall then, and you will see.

Oh, Christians!—in name at least, why will you not take the stand that William Beatty, Esq. of Parry Sound has taken? If you all would do that, this accursed traffic would soon find an end. He will not permit a drop of the infernal brew on his estates, nor among his men anywhere. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." "Come out from among them, and be separate." You can not fathom the mystery of sorrow. Can you not in Mr. Trueman's case? "Christ must needs have suffered." Why? Sin. And you, like Paul, must "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ." Why? Sin. Sin—death. Cause and effect. There can be no other answer.

Jack Drinkdregs had become a light among the boys. He always carried his Anti-Sin cards in his pocket, and many a boy on the downward road he rescued. Dr. Glenavon found a permanent place for Mr. Drinkdregs, and he is working among the sots.

Poor Pat Donegal had never fallen through the wine-cup, though his temptations had been great, his environment unfavorable. Why did he stand? My reply is God's word, "The Holy Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." Poor Pat had his wish. The day after the happy re-union at Tintern Abbey, his soul degarmented and went to God,

and the sonless widow wept. All the newsboys, and other boys, went to his funeral, and planted a *Lebens Baŭm*—tree of life, cedar, by his grave, and laid flowers upon it, and sang beside it—"We shall meet beyond the river," and there was one poor boy less on earth, one more in heaven.

As our friends, Mrs. Molada and Harry sailed past Staaten Island and Sandy Hook into the ocean, the New York Harbor was resplendent under a brilliant sun, and the beautiful Liberty on her islet, stretched forth her flaming torch as resolutely as ever. Oh, thou divine Liberty! What would existence be worth without thee? All told, there were eighteen hundred souls on board, and when they had finally reached a rough sea, many of the passengers seemed to be suffering from a violent attack of Lokomotor Ataxia.

On Sunday there was a most solemn and impressive service, and the people sang hymns on deck in the afternoon. Monday brought one of the most singular and beautiful sunsets ever beheld on any sea. I draw a picture of it in words as I saw it, and at the time. The sun's golden disc, set in a frame, as it were, of soft clouds, gradually approached the horizon, now and then a band of soft purple floating across, and then slowly sank into the deep blue of the ocean, reflecting upward vast masses of ruddy-golden lights. And then followed the most striking and wonderful developments of cloud-land scenery.

First, on the southern horizon marched Ruskin's "Silent procession," inexpressibly lovely in sapphire blue and white. Beyond, behind, above, spread a vast sea of translucent

pearl, with another sea of delicate rose behind, shining through. On its surface seemed to float innumerables isles in varied forms, and most delicate tints of amber, crimson, purple, blue, while behind towered titanic mountain-ranges in opals, pearls, rubies, sapphires. On this crystal-rose sea, through an opening amid the isles, and far behind them, and below the mountains, seemed to move forward a stately ship in blue, its masts like pearls, while from its funnel a soft gray smoke curled slowly up and away. These wondrous forms and lights varied with every instant, and were distinctly beyond the power of language to describe, or the painter's brush, for the changing forms and colors were produced by perpetual motion.

As Mrs. Molada gazed, she thought of Elijah's cohorts in panoply of fire, and imagination filled the vast perspective with the existences of those unapproachable spheres to us now incomprehensible. Almost imperceptibly the glories faded into grays, until night added her finishing touches, and, somehow, she felt she had almost caught a glimpse of the empyrean.

There is a fit answer to the searcher after truth, whose eye would fain pierce the veil that hides the infinite; he is not left with only the reply of Nirwana. "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." The inexhaustible refreshment of the salt air seemed to fill our friends with untiring energy.

Harry was very busy learning sea-terms, and how to tell time from the bells, watching the lights in the water at night, feeding the sea-gulls, above all, talking to the officers and men, with whom he had become an immense favorite. They landed at Liverpool at night-fall, and no passenger was more rejoiced to set foot on terra firma than poor Don Pedro, who leaped and pranced and wheeled like a dog insane at the recovery of his liberty.

# CHAPTER XV.

#### DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

"Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock to rock."

"Still ailing, Wind? Wilt be appeased or no? Which needs the other's office, thou or I? Dost want to be disburthened of a woe, And can, in truth, my voice untie Its links, and let it go?"

F all the sea-side resorts of South England, none can outcharm the Devonshire Queen Ilfracombe, dreaming among the flowers, and gazing with such a happy face on the English Channel.

"Oh, how lovely mater!" cried Harry, as they sat at their late breakfast the morning after their arrival; "the sea is so blue, and there seem to be boats going in every direction."

"You may gather lovely ferns here, the gold fern and the maidenhair, and we can ramble by the sea as much as we please, it is so deliciously mild. We will stay here a little while—a week, I fancy—and grow strong. And while I sit, and write, and breathe this invigorating air, so full of ozone, you and Don Pedro can roam the beach, and plunge into the waves, and climb the rocks."

Many, too, were the quiet rambles, and the sweet surprises they had together in this lovely spot. One morning, Harry laden with ferns, as they were walking among the lanes and hedges, listening to the various sounds of sea, and bird-songs, a new *motif* was added. The words rang out full and clear—

"Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait in patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadow'd,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

It was a pathetic girlish voice, and it seemed to give a strong emphasis to "night" and "see."

Mrs. Molada and Harry followed the sounds of the voice, and soon, at a sharp turn in the winding path, a pretty white cottage, half-buried in flowers, stood before them, at a short distance to the left. Honeysuckle covered the porch, the windows were full of flower-pots, and a carefully-kept flower-garden surrounded it. In front of the cottage, on a low chair, sat a blind girl. Her face was turned upward as she sang.

They paused and listened. She repeated the lines-

# "Wait till I see the morning"—

At that moment a woman came to the door, and Mrs. Molada motioned to her to keep silence. The blind girl finished the last verse, and then began the hymn again. It was evidently a favorite. When she had finished the first verse, Harry could keep silence no longer and he joined in the second verse. The blind girl stopped to listen, but Harry went on, and she began again. When the second verse was finished, she said:

"A strange voice, mother, do you hear?"

"Yes, Esther."

Mrs. Molada approached and explained that they were strangers, and on their morning walk, had heard the singing, and followed the voice.

"Good morning, Esther," she said, "do you see me?"

"Oh, no mam! I have never seen. I was born blind."

"It is my son Harry who joined in your hymn. We are very fond of singing. Shall we sing that beautiful hymn together?"

Mrs. Kemp, the mother, brought out a couple of chairs, they sat down, and all sang the lines that brought such joy to Esther.

"I wonder what it will be like to see?" she said when they had finished. "Will you let me take your hand, Harry? I like your voice. I have never heard one like it. Will you sing something you like?"

"Gladly," and he sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The blind girl clapped her hands—she seemed all ear.

"Oh, how sweet! Please sing again."

And Harry sang, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

"Oh, how good it was of God to let you come and sing to me!" she cried. "I shall know you by your voice when 'I see the morning."

After a little conversation, Esther said: "There is a poor, bed-ridden woman just three cottages from ours, following the path that runs behind ours. She lives all alone, and the neighbors take care of her. Will you go and sing to her?"

"Yes, gladly," said Harry, "and if you like, I will come to-morrow morning and sing with you again. We shall only be here to-morrow."

"Just lift the latch and go in," said Mrs. Kemp; "that is the way we all do. Mrs. Hill is a beautiful Christian."

Mrs. Molada "lifted the latch," and Harry followed her in. "How do you do, Mrs. Hill?" she said. "We are strangers, and Esther Kemp told us about you, and we—this is my son Harry—are come to see you, and sing if you would like. I am glad you know Christ."

"Yes," she replied, "Jesus is with me all the time. I shall be going home soon. It can not be long now. I am glad to see you; please sit down."

Mrs. Molada began in a low voice to sing, Harry joining her, "Abide with me." And then Harry sang "Jerusalem, my happy home!" and "Tell it to Jesus," and "Draw me nearer," and here and there the quavering aged voice put in a note. And then Mrs. Molada read and prayed with the aged saint.

- "I shall know you," she said, "when we meet above. Thank you for coming," she added as they took leave.
  - " Mütterchen! Little mother!"
  - "Yes, dearie."
- "Was it not good of God to let us comfort those dear people? Whoever would have thought of anything so pleasant? I do feel so happy when I can help anyone."

"God does us an honor we do not deserve."

The following morning they found a little company assembled at Esther's cottage, and some of her child-friends, and together they sang several hymns, and Harry had to sing for them, and many a tear was brushed away, and many a troubled one was comforted. And then they went to say a final good-bye to old Mrs. Hill, for whom Harry had brought a basket of fruit. Returning by another path, they could hear voices at Esther's cottage singing "There is no night in Heaven," and the melody floated, out over the sea.

One evening, just at sunset, Harry found Mrs. Molada kneeling on the sands, the tide was out, stylus in hand.

- "What are you doing, mater?"
- "Drawing an illustration of the lines I have just written."
- "The rising tide will wash it all out."
- "Yes, that is true. To me that is the best part of it."
- "So! I see a cross-an anchor-a star-a-"
- "Listen till I read the wee poem; then you will understand the sketch."

Harry sat down on the sands, and Don Pedro planted himself near.

"Now little mother! Read. Don Pedro is waiting. He

looks like a poem himself. He understands more than we think."

"I believe you are right. He is a 'knowing dog.' Oh, you laugh at me. But he is."

#### THE CROSS ON THE SANDS.

At evening I walked on the ocean shore,
When the shadows were gathering fast,
The sun seemed to linger, then pause, to pour
His fading crimson on sea and mast;
And the waves gently sighed
In their gold-purple pride,
"Leave us not; oh! come back once more."

In the ebbing tide a shivering moan
Struck a chord in my sorrowing heart:
The sea, like my life, lay there bleak and lone,
Where no light, or joy, or hope had part;
Dull gray in the gloaming,
Quivering and moaning,
"O light! O beauty! come once more."

I knelt in the gray on the moistened sand,
And drew there a cross, the type of woe,
Then the crown and anchor, with trembling hand,
And pain in the heart that none could know,
Above I drew the star,—
Of sunny hope the star,—
That in the west afar
In golden letters wrote, 'once more.'

The darkness was past and the morning fair,
Again I roamed by the shining sea,
I sought on the sands—my cross was not there,
Neither mist, gloom, nor cloud could I see;

And the waves seemed to say,
Tossing lightly their spray,
"Shrink not from thy sorrow,
A brighter to-morrow
Shall bring thee eternity's land,
Keep the sunshine within,
Lay thy cross upon Him
Who hath borne it for thee,
Then thy cross shall but be
Like thy cross on the sea-washed strand."

"Sweetest mater! Carissima mia! You 'keep the sunshine within,' for it shines in your face always, even when you look so sad,' cried Harry, embracing her, 'and I know dear blind Esther felt that 'sunshine,' though only with her Faith-eyes. Look! How Venus shines to-night!"

"And these lines may do for our sail to France,-

May we not be like ships at sea,

That perish in the storm,
But always Him, our "Refuge" see,
Whose ever-living form
Once here the raging billows trod,
As Son of Man—and God."

"Read something else, Carissima."

"Here is a little thing"-

#### REVERIE-FAREWELL.

Birds and pleasures come and go,
The flower, withering, falls,
The light of summer's richest glow,
Fades in dreary winter's halls.

Waves that gently flow, and kiss
The undulating, pebbly beach,
Sleep and dream of endless bliss,
And seem to be beyond the reach

Of raging storm and tempest wild,
The winds shall lash to snowy foam,
And friends and strangers flee in dread,
None daring on the sands to roam,
Blackness beneath and overhead.

Now in soft and gentle ripples, Ilfracombe her face displays, In the sunlit, crystal dimples Linger notes of other days.

Shades of vanished froms float past me, Songs and laughter strike mine ear, Voices that will no more greet me, Tones I never more shall hear.

Hands that I fain would clasp are gone, Smiles I loved are veiled and lost, Ah! faces that in love have shone, To the golden shores have crossed.

The steamboat whistle wakes my dreams,
Far I see thy flutt'ring robe;
The daylight fades in sunset-gleams,—
Now no eye the dark can probe.

"That is so sad Carissima! Will you never laugh again as you used to do?"

# CHAPTER XVI.

#### LA BELLE FRANCE.

"I see thee yet, fair France—thou favor'd land
Of art and nature—thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labor is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sunburnt daughters, with their laughing eyes,
And glossy raven locks. But, favor'd France;
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now."

THE white cliffs of Dover, and Dover Castle, seated aloft on its rock-cliffs, offer an imposing view to the steady brain from the steamboat on the restless straits, but I fear the recollections of many travelers are somewhat indistinct, among whom I find myself compelled to reckon the hero of this story. He had not become sufficiently "salted down," and his "sea-legs" firm enough from a single Atlantic shaking and sifting, to defy the turbulent waters of Dover straits.

Mrs. Molada remained on deck during the transit, and was rewarded with an empressée salute from a huge green wave that rolled over her to the shoulders—she was never a victim of *mal de mer*, and Harry, assuming a manly air, seated himself beside her.

"Mater, I am going to stay on deck with you all the way from Dover to Calais!"

But the winds grew wilder, and the waves joined in the plot, for it was not likely that they, generally victors, were to be defied by a mere Toronto laddie. Poor Harry grew ghostly pale, and finally disappeared to be seen not again till the short voyage was ended.

En route à Paris, at Abbeville they contented themselves with a distant view of its cathedral, and at Amiens they had an amusing experience—to Mrs. Molada not the first. The convoi—train—drew up in the station, and one heard "twenty minutes for dinner!" accompanied by a ferocious ringing of bells. Our friends made their way, with many more, to the buffet. A most tempting repast was served ready at each couvert, and every guest was required to pay before dining. No sooner was this demand complied with, than "all aboard! le convoi part pour Paris!" resounded with startling vehemence, and they had not been more than five minutes at the buffet. Don Pedro grew excited and began to bark.

Mrs. Molada quietly handed Harry a serviette and a newspaper from her lunch-basket. "Do what you see me do." She took the chicken, buttered a couple of rolls, gathered up tarts, cakes and grapes. "These things are ours—we can not fast to Paris."

The others followed her example, and the passengers carried their luncheon with them into the *convoi* with much merriment, minus coffee, knives, forks and spoons, while the attendant garçons stood and looked on aghast and open-mouthed.

While our friends ate their rescued repast, Mrs. Molada said:

"I have a sketch made in the Cathedral at Amiens, arches and foliated corbels from the nave, I have brought my travel-sketch-book, and we will go through it this evening. The Cathedral is a *chef d'oeuvre* of architecture, many think it the finest in France; it is one of the noblest types of the mediaeval Gothic, with its magnificent lofty nave, and the majestic perspective through a perfect wilderness of arches and columns. And the front façade is not less imposing, adorned with rich carvings, light pyramids and bas-reliefs, representing the Last Judgment, crowned with those noble towers and the slender spire."

Saturday, their first day in Paris, they consecrated by a visit to the M'All Mission, and they enjoyed a pleasant interview with Mr. and Mrs. M'All, who, in all the fervor of Christian love, have devoted life to this great work. On Sunday they attended those points where Mr. M'All was to speak, and never did our hero sing the beautiful hymns in the French language with more passionate fervor. One was forcibly struck by the humility and the deep earnestness of the Rev. R. W. M'All. How quietly yet how valiantly he fought against the vices of Paris, and how he strove to win souls. Many a hardened one he won by his ardent love and pity. What power there was in the simple expression, "Je vous aime, et Dieu vous aime." \*

On Monday they began to explore a few of the wonders of the gay French capital.

<sup>\*</sup>Since this was written the great missionary, the Rev. R. W. M'All, has gone up higher.

"We must omit much, Harry, but we shall perhaps return at some future time—you at least, chéri!"

"Not without you, mater—that would be no pleasure."

"You see your education is going on constantly, *chéri*, and you are preparing to take your place in the great Campadrome of life fearlessly, to assume every duty and responsibility *con amore*.

See, there is the site of the Tuileries, ruins even all gone now. I saw it in ruins, and in all its splendor, too, the long suites of apartments, the throne-room, be-frescoed, bemirrored, graced by the lovely Eugénie Napoléon III, et 'le Petit Prince.' I find it difficult to think of Paris without the interesting old palace, such a landmark in French history, the scene of such pageantries and tragedies. In the time of the Franco-German war the French themselves cut down all the grand trees, more than a century old, of the private gardens of the Tuileries, under whose shade a million of little children have played, among them that poor little Dauphin who should have been Louis XVII, whose fate was so wretched. Poor wee laddie! They cut down, also, the Bois de Boulôgne, the trees of the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards from dire necessity, to keep from freezing. Le Château de Saint Cloud is also in ruins, destroyed by the French themselves in their frenzy. Quiet Malmaison, too, truly a shrine, the shrine of a great heart broken. From this site what a brilliant vista down the green Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe! How the Place de la Concorde, its obelisk and its leaping fountains, throw up the light into the blue!"

"Yes, all trace of the old Temple prison is gone. I will show you the two famous busts, Marie Antoinette Dauphine, and Marie Antoinette au Temple, a whole life-story in each, but simply dreadful in contrast. The Temple belonged to that rich and powerful fraternity, the Knights Templars. After their destruction, through envy and fear of their power, it became the celebrated prison."

# CHAPTER XVII.

# IN SAINT DENIS AND NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

THE legend is that when Saint Denis was beheaded on Montmartre, he took up his head, tucked it under his arm and ran with it until he came to the site of the Royal Abbey, where he laid it down as a signal that there a church must be built. Nothing remains of any of the original structures, for there were several, save the crypt.

What Westminster Abbey is to England, and Speier to Germany, that is Saint Denis to France. Dagobert I, the founder, was the first laid to rest in the royal vaults in 638. Pepin le Bref was the first king crowned here it is said, in 752, so we are indeed on historical ground. It is of Gothic architecture, and of a pale gray, almost white stone. From the nave, which is imposing and beautiful, one has a coup d'oeil of the choir, elevated above, and separated from it by a rich screen; of the aisles, and numerous chapels, and the gorgeous tombeaux of Bourbon and earlier monarchs. The effect of the whole is most grand, impressive, solemn.

Mrs. Molada and Harry had been walking and studying this petrified history of France, and were leaving the *chapelle* in which is the sculptured figure of Marie Antoinette, kneeling before a *prie Dieu*, near her Catharine de Medicis and other queens, when they were suddenly startled by a voice at some distance, exclaiming:

"There now! I've broke my pencil! I can't take my notes, and when I go back to Kentucky, everybody'll expect me to know all about Saint Denis, and I can't remember it all no how. Here, Susie, you go right over to that shop and buy me a pencil—quick!"

Mrs. Kentucky and Susie were with a party being conducted to see the hidden treasures of the abbey, and our friends joined it.

"Never mind, mother," said Susie, "I will remember and write it all for you afterward."

"No, Susie, I want my own pencil—what this pencil wanted to go and break for!"

A French gentleman approached her—"Voulez vous me permettre Madame? Je taillerai votre crayon."

- "What does he say, Susie?"
- "Monsieur offers to sharpen your pencil, mother."
- "Well, that's real kind."

Monsieur le Crayon sharpened the pencil. Later, looking at the paintings in the sacristy, Mrs. Kentucky cried:

- "Susie, what did the man say that big yellow thing is standing over by that 'ere window?"
  - "I do not know, mother; I did not understand him."
- "'Didn't understand him!' And you've been in Paris three hull months to learn French! Good land!"

Monsieur le Crayon explained that it was the gold bas relief of the Last Supper, the communion salver presented to the Abbey by François Premier—Francis I.

- "La, now, you don't mean to say its all gold?"
- " Si, Madame."

When the relics of Saint Denis were shown, in their costly casket, Susie tried to translate to her mother, but when the sacristan told the legend, Mrs. Kentucky's indignation burst forth.

"Tain't true, no how. No man never run without his head, with it under his arm, all that way, dead! Such a thing ain't possible."

"Si, Madame; c'est tout à fait vrai, c'est," said Monsieur le Crayon.

"It ain't true. You needn't tell me. I guess I know."

During the great revolution, the *Oriflamme*, the banner of the Crusader-King, St. Louis—neuf—was torn in pieces by the infuriated mobs, the stained windows shattered, and the tombeaux injured, and had not some unknown friends of royalty concealed much, these splendid works of art of former ages, would in all probability have been totaly destroyed.

How much of rare and costly art, so precious to the history of nations, has been scattered and lost by insane, unreasoning multitudes. The tombeau of Dagobert I, the most ancient, is very curious. The tombs of François I, and Queen Claude, and of the Valois sovereigns Louis XII, and Ann of Bretagne, and Henry II, and Catharine de Medicis, are the most magnificent, the last in blue and white marble. That of the sumptuous François I, is of white marble, cunningly sculptured, and in front of it, on a slender pedestal, is a white marble urn containing the monarch's heart. In one of the transepts is the broken-at-the-top marble pillar, made by order of Mary of Scotland, to the

memory of her young husband, François II, and in the other transept is the porphyry pillar in honor of Henri IV, the Martyr-King.

By command of the "Figlia Dolorosa," Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette were exhumed and borne in pomp to the old Abbey and laid among their peers, at the restoration of the Bourbons. Their mangled remains had been concealed by a faithful royalist in his orchard-garden, and on this hidden grave was built the beautiful Chapelle Expiatoire, at the Restoration, which contains fine marble statues of the King and Queen, and poor Madame Elizabeth. "High and mighty monarchs," crowns and thrones! things of the past for la Belle France.

They show you five or six crowns, that of Marie Antoinette, small and glittering, that of Louis XVI, Charlemagne's crown—not the *Iron Crown*. What coronation-scenes have taken place in these ancient gray walls! At Rheims the Sovereigns of France were annointed with the sacred oil, and at first crowned there, later they were crowned at the Abbey of Saint Denis.

Driving to Notre Dame, Harry asked what had become of the guillotine by which Marie Antoinette was guillotined.

"It was at Madame Tussaud's in London. It is now at the Chicago Exposition. They will probably place it in the Musée of the Louvre. It is an awful landmark in French history, and ought to be in Paris."

Notre Dame is much admired by some for its harmony of design, though built in so many different times; by others it is as severely criticised. The cathedral is of the Transition

period, between the Roman and the Gothic, but it has been shorn of its ancient fine statues of the Kings of France, and much other ornamentation. Charlemagne laid the first stone of this "symphony in stone," though, following some of the critics, it is a very discordant symphony. The façade, decorated with statues of the Virtues, the Vices, Apostles and Saints, with its two majestic towers, is an imposing object.

"We must read Ruskin this winter, Harry; he will form your judgement and taste, and prepare you to appreciate the merits and beauties of architecture. Let us enter."

The number and lofty height of the pillars, terminating in those pointed arches, produce a striking effect as one enters the nave. The choir is paved with many colored marbles, in which is wrought the Bourbon Fleur-de-lis, the altar steps are of Languedoc marble, and these different marbles, combined with the white marble altar-piece, a Descent from the Cross, and the snowy marble statues in the chancel combine to produce great magnificence; but it is a cold beauty, that almost sends a shiver through one. The windows are stained, the "rose" windows at the extremities of the nave and transepts are gorgeous.

Notre Dame has her memories—they are legion. One recalls royal nuptials in that beautiful chancel, full of hope, doomed ofttimes to dire woe. The sacristan showed them many rich, sacerdotal vestments, some relics, and the *Monstrance*, sparkling with gems, used by François Premier. They climbed to the gallery extending around the base of the towers, up to one of the towers—only one is visited—

and with that clear atmosphere, what a superb view of Paris, the Seine and her bridges, and the environs.

"You know, Harry, Mary Stuart and François II, then Dauphin, eldest son of Catharine de Medicis, and brother of Charles IX and Henri III, were married in Notre Dame, and she in her wondrous beauty must show herself to the people, and the youthful bridal pair walked around the cathedral on an elevated open gallery, previously constructed for the purpose, by order of King Henri II, that the people might see their future queen. The beautiful bride was in blissful ignorance of Darnley, Bothwell, and Fotheringay Castle then. Old Notre Dame has weathered terrible political tempests, and still she looks undauntedly forth into the future, while her towers seem struggling into the blue, as if they would penetrate the inscrutable mysteries of the very heavens."

"Oh, mater! this is just grand, and to hear you talk is a feast! How do you remember everything so?"

They returned past the Abbey Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, opposite the Louvre. The interior of the church is dark, the pavement much worn, the stained glass is esteemed among the richest in Paris.

- "Mater, where is the bell of the old tower? Is it still there?"
- "No. When the French Revolution burst upon poor Louis and his Queen—who were murdered to atone for the sins of long centuries—the church-bells were confiscated, taken down from the towers, thrown into the crucible and re-cast into cannon. It chanced that the company of the

Théâtre Français were playing Charles IX. A bell was needed, and Marie Joseph Chenier asked the Convention for this bell of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois; the request was granted, and the bell is still the property of this théâtre."

"Come, mater! away to the Market of Flowers! What glorious blooms! what colors! How bright the Seine looks with her bridges! We are on the Pont-Neuf now, still adorned with the fine equestrian statue of Henri le Grand of Navarre, the first King of the Bourbon line. What are all these boats for here and there, full of women only?"

"The blanchisseuses—washerwomen—reign there, and beat the linen of Paris on flat smooth stones, and break all the buttons, and devour every fabric speedly with eau de Javelle, and laugh and make merry, and quarrel sometimes over their work. Écoutez! Paris is all the merrier for them. How they laugh! Are they then so happy? Regardez! They are all in blue and sabots,\* as are all the peasants."

"We are in Paris the Beautiful—Paris the Gay! Prance and caper, Don Pedro! laugh thou prince of dogs! Carrisima mia, catch the spirit of Paris and be merry."

"Beware Harry. They will be taking us for escaped lunatics. Now we are at the great irregular Plâce de Grève on the Seine-bank. It was the scene of bonfires and executions and burnings of condemned books, for long centuries, and a permanent gibbet and pillory, in the first centuries called a *justice* and an *échelle*, were set up in the middle of the Plâce. Thousands of beings on this fatal spot have suffered their last agonies, in health and strength, somtimes in youth. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*"

<sup>\*</sup> Le Sabot is a wooden shoe. Do not sound the t,

Drive for hours in the lovely boulevards, full of Parisiennes, with that indescribable air degagé, no where to be seen out of France, through le Boulevard des Italiens, des Capucins, under la Porte de St. Martin, little round tables arranged outside the cafés, on the trottoir, under shining awnings, where gay people—always gay—drink café noir or cool liquids, absinthe, that deadly poison that is filling la belle France with lunatic asylums, eat ices laugh and chat. The wine-shops are busy, very busy.

Sorrow in Paris? Poverty and sin? Do not come here with your blinkers on, if you desire to see the true inwardness of all this dash and glare—this fanfaronnade. Who would ever dream of guillotines, French Revolutions, murders of sovereigns, the Plâce de Grève, the Bastille, and la Plâce de la Concorde, and those jets d'eau shining so? What events on this spot! La Plâce de la Concorde, first la Plâce de Louis Quinze, XV, when this Plâce, and les Champs Elysées were planned, and le Palais Burbon, now the Elysée-Bourbon, was built. Then la Plâce de la Revolution. As la Plâce Louis Quinze it was adorned with an equestrian statue of that King, le Bienaimé, Wellbeloved, designed by Love, and was the chef d'oeuvre, masterpiece, of the great artist Pigalle.

The people loved to salute this statue in passing, after it was unveiled, and recalled their Bienaimé as he rode forth to win the great victory of Fontenoy, and to cover France with glory twenty years before. They seemed to see the King as he rode through their midst, and turned back to smile. Hélas! He *outlived* this love long before the end of

his reign. Upon the base of this statue Revolutionary rage wrote in characters of blood—

"Grotesque monument—Infâme piédestal—Les Vertus sont à pied, le Vice est à cheval."—Grotesque monument—Infamous pedestal—The Virtues are on foot, Vice is on horseback, or Vice rides. The pedestal was ornamented with bas reliefs in bronze representing the battles won by Louis XV. At each angle of the pedestal were four figures, "Virtues," strength, peace, prudence, justice. In the reign of Louis XVI, the statue was surrounded by a white marble balustrade. In 1792 this statue of Louis XV, was thrown down, and one of "Liberty" was erected on its pedestal.

In 1800 it was decreed that a "National Column" should occupy the spot, and accordingly the "Liberty" was dethroned. When Lucien Buonaparte, Minister of the Interior, went in great state to lay the first stone, a cedar box, containing coins of "1754," and bearing the impress of the once Bienaimé, had been found in the earth. Such are popular favor and gratitude.

"Such is the world!" cried poor Marie Leczinska, nearly half a century before; "is it worth the trouble of living it?"

Even the beautiful Madeleine Church, first designed as a tombeau—tomb—was converted for a time into the "Temple of Mars." The penitence that had changed it from an intended mausoleum to a church, had long been forgotten.

They pass the great church of Sainte Geneviève, the Panthéon with its dome in imitation of Saint Peters at Rome, and a poor copy, Saint Sulpice with its two great towers, Saint Roch with its fine doorway, and its two great organs, where so many foreigners go to hear the celebrated music. Now a greeting for the Jardin des Plantes, with its flower-masses, visit the beautiful Hôtel de Cluny, the delight of all artists, where one French queen at least held her forty days of mourning for the king, clad in white—the royal mourning—her apartments hung with black, and the day and sun excluded. Beautiful Cluny with its arches and columns, and many objects of historic interest.

Near is the ancient Roman palace with its fine semicircular arches—the Baths of Julian—the oldest relic of architecture in Paris. What a contrast to the Grecian Bourse with its white colonnade, and le Corps Legislatif. Now to the Hôtel des Invalides with its vast dome. 'Tis there the captive of St. Helena sleeps—Le Grand—the Great—one calls him. Why?

They enter a gallery extending around the mortuary chapel above, and look down. The *Mausolée* is of red Finland granite, polished almost to transparency, the balustrade above, the pavement beneath, pure white marble. The bronze doors lead into the vault. Now they pass la Plâce de la Bastille, on its centre la Colonne de Juillet—the Column of July.

"Free France, chivalric France," pronounced the doom of this terrible fortress-prison, in whose strength the cruel Louis le Onze, XI, took such pride. Then to the Plâce de Vendôme with the famous brazen *Colonne*—Column—composed of melted cannon. Under it the French nation would at first bury their returned exile. They placed his bronze

statue on its summit—then, in blind fury, tore it down again—as if the dead were blameworthy for the blunders of successors.

"We can only walk through the vast double square of the Louvre Palais, once adorned with a colonnade of towers—that is the old Louvre, which was demolished.\* That is the arc—arch—of the Plâce du Carrousel, between the Louvre and the Tuileries. The long galleries uniting the two palaces, were built later. Now, instead of looking out on the Tuileries from the Louvre, one looks down the green Champs Elysées. To see the art of the Louvre would demand a month; but you will have a dim remembrance of boulevards of pictures, Harry, and shall see it at leisure later. They stuffed the windows with bags of sand to protect its priceless art-treasures during the Franco-German war. Many costly works of art were buried."

They visited the beautiful church of the Madeleine one morning directly after breakfast. There are no windows, the church is lighted from the roof. It is rich in marbles, paintings, statues. There were three wedding functions in process, one in the beautiful chancel. The bridal-pair partook of the communion, and then swept out into the sunlight of life in the daintiest of toilettes, with a troop of friends, while the joy-bells rang, and the bridal robe, wreath and

<sup>\*</sup> It was at the old Louvre that the Prime Minister of Marie de Medicis, Concini, was assassinated, and the Queen was imprisoned in it. The picture-galleries contain the historical paintings of her life as Queen of France, by her painter-friend, Rubens, in whose house she afterwards died in Cologne, her heartless and ungrateful son, Louis Treize doing nothing for her comfort, and Richelieu, whom she had befriended, followed her with undying hatred. François I, le Magnifique, began the modern Louvre, and, in fact, he was the founder and builder of many palaces,

veil were driven away in a rich carriage. In two side chapels a simple pair, the bride not in veil and wreath, were being wedded, and they too walked out attended by no troop of friends, but they had God's sunshine, and the joy-bells too, if not rung in their honor. God bless their simple lives!

Then our friends went out into the sunlight, and walked around the church in its Greek costume, and admired the classic fluted columns, and the snowy marble statues. They crossed the shining Plâce, with the leaping fountains again.

"People seem very fond of setting up fountains where some evil deed was done," remarked Mrs. Molada, as they went on.

"I suppose they do it because a fountain is always gay and beautiful," said Harry.

"Do you see that exquisite flêche-like spire? That is la Sainte Chapelle, with the richest stained glass in Paris. It was built by Saint Louis to receive the sacred relics of the Crusades. It was part of the old Palais de Justice. This vast hall we are entering is the Salle des pas perdus. The more ancient Palais de Justice was far more magnificent, with statues of all the sovereigns of France. It was destroyed by fire, and there has been much discussion as to the cause of the fire. And now, Harry, we will make our pilgrimage to the far-famed old prison, la Conciergerie, which stands on the Seine-bank. There it stands with its queer pepper-box turrets, and its pinnacles, true type of the ancient French château. The huge Salle we first enter is the reception-hall of the prisoners, and is the scene of that famous painting in the Luxembourg, 'The Call of the

Death-roll in the Reign of Terror,' at your left, entering, the wee registry office. The Martyr-Queen's cell is as she left it, a stone floor, a miserable bed, screened with a *rideau* in blue and white check, all that separated the Queen of France, the daughter of the great Maria Theresia from the 'citizen' on guard."

"I do not know if you enjoy this as I do, mater," said Harry, as they drove to their hotel through streets and boulevards.

"I could drive all day among these crowds of people. What a variety! Peasants in blue gowns and sabots, priests and monks in their cowls, Sisters of Mercy in their queer, coal-scuttle shaped, snowy bonnets,\* the servants in white aprons and bonnets—caps—bonnes† with children or démoiselles, and no démoiselle may go out in Paris without her attendant bonne. How amusing it all is!"

"C'est vrai, Harry. I like it also. One learns much about the people, their customs and manners, and national dress in this way. And what faces one sees! And every nation is different. Compare this public with that of Rome, Berlin, London, Edinburgh. It is like a different worl each."

Now our friends drive through the world-renowned Faubourg St. Antoine, full of blue and sabots, narrow *ruelles* and courts, dark and foul-smelling, over the Plâce du Trône à la Barrière, and on to the Court of Peace, la Cimetière de Père la Chaise. There are many cemeteries of note, where one finds great and distinguished names, but no final

<sup>\*</sup> Pronounce like bonnay, the "t" is silent, † Nurse and waiting-maid.

"sleeping-place" on this whirling world can boast so many illustrious dead as this.

"Yes, Père La Chaise was the Jesuit Père Confessor of Louis XIV, and a friend of Maintenon. He planned that private marriage function at midnight in Versailles. See, many are sitting at the gates weaving wreaths of immortelles for the graves. What a striking grave-yard scene. This mausolée-and-chapel-crowned hill contains eighty thousand monuments. Pretty children, laden with blooms, and sprays of wonderful roses, are bearing them to chapel, monument or green graves. The view of domed-towered-spired Paris, Seine and country, is superb. Yonder stretches Montmartre—the Martyr's Mountain—everywhere are the beautiful trees. The gaiety of the city is hushed here to an unbroken silence." They seated themselves on the highest point, and viewed and discussed the scene.

"I once 'assisted' at the Fête of all the dead here, Harry. All Paris visited and decorated her graves, none came empty-handed. This is the St. John's Fête of Protestantism, the midsummer fête, and is observed with great enthusiasm in Germany. The fête here was unsurpassed by any I ever saw, only to be compared with the like *festa* in Rome, where, as here, the city repaired to the cemeteries, with thousands of priests, clerical students, the *Misericordia* and nuns."

# CHAPTER XVIII.

# LE CHÂTEAU DE RAMBOUILLET, AND MALMAISON.

"TO-DAY, Harry, we will spend at Rambouillet, and in the park I will tell you about my visit to Malmaison, when staying in Paris; we will take our lunch-basket, and spend much of this sunny day under the grand old trees."

"You are just a magnificent Mütterchen—you plan such delightful things. How Don Pedro will caper and prance!"

"Let us hasten sans détour to this rich nursery of history, and plenty of park, where one can ramble one's self weary. What a queer old château it is! Its beautiful wood is one of the largest and finest in France, containing 12,000 hectares—a hectare is two acres."

The estate belonged at one time to the ancient Counts of Toulouse, whose armorial bearings one sees in the cast-iron plates of the fire-flues. It became later a *dotation* of the Crown, frequently a royal residence.

François Premier died here, morose and gouty. Catharine de Medicis and Charles IX were here during the battle of Dreux, an engagement of the civil war. Madame de Maintenon and Louis XIV held their court here, and Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Napoléon slept here before going to Rochefort, and Marie Louise, mother of the

poor little King of Rome, passed her last night in France in the old place. Queen Hortense had apartments here. In short, the history of the ancient palace reads like a romance.

The Laiterie de la Reine in the park was built by Marie Antoinette; it is a pretty Doric pavilion of two rooms, paved in red and white marble; in the inner room Venus entering the bath in the midst of a grotto. But Rambouillet has another Royalty, and can boast almost unequaled literary associations. La grande Marquise, wife of Charles d'Angennes, a Roman lady, and her accomplished and fascinating daughter Julie, made the old château the home of the Muses. This talented and distinguished woman was contemporary with Henri Quatre and Louis Treize-XIII. Disgusted with the Court, she retired to this lovely park, and here, for sixty years, the great minds of France shone in all their brilliancy. If you count up all the authors of renown of the period I have mentioned, you will agree with me it must have been a right royal society. Corneille read his "Mélite," his first literary production, before this classic circle, previous to its representation on the stage.

Boileau read his satires, and Richelieu made his début, and tried his unfledged wings here,—the heartless, selfish, cold, cruel, false Richelieu, the crafty and astute statesman, to whom men were but puppets to be played with and thrown away as useless toys, when the game was won. His powerful intellect, the strong grasp with which he held an idea, and brought it to a *fait accompoli*, found their equal in the truly great and unselfish William III. of England, the last of his race, the great House of Orange. These two

men governed from diametrically opposed principles, and for a totally different object. One ruled for power, for absolutism—the other to make men great and free. Mais, retournons à nos moutons! The inimitable Molière drove his hearers into convulsions of laughter, and finally set the world a laughing over his "Les Précieuses Ridicules," in which he does not spare the affectations of the Rambouillet "set." Mademoiselle Paulet delighted its circle of beaux ésprits with her exquisite voice and skill in music. La Duchesse de Longueville, sister of the great Condé, the heroine of the Fronde, graced its salons with her splendid beauty and faultless grace, as did the brilliant Madame de Sevigné—that queen of letter-writers—Manemoiselle Coligny, and many more, whose talents, grace and virtue adorn the pages of French history.

The lovely and amiable friend of Marie Antoinette, the Princesse de Lamballe, was a daughter of the House of Angennes. These literary memories have left a charm about the place that will forever remain for the student of the history, literature and art of France, and under the refreshing shade of its fine old trees, one would fain linger, and recall to fancy those personages who have figured here in the tragedy-comedy of the past, and vainly wish for a return of its golden age, but hin ist hin, and nowhere is the German proverb truer than at Rambouillet.

"And now Harry, we have seen the château, and we will just find the nicest spot and enjoy our luncheon. I think you might remove the leading-chain from Don Pedro's collar, and let him have a run."

"Yes, and then for the story of Malmaison! Come hither, thou amber-robed scion of a hundred heroes of Mount St. Bernard. Dost see these purple grapes of sunwarmth and sunlight? Eat. Mater, look! the Don eats grapes! Now see him roll on that green sward! Oh, he is a beauty!"

"A clear blue sky, a delicious breeze, all nature just suited to pleasant rambles and quiet reveries in lonely places where Beauty finds her favorite retreat. We are walking up through the allée of lindens to the home of Josephine\* after her divorce, and where she died. In the park she received Napoléon when he visited her, and it was there he showed her his little son and heir to the Napoleonic throne—built, alas, upon a sand-hill.

"Have you not often wondered at the rapid workings of the mind? Like a flash of light thought rushes through infinite spaces, free and unfettered as an eagle on wing. I like to think that Dick is right when he says that in a future state we shall possess powers of locomotion like unto these mental ones. While we linger under these beautiful limetrees on the cool, soft grass, among lovely blooms, we have, in truth, made several long journeys. We have been in Martinique, have roamed with Josephine and her first lover William, through the wood, and seen them cut their united names on the trees. Again we have seen her in the Luxembourg Palais, condemned to the guillotine, her husband Beauharnois already its victim, when the death of the terrible

<sup>\*</sup>Josephine, for a time after the divorce, had for residence the Elysée—Bourbon palace; but she preferred the retirement of Malmaison, which is thirteen miles from Paris.

Robspierre saved her. Now we see her crowned with Charlemagne's iron crown, then her own set upon her fair head—Empress of France. Now we see her stand brokenhearted in that gorgeous Salle, supported by her Eugène and Hortense,—she signs the decrees, and divorces herself from all earthly happiness, the splendor mocking her agony. And what came of it all? Oh, selfishness! what a monster thou art! Is anything safe within reach of thy grasp?

"The château of white stone, palest gray, decorated in front with statuary, stands, simple and unpretending in the midst of a lovely park, soft lawns and many flowers. I am not surprised that the Greeks, Romans, Scandinavians, peopled their landscapes with so many gods and goddesses, nymphs and fauns, Muses and Fates, and all the rest of that ilk. One has a fancy in solitary places, especially of historic celebrity, that one is surrounded by invisible beings, as if the spirits of the long-ago had lingered or returned, and hence the sensation as if treading on haunted ground, and Realism has been made holy here by a great sorrow. Perhaps it is only fancy, perhaps not. Who can tell? But we will enter and hold a tête-à-tête with the Lares and Penates.

"The entrance hall is paved with black and white marble, the rooms are bright and home-like, not cold grandeur, where one's heart would freeze solid if there were nothing else. The furniture and decorations are as Josephine left them.

"One sees marble busts of the Emperor and Empress and Hortense, a fine sitting figure of Napoléon in bronze, with maps and compasses. The billiard room contains a beautiful marble statue of the Emperor and Empress. In the boudoir are the embroidery frame, the designs nearly finished, the needle threaded ready, awaiting the skilled fingers never to take it up again, and the easel on which is one of Josephine's water-color sketches of Napoléon entering the door. On every hand one finds memorials of a lonely but beautiful life. There are many fine paintings, a portrait of Josephine unlike all her others, but very interesting, one of the little King of Rome, and a statuette of him carved in ivory.

"We found in the salon, the upholstery of which is orange trimmed with black, Josephine's harp, finished with an eagle of France; Hortense's lute lies on a table with music; in a window near stands Josephine's davenport with the muchused blotting-paper and the pen. There is also a piano. As I stood by these touching reminders, a note of discord broke on my reverie like a profanation.

"A girl came bouncing up, and I heard a loud, coarse voice from behind call out: 'Mary, what do you see?' 'I don't see nothin' but an old piece of blotting-paper and a pen.' 'Well, come along; I wish we hadn't come—a wastin' our time!'"

"Mrs. Raben would call the interruption an amusing 'episod!" interrupted Harry.

"We went up stairs. Josephine's chambre à coucher is a lovely room, from the windows of which, simply hung with whitest finest muslin, there are charming views of the park. The walls and ceiling, except the central portion, are hung

with crimson embroidered in gold; the centre-ceiling is concave, and is a fresco representing the blue sky and stars. The Sèvres basin and ewer stand in one corner. The couch stands on a haut pas, covered with crimson, the hangings are of white silk, embroidered in gold, above at the head, the Imperial Eagle and two doves. The coverlet is crimson and gold, over which is spread a delicate white muslin drapery worked in gold bees. In this beautiful chamber Josephine died, Napoléon's portrait in her hand, and a prayer for his happiness on her lips, and here the Czar pronounced a eulogium on her character as high as woman could desire.

"In the adjoining chamber are numerous memorials of Napoléon, among them, the little camp-bed on which he died at St. Helena, of course Josephine did not have that, his white *robe de chambre*, and exquisite enameled medallion-portraits of Josephine and Hortense. But have we lingered too long? Then just a last look, a little moment in the silent park among the flowers, for this will never be a home again, and we will go to the church at the village of Rueil, about a mile distant, which contains the tombeaux of Josephine and Hortense.

"The Empress, in Roman draperies, kneels before a prie-Dieu, the hands clasped, the head bent. One reads the legend, 'Eugène et Hortense à Josephine,' and the monogram 'J. B.' Hortense is kneeling, the fallen crown and sceptre of Holland, and a rose with broken stem before her, behind her an angel with outspread wings. The legend runs thus, 'Hortense, Reine d' Hollande, par son fils Napoléon III.'"

- "Who was Napoléon II, mater?"
- "Le Roi de Rome they count, though he never wore a crown."
  - "What became of him?"
- "Poor wee laddie with the great title King of Rome! He died an exile at Vienna, a pauper on his imperial grandfather's bounty, at the age of twenty-one years, with faint memories of his powerful father and a brilliant childhood, under the obscure name of Herzog von Reichstadt-Duke of the imperial city—and in the Royal Crypt beneath the Franziskaner church in Vienna, where over a hundred Hapsburgs sleep, in the centre the suberb monument of Maria Theresia and her beloved Kaiser Franz, one sees two plain oaken coffins side by side, no Denkmal, no name, no sign to distinguish them-those of Marie Louise and her son, once the little King of Rome! In the Hofburg, Royal Palace of Vienna, one sees the famous berceau given by the city of Paris to the Emperor and Empress on the birth of this prince. Two of the gold bees which adorned it have been stolen by travelers.
- "Hortense and Josephine were avenged, for the third Napoléon was the next younger brother of the eldest son of Hortense, adopted by Napoléon I, as his heir. There is a celebrated tableau of the scene when Josephine hears of the death of this child, in Gobelins tapestry, in Sèvres porcelain, and in oils. These were all in the Tuileries and Saint Cloud. These you will see at Compiègne, and they are at Versailles and Fontainebleau. I remember once reading in Germany a touching poem on Hortense, beginning:

'Soldaten, die ihr habt die Macht Auf Frankreich's grünen Boden, Auf diese Königin gebt nicht Acht, Lasst sie vorüber gehen.' "\*

"Malmaison was the favorite château of Napoléon, and Josephine brought it to its apogee of beauty. Her passion for flowers was insatiable, and her conservatories at Malmaison rivalled the finest in England. There the imperial pair spent some happy years. After his escape from Elba, Napoléon visited Josephine's grave at Rueil, and spent an hour unattended, shut in alone with his remorse and grief in her death-chamber. The divorce was pronounced the 15th December, 1809, and Josephine expired in the May of 1814.

"After the fatal battle of Waterloo, Napoléon parted from throne and power there, and took his departure, a lonely, broken man, to be sent to St. Helena—though he hoped to reach America, where his family were to join him—his sole possessions, a diamond necklace, given him by the sorrowing, pitying Hortense.

"Malmaison is a suggestive comment, my Harry, on the mournful destiny of the Buonaparte dynasty. During the Franco-German war, the Germans used the château as barracks. It is now fast falling into decay, and is offered for sale, and the once charming park, with its Temple of Love, is divided up into small building lots to be sold to the first comer. All its rich works of art are scattered over the earth.

<sup>\*</sup> Ye soldiers who posses the power On the green soil of France, Salute not this Queen who passes, Let her go by unnoticed.

Poor Josephine and Hortense sleep peacefully side by side, undisturbed by the world's false allurements and ambitions. They both lived long enough to learn the worthlessness of all glittering baubles and dreams of power. I have pictured Malmaison to you chérie, in its glory, for Napoléon III. made it the property of the State. It fell with the Napoléons to rise no more."

### CHAPTER XIX.

# LE CHÂTEAU DE COMPIÈGNE.

"WHAT do you say to a day at Compiègne, Harry? If you choose to go to the Marché aux Fruits—fruit-market—and obtain some grapes, and any other fruit you fancy, I will put up some sandwiches and gateux, and we will go."

"I will go tout de suite. We will see the château, and lunch dans la forêt!—in the forest."

North by the *chemin de fer*—iron road—through the pleasant country, and the pure air. The god Pan was taking his mid-day siesta, and the Nymphs were holding Nature in a hushed silence, not to disturb his repose.

There it is at last, the ancient white palace, looking on broad, beautiful lawns, and a fine park. What a sweet rural picture of sylvan beauty! Silent enough now; its royal days are done. There are many paintings and other objects of deep interest here. I may say, the fact is, when one has seen one of these royal châteaux, one has, in a sense, seen them all. The same arrangement and style of ornamentation prevail. Compiègne is very ancient. Since the reign of Clotaire I, 558—who died here—it has been a favorite hunting-seat of the Kings of France. One vast façade stretches along green banks sloping to the river Oise,

across which extends the ancient bridge on which Jeanne d' Arc was fighting when taken prisoner by the English.

On the other side a magnificant terrace, flanked by canals, links it to the grand old forêt. Will you walk with us through Compiègne? Long suites of chambers, waxed and polished floors, reflecting every object like mirrors. Slippery! -I have seen more than one lose footing on this treacherous smoothness. Gobelins and other tapestries, long mirrors, gilt consoles, Sèvres vases, clocks, paintings in Gobelins, Sèvres and oils, gildings, frescoes, marble carved chimneypieces, huge chandeliers, Louis Quatorze and other clocks, -all resting-what is the use of ticking to nobody? Marbles in statue and bust, costly cabinets, full of objects of virtù, and so on ad infinitum. These are the state rooms. The private rooms, which we saw also at Saint Cloud, the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, are carpeted, and comfortably furnished, without this glare and splendoralmost simple and homelike. There are many historic facts associated with Compiègne. The King of Spain, Charles IV, forced to abdicate by Napoléon I, dwelt here, and it was here the young Louis XVI, then fifteen, and his Austrian bride of fourteen and a half years, first met.

It is 1770. A brilliant assemblage of the court of Louis XV, fills Compiègne. The King, his three grandsons, the Dauphin, the Comte de Provence, his brother, afterwards, at the Bourbon Restoration, Louis XVIII—the youngest brother, later Charles X, and *la haute Noblesse* of France are there. They await the Austrian Princess. The public rejoicings continue six weeks. Twenty millions of francs

are squandered on the fêtes, ending in that tragic event on the Place Louis Quinze, now Place de la Concorde, and the people look on and cry for bread. Hapless princess! An earthquake ushers in her birth, a Revolution her death.

Our friends partook of luncheon by the beautiful restored ruins of the Château de Pierrefonds dans la forêt, and Mrs. Molada sketched it a second time, and Harry made his first sketch from nature, and put Don Pedro in the foreground.

"Mater, I like this sort of thing much better than sightseeing in the city. I have quite an idea of Paris already, where places are, you know, and all that."

"Yes, but to know the art of Paris, and its history, would demand a full year, and you would yet have much to learn, very much. To-morrow we will visit Fontainebleau, and you may cater for the fruit."

"Good, and I shall procure you some roses. You are looking much better Mütterchen. Dost know that?"

"It would be a wonder if I did not, with these dear old scenes, and your sweet society laddie mine."

"And Don Pedro's. He is never de trop. But, mater, you were to tell me about Saint Cloud."

#### SAINT CLOUD.

"Beautiful Saint Cloud, in ruins now, once enfolded in green undulating hills, velvet lawns and noble avenues descending to the Seine. On the topmost verge of its embosoming hills once stood a Roman watch-tower, looking towards Lutetia—ancient Paris—now supplanted by the Lanterne de Diogène. The terraces are broken down, the

cascades are non est, the flower-gardens are things of the past, ingulfed in the destruction of the Revolution; the palace escaped then, but was destroyed at the time of the Franco-German War.\* What a lesson for tyranny, for self-ishness! It is in the history of France as in that of the Chosen Nation. God is speaking to the people, uttering his displeasure with oppression and vice, overturning tyrants, rewarding the true—but how slow the nations and sovereigns have been in learning! In recognizing the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man!

"Stately and beautiful Saint Cloud, the renowned palace for centuries, the pride of France, in itself a history, graced by brilliant courts, resplendent in masterly works of art, stands now a desolation. Again in imagination, in the presence of this destruction, I linger in its stately throne-room and superb chambers, filled with priceless treasures, for it was more magnificent than Compiègne. For ages half the history of France transpired at Saint Cloud, always a favorite and important palace. Here Henri III was murdered, Henri le Grand proclaimed King. Here the brother of Louis XIV, Philippe, Duc d' Orléans dwelt, and in its gorgeous chambers his poor Duchess-wife, Henrietta of England, daughter of Henrietta Maria of France, and Charles I, was poisoned and died in great agony. In this palace the luckless Duke of Monmouth, son of her brother Charles II, visited her.

"Napoléon the Great held court here, and Napoléon III, the lovely Eugénie with her idolized Louis loved to come,

<sup>\*</sup>Saint Cloud was destroyed by the Communists.

and here they entertained their royal guests from all parts of Europe, who usually had for residence the Palais Elysée Bourbon."

"There will be letters for us by this time à la Poste Restante. You might go and see while I rest a little before dîner."

"Three letters for you and two for me, mater!" cried Harry breathlessly; "we have time to read them before we go down, have we not?"

"Here is a very mysterions letter," said Mrs. Molada, "simply desiring permission to enclose me a cheque for two thousand dollars on a Paris bank. How singular! Who is such a noble friend? I begin to know that there are more great souls than one generally thinks."

"Could it be my Lohengrin?"

"You forget, Harry, that your incognito friend knows nothing about me, and has no idea of your whereabouts."

"Would it be Bishop Taborno, mater?"

"No, chéri, for different reasons no. For one, he does not possess that much money."

"I have a letter from Kilk—Gabrielle. She sends you love, and she says that poor little Roma did not sing a note for two weeks after we left. They put him out in the conservatory, and brought the two other canaries, before he forgot his loss. Poor wee birdie! And here is a letter from Gertrude Raben, and she says Baldéra is doing wonders in her music, and that Mr. Trueman is lecturing on temperance. Mater, I am so glad."

Mrs. Molada's other letters were from Mrs. Underhill and

Bishop Taborno, both full of bright words of comfort and cheer, full of hope for a return to health and to home.

"We are quite rich now, little mother," said Harry, patting Don Pedro's beautiful head, while the noble dog looked up with dignity into his face, seeming to say "I know all about it. I am glad too."

"There is all the money from the 'Molada Concert!' and the purse, and my money for the sales of Judge Underhill's 'Will,' for we found our ocean passage paid for, on arriving in New York. You can drive now all winter, and have a villa—a quiet home and grow *strong!* You are always sure of God, and I am sure too, and I owe it all to you Carissima."

"The great lesson of life is to become *sure of God*, Harry, and how simple it is when you once have learned the 'knows.' And we have proved the word of promise, and God recognizes child-like-faith with special gifts.'

"But, Carissima, all who have suffered loss and trouble, and ill health, have not been so taken care of as we have. How is that?"

"No. These are insoluble myteries. More are helped on their road than the world ever knows. There are more great souls than is generally thought. Quant à moi, I am an Optimist. The human strata are warming under the sun of Divine truth and love."

## CHAPTER XX.

# LE CHÂTEAU DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

"MATER! Mater! I have seen my Lohengrin!" cried Harry, rushing in in great excitement. "I was just leaving the Marché aux fruits, when I saw a carraige driving rapidly past, Lohengrin seated in the inside, Alessandro on the box beside the cocher. I waved my chapeau, crying hello! hello! till the people turned to look, and Don Pedro began to bark excitedly, and the crowd of carriages and people was so great, I had to give it up. Where can he be going? We shall meet him somewhere. I want you to see him. I know you will think him grand as I do."

"We shall solve the mystery soon," said Mrs. Molada, laying the fruit in the basket.

"Carissima mia, look what a spray of roses! I pin them in your dress. There! Why, you look like a Malmison rose yourself!"

This time their way is due south by the iron-road, which soon whirls them to the celebrated Fontainebleau. The memories of the old palace are legion, and the ancient château makes a life-size figure in the history of France. Everywhere one encounters the crowned F. with the salamander of the luxurious monarch, and the N. of the great Emperor, who made this gorgeous palace his private home.

Queen Christina of Sweden resided in this palace when in France, and one of her acts here commends her character little. There are miles of tapestry, and the paintings and the frescoes are especially worthy of study, and the marble statuary and busts are of great beauty. Add all the splendors mentioned of Saint Cloud, and to this we may still add, for the palace is vast, and the long suites of chambers seemingly interminable in looking down the vistas. The chairs and sophas are gilt. But it is a lonely splendor, and gives one the heart-ache. The private apartments of the lovely Eugénie are comparatively simple. The walls of the playroom of her precious little son are covered with frescoes of all manner of animals, and is full of costly toys.

"Poor little Louis!" said Harry; "I hope they will always leave this room as it is. The French nation loved their 'le petit Prince,' as they always called him, and they will keep this room a memorial of him."

The great testered beds of velvets, satins, silks, laces, look too ghostly to invite repose. The most exquisite room in the château is Marie Antoinette's bath-room. All the wood is in white and gold enamel, the plafond—ceiling—and the walls are mirrors, and above them are Cupids trailing lovely festoons of roses. What queens have used it since, and Josephine and Eugénie. What a travestie this room is on their tragic lives, as if life were only for pleasure, and there were nothing to do but drag roses about.

What a group! Fancy them in this lovely chamber—Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Eugénie, and their sorrow, their heart-break. One enters the château by La Cour des

Adieux, with the famous horse-shoe escalier—stair-case. In this vast Cour Napoléon I. took leave of the Army of France and his weeping generals. Then came the return from Elba, and the review of the troops before the fatal and decisive Waterloo. The divorce took place in this gorgeous salle with the heavily-draped table. Poor Empress! On dit she never smiled again. And here, Napoléon signed his abdication.

One walks adown the brilliant avenues of art, fancying processions of kings and queens, weeping queens sometimes, princes and courtiers, bepowdered, bewigged, belaced, bebuckled, beknee-breeched, in rustling trains and glittering gems, paving the road the French Revolution would travel! Hollow laughter, paint, sham! The prayers in the chapel, and the laughter in the theatre, are alike silent. What a history! What a lesson! Is the world better for them?

Pope Pius VII, whom Napoléon commanded from Rome to crown him and Josephine with Charlemagne's iron crown, dwelt here. And he was not permitted to act at the coronation after all, save to be present—Napoléon crowned himself, he took the crown from no man's hand! Napoléon was the first, after Charlemagne, to be crowned with this crown. It was the ancient crown of Lombardy.

"Was it of iron, mater?"

"Oh, no; it is a band of gold, with enamelled flowers and precious stones, in form like a diadem; in the centre of the inner side of the band is a fine line of iron passing around it, said to be a true nail of the true cross beaten out to that thinness. Tradition asserts that it was given to the

Gothic or Lombard Queen Theodolinda by Pope Gregory the Great; but this is unauthenticated, and the origin of this famous crown remains unknown. The Lombard kingdom lasted in Italy at first over two hundred years, from 568 to 774. Then Charlemagne conquered Lombardy in 774 and seized the Iron Crown. Charlemagne had previously married a Gothic princess, whom he afterwards sent back to her father, King Desiderius, and this gave rise to subsequent hostilities between the Carlovingian and Lombard kingdoms. After his death it was created a separate kingdom in 843, and from 888 to 961, was ruled by its own kings again. The Lombards-Longo bardi or Long beards -are Teutonic, and are first heard of on the left bank of the Elbe. Some authorities maintain that this Gothic and warlike race derived its name Lombards, not from their long beards, but from parta, or barte, which signifies battle-axe. They invaded Italy in 568, led by their King Alboin. They were worshippers of Odin. King Authari, grandson of Alboin, married the Christian Princess of Bavaria, Theodolinda. Queen Theodolinda was to the Lombards what Bertha was to the Anglo-Saxons, and Clotilda to the Franks. She solemnly placed the Lombard nation under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, and built their first Christian church, the Cathedral of Monza-re-built in the thirteenth and fourteenth century, and the palace near it. She was a great woman, and had so won the hearts of the chiefs of the kingdom, that when her husband, King Authari died, they begged her to choose one of their number as consort, and to wear the crown as their queen. Liutprand was the most

powerful king of the line. The Austrians carried off this famous crown, but were forced to return it in 1866, after the defeat of Sadowa, or Königsgrätz as it is often called.

"All those ancient sovereigns of Lombardy from Theodolinda, were crowned with this crown, now so precious to the world, and it is justly kept in the Queen's Basilica at Monza, near Milano.

"It is exhibited on an altar in a costly casket of gold, crystal and gems. This is the most celebrated crown in existence, and the most ancient. Napoléon brought it to France, but he had to return it to Italy, together with the famous bronze horses of San Marco at Venice, and other trifles."

There are five courts around the château of Fontainbleau, stone-paved, with gardens of flowers. One of these, La Cour de la Fontaine—the name-giving fountain—contains the petted, over-fed carp, many of them aged, even to a century or older, and they are a source of amusement to the visitors.

La Forêt de Fontainebleau is of vast extent—some sixty miles—with fine rock-scenery, and white drives and paths winding and interlacing through the green glades. It is a delightful place to ride, drive, or walk in.

"La Roche qui pleut"—Weeping rock—"ne pleut pas, ma mère!" "It is also called the Sponge Rock," said Mrs. Molada, "for it resembles a huge sponge, and it really does drip, except in summer aridity; it is, you see, very porous."

The spot where it is situated is one of the loveliest in the whole forêt. Here an old man sold fruit and flowers, assisted

by an old woman in blue gown and sabots, and blue kerchief on head, whose face was nothing but wrinkles. Two rocks much alike in form and size are *Les Soeurs*—the sisters. Two other rocks are *Les deux Frères*—the two brothers.

"Here is the oak planted by Queen Marie Thérèse, the wife of Louis XIV."

"I must have a leaf for remembrance," laughed Harry,

springing to reach a branch.

The Robbers' Cave, once the haunt and sleeping-place of French banditti, in a dark part of the forest, is distinguished by its crest—a cup and a dagger, rudely sculptured on the front rock. But the robbers are gone; the gay royal hunt, with bay of hound, and bugle-horn, is ended. Silence, save the rustling of the foliage, gently kissed by the Zephyrs, or the wood-notes of some Jenny Lind of the forêt. Even Echo seemed asleep.

In a delicious sylvan spot, the *cocher* let down the blinkers, and hung the bag, that the horses might eat, and our friends found a cozy seat, sought out the luxuries of that cornucopia-lunch-basket, and Harry made an *assiette*—plate—of green leaves and ferns, and spread out a treat for the *cocher*, and they refreshed themselves and chatted, and Don Pedro gamboled, and so a new chapter was added to the education of my little hero.

But the sun did not stand still, and the blinkers had to go up again, and they returned through the green glades, on the white winding roads, to the station, and back with sunset to Paris. What a pity the day is ended. Well so; one can not always wander a dreaming in a wood.

## CHAPTER XXI.

VERSAILLES, SÈVRES, LE CHÂTEAU DE MEU-DON, GOBELINS TAPISSERIE, ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, MARLY, LE PALAIS-CARD-INAL, LATER PALAIS ROYAL, LE PALAIS MAZARIN.

"THERE are the ruins of St. Cloud away to the left, on that rising ground," said Mrs. Molada, as they whirled on to Versailles. "To the left, in the vale below, is the village of Sèvres, where the celebrated porcelain is made, and a little further still to the left, on a gentle hill, not visible from us, lies Meudon."

They pass, in the Grande Cour, the noble equestrian statue of Louis XIV, one of the finest in the world. Versailles was one of the great blunders of Louis XIV. It might be called the King's Folly. Perhaps it has been. Its extravagant and unrestrained splendors hastened the oncoming Reign of Terror. The King was no father of his people. His subjects starved, but he was so full of *L'Etat*, *c'est moi*, I am the State, and self assumed such huge importance, that his head was completly turned. Puffed up to bursting with the insane idea of the "divine right of kings," he forgot that his people might, possibly, have souls, and an

eternal future too. What did he care for the people of France? His intense egoism is astonishing and incredible in view of the condition of national affairs.

The Versailles of its builder, and of Louis XV and of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, has put on a very different dress. One roams through the great Salles where those splendid courts moved and glittered; but few vestiges of them remain.

The gorgeous Salle des Glaces-Hall of Mirrors-is now hung with paintings. It was so called from its seventeen great mirrors from ceiling to floor, and opposite each mirror is a window of corresponding size, through which the beauties of the fine trees and lovely lawns are added to the interior magnificence. In this gorgeous Salle they crowned the aged Kaiser Wilhelm Emperor of United Germany. The celebrated bed-chamber of le Grand Monarque remains as the King used it. The couch stands on its haut pas, enclosed by the gilt ruelle; there hangs his portrait, the Louis Quatorze clock is silent, there are costly ornaments and articles he used. The antichambre, le Salon de l'Oeil de Boeuf-the Ox-eye salon, from a window of that shape high up in the wall—leads to the bed-chamber of the Queen, afterwards that of Marie Antoinette, in which nothing remains in situ, save the great iron hook in the ceiling, that held the bed-hangings. One recalls that terrible night when the infuriated mob burst in, and thrust their spears into the couch, the Queen having escaped through the Salon de l' Oeil de Boeuf, to the King's chamber. Poor Queen! Happier would it have been for her, had she been slain then.

And one stands in that balcony and fancies that awful mob of women in the Cour de Marbre, marched all the way from Paris in that unfriendly weather, coming up that way to the entrance, demanding the Queen. Brave Queen! She puts back King and children, and poor timid Madame de France, and stands forward alone. She can die, she will die. Only King and little Dauphin shall be safe. And those Furies are moved, they cry "Vive la Reine!" but 'tis only prolonging the torture. Poor lonely Queen! helpless to quell the storm. Memories. Intangible dreams. Queens return here no more.

Now one walks through miles of tableaux—pictures, by the great artists of France. Famous, grand battle-pieces of huge dimensions, historical paintings, royal portraits of great interest, portraits of all the *Maréchaux*—marshals—of France, of all the *Conétables*—constables—of France, many of them princes, some of them princes of the blood royal, portraits of men of letters, of great poets, of great writers. And statuary of exquisite beauty, marbles of Valois and Bourbons, Napoléons, Josephine, Hortense, Eugénie, Prince Louis.

One finds at the end of a vast Salle, near the King, Charles le Victorieux, the lovely statue of Jeanne d'Arc in armor, but with uncovered head. And the varied colors of the sumptuous frescoes of the ceilings, are reflected on these objects, and on the highly polished floors. And these frescoes are an edifying study, for kings, queens, princes and princessess figure up there among the Olympian deities. What arrogant assumption! Louis Bourbon will not sit on

the throne of France only. The Bourbons enthrone themselves among the gods like the old Pagan Emperors of Rome. It pleased them, and affords us a laugh at their folly. Well, what would you have? Should not Royalty have royal faults?

One finds the beautiful chapel as of yore. Oh, the hypocrisy that has been practised at those early matins! The courtier must hear mass with the King, he must not dare smile anywhere unless the Majesté sees fit to be gay. It taught the hollow-hearted one good lesson at least. They were compelled to *act* humility, and deny self at court at any rate. In the theatre they were more natural, truer.

You need weeks to study the art of Versailles. It is not only the marvel of France, but of Europe, and it is an excellent place to discover how little one knows. The park of Versailles is of vast extent, beautiful with noble trees, delicious bosquets—thickets—and the loveliest lawns, winding walks radiating in all directions. The view of the whole from the palace, is very beautiful. The fountains are on a grand scale, and when they all play at the same time, the world has nothing to equal the wonderful scene. They are all seldom permitted to play now, the expense being too great.

Queen Marie Antoinette loved the two small palaces, le Grand Trianon and le Petit Trianon, in the park, which retain their furniture and decorations as she left them, and a fine portrait of her still hangs there. There the Queen and her favorite friend, the lovely Princesse de Lamballe, tried to escape the dreaded and hated etiquette of Versailles. There is also a pretty Laiterie de la Reine, embosomed in flowers and trees, where la Majesté attired as a bergère—shepherdess—drank milk, and played with her precious little Dauphin, that poor wee prince who said "I know a Queen who weeps every day." Beautiful Queen! Precious Dauphin, thy mother's pride and joy! Ye both deserved a happier end.

A visit to the royal manufactory of Sèvres porcelain will afford much delight. No one is admitted, either here or at the Gobelins manufactory of historical tapestry, without a special permission from the Government. It has been feared an attempt might be made to purloin the art. The treasures to be seen here at Sèvres are beyond compare with any other china made, and they are of great value, a cup and saucer being worth four or five guineas. How lovely the designs, how brilliant and pure the colors! There are wonderful vases from one foot to six feet in height.

The pictures in Sèvres are exquisite. Many of the celebrated paintings have been copied in Sèvres for the royal palaces. Napoléon III and Eugénie presented their portraits in Sèvres to our Queen and the Prince Consort, and they are magnificent productions, and of immense value. The reason of this is the difficulty of executing a large piece without a flaw, and if it crack, the work is, of course, valueless. These portraits are at Windsor Castle. It is a pleasant walk from Sèvres to le Château de Meudon, seated on a rising ground in its park. Meudon is noted for its terrace with a flight of steps at each end, and its lovely flower-garden below. Its interior is much the same as that

of the other royal palaces, but it is only of medium size. The work at the Gobelins manufactory, particulary the copies of paintings, is charming. The marvel is how fine and perfect the gradations of shading and color are, and however this effect is secured. Many great paintings have been copied in Gobelins tapisserie for Royalty. They are so finely and wondrously wrought, that it is only by a careful and close inspection, that the observer can discover that they are Gobelins. It is as wonderful as the art of Mosaic. These pictures are to be seen in all the royal palaces of which mention has been made. It is most interesting to see them at work. Two persons work at the same time, at the same piece, one on each side, but nothing of the design can be seen during the work. They seem to work in a meaningless patch anywhere; it looked mysterious enough, but the result is a marvel of combination and loveliness.

The famous Palais Royal,\* rendered so celebrated during the great Revolution, as the abode of the false and fickle Egalité, is living on its memories. Its Rez de Chaussée—ground floor—of the Cour, is devoted to jewel-shops. The peculiarity of it is, that on one side of the Cour, all the gems are genuine, on the other, they are all false! Glancing in the windows at these precious stones, they all seem the same. I am not sure that you could distinguished them. Are you a "connaisseur"? If not, do not stake your head on it. These shops are not a bad emblem of Egalité, who helped the Royal Family to their awful doom; he made sham

<sup>\*</sup>The Palais Royal was destroyed by the Communists during the Franco-German War.

seem genuine. Anything on earth to save his own precious neck, and he has gained the scorn of history.

The Palais Cardinal—Palais Royal, has an interesting history. In the old days, when the "old" Louvre stood walled, turreted, with moat, draw-bridge and sallyport, bastion and tower, before the days of quays and stone bridges over the winding Seine, there stood near it an ancient strongly fortified feudal castle in the open country outside the city walls.

In the days of the Mad King, Charles VI, 1380, husband of Isabeau de Bavière, this castle belonged to Bernard Comte d'Armagnac, Constable of France, the ally of the English against his own sovereign. In this grim castle frequently met the English and the Burgundians, to meditate some new coup de main upon Paris. As time passed it grew gray with years, and the turbulent nobles found a sure but more modest retreat under the soil. At length Cardinal Richelieu bought and destroyed this and other castles that had sprung up around it, and built the vast and sumptuous Palais Cardinal. The main buildings extended around an immense Cour or square, planted with trees and adorned with fountains and statues, where the jewel-shops are above referred to. From this vast central Cour, four other smaller ones opened out towards each point of the compass. Over the grand entrance, in the Rue Saint Honoré, one saw, carved in marble, the Richelieu arms, surmounted by a Cardinal's hat, and the name-Palais Cardinal. Vast, varied and beautiful gardens and terraces extended far at the rear. It contained a splendid chapel, and, to maintain its equilibrium, two theatres, one of which contained three thousand

people; it was painted on panels by Philippe de Champagne. There were luxurious ball-rooms, boudoirs of unheard-of-before-splendor, vast suites of chambers, marvels of taste and elegance, hung with tapestries, gold-embroidered brocades and Genoa velvets; long galleries filled with the gems of art, rare paintings, marbles, rare plate of silver and gold, costly and precious manuscripts illuminated by Monkish art and skill. In this palace the "terrible" Cardinal received Louis XIII in his last hours, and died, bequeathing his palace and its treasures to the King, and since then it has borne the name Palais Royal. The mausoleum of Richelieu is in the Sorbonne which he re-established, and where he willed to be buried.

Three successive reigns had been followed by a long Minority and a Regency; that of Henri IV, with the Regency of the Queen-Mother, Marie de Médicis, assisted by Richelieu, who became the great Minister of Louis XIII; then the Regency of Anne of Austria and her powerful Minister Mazarin, and the long Minority of Louis XV, during which Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, nephew of Louis XIV, was Regent, and held his private re-unions and petits-soupers in this Palais Royal, aided by his three daughters. Anne of Austria frequently found a residence in the palace with her beautiful boy Louis XIV, and rambled often through that fine allée of old chestnuts. No. The Palais Mazarin is now the Bibliothèque Nationale.

This vast and magnificent palace was the proof of the enormous wealth of the great Minister. He was an artistic egotist, who all his life had "fed on the choicest grapes from

his neighbor's vine, and sipped the most fragrant honey from flowers not his own." The vast number of rarest works of art collected by him, were purchased with money not his own, or were bribes. It was the finest collection in Europe. The famous Holy Family of the Louvre, a work beyond price, was in his collection. Raffaello was his "religion." In his own words—"Credo in Raffello! What anima!"

The gem of his collection, a Nativity by Raffaello, was a bribe from the King of Spain. Gazing on this lovely work, hear him exclaim—"That exquisite Virgin! and the Child nestling in her arms! I wonder who sat for that Virgin! I salute her di cuore!"—the person who sat! I suppose he meant. His galleries contained works by Titian, Paolo Veronese, Caracci, Tintoretto, in fact all the old and great masters.

Mazarin reched the Zenith of power only to die. It was a hard wrench for him to leave his pictures and marbles, for he loved his collection with all the ardor of his passionate Italian nature. He was a dissembler and a hypocrite, but a great minister. Not blood-thirsty and cruel, like Richelieu, yet equally unscrupulous full of cunning-intrigue. When the court physician, Guénaud, tells him there is no hope, he must die,—"nothing can save" him, he has himself painted red and white, dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and wheeled in his gilt sedan chair along the terraces of his beautiful gardens, in full view of the passing crowd, and causes the report to be spread that he is convalescent! And he faints in his chair, and is carried to his couch from which he never again rises. Anne of Austria with her court, visits him in his last hours.

### LE CHÂTEAU DE SAINT GERMAIN.

They were sitting on the fine terrace of the ancient palace, enjoying the distant prospect of Paris, spires, domes, towers, Seine, bridges.

"See," said Mrs. Molada, "this is what I did while you, with your guide, visited the Park of Versailles, and the two Trianon palaces, and I sat and rested in the Salle des Glaces by permission."

"Read, Carissima. I am all ears."

"I was thinking of life-changes and swiftly approaching death, and the memories of the palace, suggested the imperfect lines."

#### AUTUMN REVERIES.

Autumn leaves are falling, Beautiful through fading, Autumn winds are moaning For the year that's dying, Summer birds are soaring, With their merry singing, On swift wings untiring To the sunny Southland.

Those clouds onward gliding, In form ever changing, Now with sun-rays shining, In bright waves reflecting, Then dark as the gloaming, Like sad shadows floating, Full of mystic meaning, Seem but emblems fitting Of earth-joys departing.

And I ask with sighing, Why this sudden flitting? Is fair Beauty drooping?— Our cold world deserting?

While I roam the woodland,
Or on the sea-shore stand,
Voices whisper sadly,
Sometimes almost gaily,
Borne on zephys by me,
From the streamlets rippling,
Or the sea's deep booming,
From the summer—gladness,
From the springtime brightness,

"We are fleeing away,
We are merry and gay,
We dance in the dew-drop,
O! We laugh in the spray,
We sigh for the weary,
We seek out the lonely,
We blush in the bride's cheek,
We run with the little feet,
Sweetest fragrance we bring,
Gladden birds while they sing,
But, alas! we must say,
We shall all pass away."

The quiet, leaf-strewn lawn,
Once bright at eve and dawn,
The drooping flower-stalks,
The lonely country walks,
Purple and golden woods,
In their sad, solemn moods,
Seem ever to tell me
In thrilling melody,

"Passing away, passing away,
Is the fate of everything here,
The flower blooms but to decay,
And sinks to its cold snowy bier,
The song of the bird is soon hushed,
The music of woodland soon gone,
Oft our joys are laid low in the dust,
In all their bright glory and bloom;
The land where death cometh never,
Where brightness shall never grow dim,
Where is known no fading nor sorrow,
Is the home of bright seraphim."

'Did you think of poor broken-hearted Marie Antoinette, mater, when you wrote those thoughts? She and her little Dauphin often walked on this lovely terrace, and sat here to see the view as we are doing now."

"Yes, Harry, I was thinking of the faded leaves of earthly greatness and of human hopes. Shall we see the interrior now? And then we will return here and lunch. What a comfort our basket has been to us!"

Saint Germain-en-Laye has played a prominent part in French royal days. There were two châteaux, one built by François I, in the period of the Renaissance, another by Henri Quatre, le Grand. The château of Henri IV and the gardens are vanished, only the terraces remain. It has a royal forêt of ten thousand acres. The old palace is crystallized in memories. Its famous terrace runs above the Seine, is two miles and a half in length, constructed by Le Nôtre in 1672.

Saint Germain was the favorite residence of the kings of

France until Louis XIV built Versailles. Here were born many of the sovereigns and "children of France," Henri II, Charles IX, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Princess Madeleine of France, afterwards Queen of Scotland, whose first act on arriving in her husband's kingdom, was to kneel and kiss the soil! She only reigned a few months.

Louis XIII died here. James II, the stubborn Stuart of England, held his gloomy court here from 1689 to his death in 1701. Then it became barracks, next a military prison, until, finally, Napoléon III made it a museum for Gallo-Romano Antiquities. Peace was signed here between Charles IX and the Huguenots in 1570. The peace also between France and Brandenburg was signed here in 1676. The fact is interesting that the first railroad from Paris ran to Saint Germain in 1837.

The château is seated on the crest of a hill, backed by its glorious forest, once animated by the royal hunt, when Queen and ladies of the Court, in green or blue ornamented with gold, with hat and sweeping plumes, rode gaily to the hunt, where oft was seen the royal Stuart, Queen of Scotland, the lovely Dauphine-Reine, Mary Stuart, and her young Dauphin-Roi, François II, who died so soon. The sunshine still plays upon the great southern façade, and lights up the beautiful allées of old elms in the park. The stately terrace still borders la forêt, and extends for two miles along the edge of the heights on which the château stands, the Seine flowing far beneath. On the verge of the horizon, facing this terrace, the towers of Saint Denis rise distinctly into view, and all Paris lies at the feet of the beholder, a fascinating picture.

When Louis XIV was four years and a half old, his father died at Saint Germain, and during the King's last illness the state christening of the royal child took place here.

When asked his name, the wee laddie replied "I am Louis XIV."

"Not yet, my son, not yet," murmured the dying King, but shortly, if so it please God."

Anne of Austria, Regent during the Minority of her son, loved Saint Germain—in summer—and here, as at the Palais Royal, the Louvre or Fontainebleau, was assembled her brilliant court. Then, as now, the moon-lit-terrace and the forest-glades of this sylvan loveliness and silence, charmed the rambler.

About the Court is the young Italian, former secretary to Cardinal Richelieu, a Roman, unobtrusive but accomplished, a linguist and a *conoscente* in music, a collector already of art, Giulio Mazarin. He has resided in Spain. The Queen-Mother converses with him in her mother-tongue, he grows in the Regent's favor, and, in the end, rises to a height of grandeur and power beyond that of his former patron and master. He becomes the guardian of the royal child, and the great Minister, absolute master of France.

#### MARLY. .

From Saint Germain-en-Laye, a lane on the heights over Paris, sometimes embowered by hedges, sometimes skirted by vineyards, leads to the famous and favorite Marly some two miles distant. Le Nôtre is again the artist for Louis

XIV, le Dieudonné, God-given, and millions were squandered on Marly. Full-grown forest trees were brought from Compiègne. There were twelve clustered pavilions, linked together by arches and colonnades, vast gardens, a park, costly water-works, fountains playing into marble basins, carp-ponds and lakes. The on-sweeping Revolution left not a stone nor a flower, fountain or carp-pond. The wild-wood-bird rules now where Queen Maintenon swayed her royal sceptre, none so powerful as she, for she ruled le Grand Monarque himself. She came into power the year of the Dragonnades. Her private royal marriage has not been strictly speaking proven, though there were three reputed witnesses, the Archbishop of Paris, Harlay de Champvallon, Louvois and Montchevreuil. Saint Simon pays her a great compliment. He says: "La Scarron, devenue\* reine, eut cela de bon qu'elle aima presque tous ses vieux amis dans tous les temps de sa vie."

Louis, becoming disgusted with Saint Germain, because, it is said, he could see Saint Denis from there, dying of ennui, built Versailles, and laid out its wonderful grounds, under Le Nôtre, wasting millions, his subjects meanwhile starving. Now that folie of the world is finished, and ennui like an Olympus, crushes him down. Marly is created, and thither he rushes to escape himself, dragging the unhappy royal family, ill or well, to pay those hated visits at Marly. Poor things! How we pity them all! How sickening the picture. Had Louis but learned the lofty sentiments of his ancestor, Louis VI, le Gros, 1108, how different the history

<sup>\*</sup> Scarron, become queen, possessed that good quality that she loved almost all her old friends in all the conditions of her life.

of France! That king said to his son: "Souvenez—vous que la royauté n'est qu'ne charge publique dont vous rendrez ue n compte rigoureux après votre mort."\*

Behold the sovereign of a great people squandering millions on worse than nothing, passing his time feeding the fat carp of the Marly carp-ponds, making Maintenon shiver in chilly mornings to stand by his side, or with royal star on breast and plumed hat, receiving the homage of blue blood who alone may visit Marly. The Revolution respected neither blue blood, *fauteuil* nor *tabouret*, it swept it and them out of France.

Madame de Maintenon loved Marly. She had superintended its building, seated in her gilt sedan chair, the King, uncovered, standing at her side. Here she could have the King to herself, free from officious and meddling courtiers. And when this luxurious Louis died, and his great-grandson Louis XV, the people hissed and hooted the dead on the way to the Abbey of rest. What a price to pay for sinful pleasures! For self they won the hatred and curses of a great people!

<sup>\*</sup> Remember that royalty is only a public responsibility for which you will render a rigorous account after death.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### IN TOURAINE.

# CHOISY MADEMOISELLE, CHOISY LE ROI, LE CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS, LE CHÂTEAU DE CHAMBORD.

LE CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS.

"IF we leave Paris the Gay, my Harry, we turn our faces toward "le Jardin de France," the Garden of France, famous for its winding Loire, its fine old royal châteaux, and its delicious scenery and atmosphere. Our route lies over the old city of Orléans, with a cathedral, city of the inspired Pucelle d' Orléans, Jeanne d' Arc, of whom the Princesse Marie d' Orléans sculptured that beautiful statue that we saw in Versailles, but we pass on to Blois, and spend a day."

They pass the station for Choisy le Roi at a distance of some eight miles from Paris. Of this enchanting Château, which once looked down on velvet lawns bordering the Seine, and extensive flower-gardens, the Revolution has left nothing save a fragment of wall. Choisy Mademoiselle, afterwards named Choisy le Roi, by Louis XV was built by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "La Grande Mademoiselle," granddaughter of Henri Quatre, and daughter of Gaston, Duc d' Orléans. She was the heroine of the Fronde, and

did not hesitate to point the guns of the Bastille against her royal cousin the King; she well nigh led an army into the field of battle. Mademoiselle had *one idea* firmly seated in her brain, that the world was made expressly for her, not an uncommon fancy of the old Royalty and *haute noblesse* of France. Some of them were rudely awakened from their illusions.

Mademoiselle built Choisy to escape the gloomy splendors of the Palais Luxembourg which she had inherited. La Nôtre was her artist, who knew how to lay out grounds, and to spend money. They have three remarkable objects to visit in quaint old Blois, the Château, the rich and ancient church of Saint Nicholas, and Chambord. Besides these are the picturesque winding streets and ruelles, lanes, flights of steps leading up and down, and now and then lovely flower-gardens surprise one in the most unexpected places. Blois is perhaps the most historical of these royal palaces in Touraine; but it is, like all the rest of them, dead; dead in the sense that Royalty is dead in France, and kings and queens will dwell in them no more for all time. Blois belongs to the nation now. We shall read its history in that of France. One roams over its lawns, through its cloisters and frescoed chambers, while the ghostly processions pass by, from Louis XII, d'Orléans, down to Napoléon and Josephine, Marie Louise and the wee King of Rome, Napoléon III and the stately and beautiful Eugénie with Prince Louis, "the little Prince," for they all came here. François I, "le Magnifique," sweeps on in satin and lace with his proud guests.

Marie de Medicis, widow of Henri Quatre—IV, was imprisoned in Blois after her imprisonment in the "old" Louvre, subsequent to the assassination of her Italian Minister Concini. She died at Cologne in the Rubenshouse.

The hapless Joan of France spent much of her sad life here after her divorce from King Louis d'Orléans,—XII.

One wonders why anyone should be unhappy in such a beautiful retirement, but the human heart and soul are too great to find sweet contentment without *true love*, which is only *sure* in God. The rooms and oratory of Catharine de Medicis are horribly near those *Oubliettes*, and she died here overwhelmed with abject terror.

Les Oubliettes! The Forgottens! What a history that would be! The history of Oubliettes! Who originated the diabolical thought? I wonder if anybody knows. Construct an oubliette—a trap-door. A man or woman becomes obnoxious to the ruling power. Catch that individual, let him walk over the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, or any other place, the *oubliette* sinks, he sinks, goes through into the Adriatic Sea, or somewhere else. They keep *one in order* in the Bridge of Sighs yet, just to show one how it worked.

In those "good old days," the victim of suspicious tyranny stepped on the trap, the spring opened, the trap fell downwards! He is forgotten. No one ever knows where he went. Kings used les Oubliettes, Queens, Doges of Venice. Objects of beauty greet the eye on every side, highly polished floors, lovely and delicate tints of ceilings and walls, or the elegance of the architecture.

Stand in the red cloisters of Louis XII, Louis d'Orléans, the sole King of this house, and view that beautiful façade on the right, adorned profusely with the crowned F. and the salamander of its royal builder, and the fine open stair-casetower, standing lightly forward, the crowning loveliness of the Renaissance, perhaps unrivaled in Europe. The name of its architect is, unhappily, unknown.

The château stands high above the city, and one views the narrow streets winding, climbing, descending, and connecting flights of steps. It is one of the most fascinating of pictures, and there are many curious old houses, with those queer high roofs, and women and children are moving about in blue, busy and happy, ready to give you a révérence—courtesy—a smile and a hearty "bon jour Madame!"

### LE CHÂTEAU DE CHAMBORD.

Some three leagues from the Loire, on the banks of the Cosson, rises one of the most beautiful and picturesque castles in the world. It is an immense feudal manor, flanked by four enormous towers, each sixty feet in diameter. Its architecture is Moorish and Gothic united with most exquisite elegance.

Where is the historian, the man of culture, the artist especially, who could contemplate this gorgeous dream of the richest fancy without emotion? Chambord was originally the property of the Counts of Blois. At the end of the fourteenth century, it came into the possession of the Orléans family. A century later Louis of Orléans became King of France as Louis XII, and Chambord became the

property of the crown. Its splendor dates from François I, who might be called the father of its modern magnificence, its Renaissance.

In the time of Louis XIV, two of Molière's plays were given there for the first time, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, and Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, now world-famous, and among the choicest French classics. The delightful chapel is still called the chapel of the Queen of Poland, having been built by the old exiled King Stanislaus when a resident there.

One visits Chambord from Blois. The drive is through a bright country, dotted over with vineyards, woodlands, and white stone villages, animated everywhere with those inevitable blue figures busily at work. One enters the park, and all becomes silent as a vault. There was once a noble forêt, rich in game, but the Princesse de Wagram cut it all down half a century ago, and the woods are dumpy and dismal. The drive through this wood is without one single hint of a turn or a curve, wearisome enough. At last you emerge, and before you rises a marvel in the Renaissance, inexpressibly lonely and desolate, a huge mass of towers, turrets, pinnacles, gray roofs, high ornamented windows, astonishing chimney-pots and vanes—this mass of bewildering fancies and idealism, fretted, sculptured, the crowned F. and the Salamander showered over it as thick almost as the bees on the vast Palazzo Barberini at Rome.

La devise, device, of François I, was a Salamander with the legend—"Nutrio et exstinguo," "Nudrisco il buono e spengo il reo!"—I nourish the good and extinguish the bad. François le Magnifique made it superb with every art of

decoration, and entertained his royal guests there, among them the Emperor Charles Quint, in the sumptuous Salles, and the royal hunt made la forêt de Sologne ring, and Royalty laughed its laugh and was gay. Aye di mi! Tempora Mutantur! And François I. spent much of the last years of his life here, and Louis XIV loved this Versailles of Touraine, and frequently held court here.

The palace or château of Chambord is of gigantic dimensions. There are thirteen great staircases, and four hundred and fifty chambers. The chief is the great double-spiral staircase in the middle of the palace, ending in a lofty lantern, the most elevated point of the building. The pictures at Chambord are very interesting. There are many portraits of Bourbons, and other royal lines. There is a fine portrait by Vanloo, of Queen Marie Leczinska, daughter of poor old King Stanislaus of Poland, who once dwelt here, a smiling countenance, animated with beautiful brown eyes.

What a sarcasm of fate it seems, that the daughter of the man who put this Queen's father off his throne, and sat there in his place, should have become her belle fille, daughter-in-law, and Dauphine, Dauphiness, of France, after the death of the Infanta of Spain, her predecessor, the first wife of the Dauphin. This Polish Princess was the mother of Louis XVI. She and her husband never succeeded to the throne. They did a wiser thing—they died. A portrait of Maintenon strikes one as a face full of power. She would have taken her place among the few great Queens of the world as a ruler.

After the brilliant victory of Fontenoy in May 1745, Louis

XV, presented Chambord, for his life, to the famous, noble and brave Maréchal de Saxe, Prince Moritz or Maurice von Sachsen, son of Augustus the Strong of Saxony and King of Poland, and the beautiful Aurora von Königsmark. German by birth, he had become French in sympathy and by the law of naturalization, and was a faithful servant of Louis XV. This great victory was due to his military powers.

The desolate Chambord is a distinguished mile-stone in the long descent of royal lines, and their ofttimes tragic history. How different the lights in which men regard them now, with their lives and the hidden intricacies of their motives of action unveiled by the hand of impartial history.

"Mater! Mater! Are you up? Do you hear the morning-bells—the Ave Maria? Surely les cloches, bells, are having a fête!"

"Oui, oui, mon fils, I shall be ready in one little minute. Are you quite ready?"

"Oui, ma miette, yes my crumb, and breakfast is ready." Mrs. Molada descended and found Harry waiting in the jardin. The déjeûner-table, decked with the most exquisite flowers, was laid in a lovely arbor half smothered in honeysuckle and jasmine, and fine tempting strawberries lay half hidden in green dewy leaves.

"Good morning! carissima. How well you are looking! So rested. These drives, and this wonderful air, are working a magical effect. Dr. Kurewell was right. You feel better?"

And he produced a spray of conservatory roses, fastened

it in her gown, and led her to her seat. It was ever a study and a delight to see these two together. Harry rang the little silver bell with the air of a prince entertaining a queen.

"You are my guest this morning, carissima, and I have ordered breakfast just as I know you like it. Do listen to the cloches!"

And they breakfasted, these two, and the garçon attended them as only a French garçon can, and brought them devilled chicken, hot and hot, and they chatted, and the mother's heart was comforted in her loneliness, a loneliness none could fathom, not even her gallant laddie.

Then they went to the beautiful church of St. Nicholas, and roamed through its shadowy nave and aisles, and through the old streets, through deep shadows and golden sunlight, stumbling on the sweetest flowers in the oddest nooks, and up a staircase, or down, admiring the quaint old houses, and how pretty it was to see the children make that graceful French révérence and say "bon jour Madame! bon jour Monsieur!" sometimes offering the lovely flowers with a shy smile, and many a pat fell to Don Pedro's share.

And then it was time for their train, and they went on to *Tours la Belle*, on the Loire, spanned there by its three bridges, a wooden, a stone and an iron bridge, where they proposed making their headquarters in Touraine.

"What a beautiful city, mater!" cried Harry, as they came in full view, "lying in that deep valley, with the silver, serpentining Loire, and those enclosing vine-clad uplands."

"Yes, it is a charming place, and like a home-coming to me, for I and my dear father once spent six months here with friends in their maison de campagne, country house. And dost thou know what I have in this satchel?"

"Oh, carissima! 'Quentin Durward!' How good of you to remember it."

"We will read it a little on our drives, and consult it here and there. You know much of the locale of the tale is in Tours."

The cathedral of Tours is one of the finest and oldest in France, and forms the most prominent feature of the city, from whatever point you may look down upon it. The present cathedral, which is the successor of one much more ancient, was commenced in 1170. It is in the form of a Latin cross, with two massive towers, and is of gray stone.

The façade is richly carved in a marvelous lacework of garlands, crowns, pinnacles, foliage, flowers. It was while looking at this façade with its magnificent towers, that Henri Quatre exclaimed: "Ventre saint gris! Voilà deux bijoux! Il n'y manque plus que des étuis!"

The harmony and grandeur of the interior, the majesty of the nave and choir, the grace and lightness of the pillars and lofty arches, the numerous decorated chapels, there are fifteen, and the soft lights falling from the two immense rose windows at the extremities of the transepts, all awake a deep and solemn impression, particularly when the organharmonies ring and echo through the vast temple, and light up the soaring arches as only music can. The effect of music in one of these cathedrals is indescribable, the mystery of the tones blending with the mysticism of the Gothic architecture, as if both united to give expression to that deep yearning of the soul after the hidden infinity so deeply rooted in man's being; it always suggests to me that "great voice like the sound of many waters."

There is a white marble tombeau in the nave to the two little sons of Louis XII, the effigy of the Dauphin bearing a crown.

"Oh, mater, let us come here often!" said Harry, as they listened to the organ; "if I could speak to the organist and try the organ, do you think I might?"

"I fancy so, we will see. We are not hurried in our stay in Tours. We need only to go southward when it becomes too cold to stay here, and these drives are so restful and invigorating. There are several royal palaces to visit in Touraine, all within pleasant driving distance, so that we can visit one in a day. I will write a note and ask the organist to call."

## LE CHÂTEAU D'AMBOISE.

The château is twenty-seven kilomètres—a kilomètre is three fourths of an English mile—from Tours, the old palace of Chenonceaux is thirty-two.

One pays for a carriage and pair, with the cocher, who boards himself and his horses, but, of course, always receives a *pour boire* for himself, only four dollars for the entire day. They started for Amboise in the early morning and returned with a gorgeous sunsetting. On the outskirts of Tours they passed near the gray convent of Marmoutier, one of the

oldest and richest in France. The nuns have a lovely chapel, and a beautiful flower-garden.

"Mater, what are those doors in the gray rock-hills bordering the vale?"

"They are the entrances to the caves de vin—wine-cellars—which frequently extend far into the hill, and are ice-cold."

All through the fields men and women in blue, sometimes a red kerchief, are tending the vines, driving well-laden carts, weeding and mowing, and once a wee garçon offered Mrs. Molada a nosegay, and Harry gives him a silver piece, to his great surprise and delight. But they reach the town of Amboise at length, drive through the white, narrow streets, over the Place with trees, up a steep slope with long grass and flaming poppies, under the great grayish white walls, overgrown with green, and a profusion of wild flowers, through a tunnel-like opening in the rock, with ancient gateways, and enter the vast Cour of the château, which is seated on a royal plateau high above the town and the Loire.

The view is superb, one of the most fascinating earth has to offer, over the mighty Loire crossed by its many bridges, losing itself in the distance as it sweeps on into the Bay of Biscay, into the sunset, watering the fertile plain. Directly below the château, the Loire widens into a lake, divided by an island, and here two bridges span the stream. On one side of the Cour you have that vast structure, glittering in the sun, all that is left of the ancient fortress-palace, on the other the beautiful Chapelle de Saint Hubert, the scene of royal christenings and nuptials in by-gone days, with a high delicate spire and the most wonderful carving, a perfect gem

of architecture, one of the most exquisite chapels in Europe.

It was a *votive* chapel built by Ann of Bretagne. The vast château, long suites of chambers, are perfectly bare, absolutely not a single article to be seen. The long sculptured balconies are there still, overhanging the river, strong and massive. The associations of the Château d'Amboise are numberless. What tragedies, what comedies, what assassinations and weary incarcerations in dim dungeons, whose history haunts the spot.

The beloved King, Charles VIII was born and died here, and one still passes under the low stone doorway, where he bent his head to pass under more than four centuries ago.

For the origin of the château we go back to the times of the Romans in Gaul. Julius Caesar founded it. Here Alaric met his conqueror Clovis I. Louis le Onze—XI—, dwelt in the fortress at times, to the grief of its captives. Louis XII, le Père du Peuple, Father of the people, came here to visit the royal widow of Charles VIII, and, in fact, Amboise was a favorite with all the ancient royalty of France. François I. and his gifted mother, Madame Louise de Savoie, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Regent of France, and his brilliant sister Marguerite, "Pearl of Valois," found this a favorite home, and this trinity of love, as they called themselves, roamed in its wonderful terrace-gardens, where the "Heptameron" was first meditated.

In la Tour des Minimes is a winding carriage-drive, built by François I. for the visit of Charles Quint, through which one walks now to the top of the plateau to enter the palace, and when the Emperor Charles Quint visited François I. this tower-ascent was decorated with arras, flags, and illuminated, and as the two sovereigns were driven up together, these combustibles caught fire, to the great dismay of the Emperor and his suite, who at first suspected the King of treachery.

The celebrated Arab Chief Abd-el-Kader suffered a long captivity here, and one sees his table-tomb in a neglected corner of the plateau. This lofty platform, lifted high above the landscape, is strongly suggestive of Julius Caesar's idea of strength, and its gardens are still a marvel of beauty. Masses of roses, and many lovely flowers, greet the eye. There are broad terraces rising one above the other, to which one ascends by stone steps, each terrace bordered by lime trees whose thick foliage interlaces in arches of living green above, making the loveliest, coolest arcades. And ever from these bewitching bowers one looks away into that imposing view.

Of all the kings and queens and royal children, and haughty guests, who once rambled here, none was more truly great and royal than the "old Master" Leonardo Da Vinci, whose pensive bust adorns this sylvan Elysium. He was the guest of François I, died in the King's arms at Fontainebleau, and finds his last sleeping-place in the church of St. Florentin in the town of Amboise.

"Mütterchen mine, I never dreamed of such a wonderful spot. Up on this topmost terrace let us lunch and face the view. See this camp-stool, you wondered what I wanted to bring it for! I will open my fruit-basket, you have the cold tea, and all the other luxuries in yours; but first I must run down with a treat for cocher Gilbert, who has no doubt saucisse et fromage."

"It is more than twelve years Harry, since I was here with your grandfather, and from this very spot I sketched the scene."

"Now we have another good hour, Mütterchen, and while you rest, I will read a chapter in 'Quentin Durward.'"

#### PLESSIS-LES-TOURS.

They visited it fresh from the perusel of this celebrated romance, where Louis le Onze, the first to bear the title of très-Chrétien—most Christian King, and the first Majesté of France—was wont to roam about, his hat stuck round with those little images, and the romance has thrown a charm over the district, but they found nothing of which the poet sings:

"Full in the midst a mighty pile arose, Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose To each invading step,—and strong and steep The battled walls arose, the fosse sank deep."

Plessis-les-Tours is in ruins, and of the park with its gins and snares, not a tree stands. The donjon tower still exists, and the room in which the cruel King died. But the King, with his faults, knew the difficult art of governing men, and of subdueing haughtiness and presumption.

The "Hall of Roland," methinks, reads much more fascinating than we should have found the original, with its squeaky doors. In one part of the ruins is the celebrated Cage-de-fer—iron cage—in which the Cardinal la Balue, the inventor, was shut up by Louis XI, eleven years. Within it one can not assume any natural position; standing

is quite out of the question; to lie down, one must coil oneself like a serpent, if that is thinkable, to sit, one must stoop! The marvel is how a man could exist there eleven years.

The house of Olivier le Daim, from the stag he wore in his arms, le Diable by the people, le Mauvais, the Bad, his true name, le barbier, promoted to be Prime Minister of France, is near the ruins. The house of Tristan l'Hermite, the King's executioner, is in the city, a queer old dark-gray stone house, with a rope carved above the door and windows. Louis was wont to summon this functionary by means of a flag from the donjon tower, and Tristan knew from the color of this signal what his work would be. Red was instant death. In this gloomy fortress, filled with nameless terrors, the unfortunate Princesse Joan de France, spent much of her life before her marriage with the Prince, the King's heir, afterward Louis XII. Become King, he divorced her and married the widow of Charles VIII, Ann de Bretagne, nevertheless, it was not permitted him to found a royal line, and he died sole monarch of the Branche d' Orléans.

The famous Jeanne d'Albret, "la petite madame, le mignon des rois," child of the Queen of Navarre, was partly educated here, and hither came her talented mother, authoress of the "Heptameron."

### LE CHÂTEAU DE CHENONCEAUX.

Its exterior is enchanting and perfectly unique, white and gray, shining among the flowers, with its lovely windows,

its many turrets and chimney-pots finished with gilded vanes. You come face to face with it as a hidden palace of fairies, of witches, of enchanters. It is built in the oddest fashion, on the river Cher, it is the only bridge over the Cher, and the river flows under it, and around it, and ripples about its feet peacefully, dotted with greenest isles now and again, and majestic trees grow on the farther bank. It was once a mill, and the Norman owner of the mill built a beautiful house, and the son was a spendthrift, and so the sumptuous François I, got possession of it, and made a hunting-seat of it.

Henri II, gave it to Diane de Poitiers, la Duchesse de Valentinois, and she had wonderful taste, and built that beautiful bridge which unites the great pavillon with the other bank of the Cher. You go down that lovely allée, enter the cour d honneur, between those two guarding, mysterious sphinxes, silent as the surrounding scene, and you exclaim, as Harry did, "Verily I have seen nothing like this!" and for once you will be perfectly true!

Then Catharine de Medicis appears between those sphinxes, and covets the beautiful château, and sends Diane up higher, to Chaumont, and takes possession of her home, and astrologizes with Ruggieri, and her portrait, a false and cruel face, hangs here yet. Later, Queen Louise de Vaudemont, widow of Henri III, brother of Charles IX, it will be remembered, spent her period of mourning in this enchanted silence, for her murdered husband. He, holding the States General at Blois, with the aid of la Reine Mère, caused the assassination of the two brothers de Guise,

le Duc and le Cardinal, and in retribution Henri III, was stabbed at Saint Cloud by the Dominican Jacques Clément. And then, later, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire and that ilk were entertained here by the Dupins. Chenonceaux is now owned by a lady of wealth, Madame Pélouze, and the chambers are *magnifique* in the style of François Premier, and Louis Treize, XIII.

Mrs. Molada sent in her carte de visite, and asked permission to inspect the historical château, and this was not only courteously granted, but Madame herself, being chez elle, came and invited them to déjeûner à la fourchette—luncheon. This was gladly accepted, and resulted in a charming conversation, and an inspection of much they had otherwise not seen. How pleasant it was to stand on that beautiful terrace, looking at a spot so full of mystery, no sound but the soft rippling and gentle splash of the Cher against those great piers, nearly five hundred years old, listening to the rustling of the tall trees, and walking in that great, grand, still, old garden, filled with roses, and what roses! and countless other blooms, breathing out the most subtle and the sweetest perfumes, and listen to the amiable Châtelaine as she chatted of many things new and old.

And then she plucked with her own hands and loaded them with flowers, and then they took leave, and walked leisurely back to their carriage in the village, through the avenue and the memories of centuries. It seemed a dream of Orientalism.

May thy lovely Cher ever flow Around thy terrace and piers Chenonceaux, 'Midst thy flowers and sunlight gleam, Rippling the music of a fairy dream.

#### LE CHÂTEAU DE CHAUMONT.

Chaumont is a perfect contrast to Chenonceaux. In the latter we have the restored splendors of royal reigns, in Chaumont we have the old itself, and no make believes, and it is more than four centuries older than Chenonceaux. As a house, this is luxurious and a very charm, as a situation, Chaumont is truly imperial. It stands high above the Loire, and looks out on fifty miles of landscape varied and beautiful. The drive to it is a romance. Arrived at the long suspension bridge—de bois—wood—over the Loire, defendu à trotter stares them in the face, and the horses walk over the bridge, taking ten minutes to it, keeping time with the slowly-winding river, poplars and willows adorning the banks and the wayside.

At length the bridge is crossed, the cocher cries "hi!" the horses quicken their pace, and, to the left, at a distance, Chaumont smiles down upon them from among the trees.

Then they wind on up through the straggling village, past quaint, old houses, those busy blue figures animating every turn, then they turn into the avenue of the park, the brilliant, generous flowers flaming on all sides, and then there are the silent, round, ancient gray towers of the old palace! What a place for pure, scented air! They linger long on the beautiful terrace, so high above the Loire, with its grass slopes, and roses, and pretty overgrown lodge, before they inspect the interior. One of the round towers

was occupied by the famed astrologer Ruggieri, and the cabalistic signs of the Queen Catharine de Medicis are still to be seen almost everywhere. The floors are of glazed tiles, the chambers hung with Beauvais tapisserie, and they look ancient and rugged, rusty and faded, worn and dismal, no bright bits of color, but the majestic situation, and the broad prospect, atone for this gloominess.

Catharine's bed, the bed-hangings of stripes of olive green velvet and silk embroidered, her *prie-Dieu*, her *livre d'heures*, her candlestick—the last three sorely needed, and ineffectually used by her—and numerous other relics of her are here as she left them. Here Catharine forced Diane to dwell, while she herself descended to her Chenonceaux.

The portrait of Diane hangs in her own chamber, a beautiful and smiling face. After wandering through the ghostly rooms where the history of over eight hundred years has left her echoing footsteps, they returned to the terrace and lunched, and enjoyed the picture before and far below them.

"Well, mater," said Harry, "we have seen the five great châteaux of Touraine, and they are all, in their own way, fascinating, but I would prefer le Château d'Amboise to all the others."

"On the whole, so would I, chéri, though this situation is superb. I will take you to see three other châteaux not in Touraine, but near, which are equally interesting, and have played a prominent rôle in royal days."

"How delightful! Loches is one, I know-the others?"

"Chinon and Azay le Rideau."

Mrs. Molada had written a note to Monsieur l'Organiste

of the Cathedral of Tours, asking him to call, and saying she wished her son to play a few times before him on his great organ.

He proved an enthusiast in music, and Harry's rendering of Chopin nearly took his breath away. Running his fingers

through his long hair, he cried:

"Mais, Monsieur, vous êtes déjà Maître, vous! C'est merveilleuse. Où avez vous appris votre musique?"

"De ma mère Monsieur." The organist saluted Madame ofoundly.

"Vous chantez, sons doute, Madame?"

"Mais oui, Monsieur, un peu." And they all sang together, and were amis.

Then they went to the cathedral and Harry played, but found his legs rather short to reach the pedals, and after that, every day he hastened to the genial and firery organist, and played, and Mrs. Molada listened in the nave below, but sometimes she was over-persuaded, and mounted to the organ, and they would sing some grand old air of Mendelssohn or Pallastrina.

## LE CHÂTEAU DE LOCHES.

Loches! Many a heart has quaked at the sound of the name, for, as Sir Walter Scott says, it was a prison, or rather a fortress-palace, more dreadful even than Plessis-les-Tours. The doings behind those walls were not all put down in history in those days of absolute power. The château is built upon a steep rock on the river Indre, amid lovely landscapes, and presents an imposing view of towers and

battlements, and a magnificent terrace. It was built by Charles VII, le Victorieux, victorious through a simple shepherd-girl, who raised the famous siege of Orléans, by the English, and crowned the King at Rheims. Here one sees the tombeau of Agnès Sorel,\* whose quaint old house one sees in Blois, whose memory is still beloved by the poor; the memorial is in the chapel of the Sorel tower, which leads to the terrace of the château; it is an altar-tomb, with a recumbent effigy of Agnès, and two angels at the head, two lambs at the feet.

The Subterranean portions are vast and terrible; there were many cells where the life-giving sunlight never penetrated, where to be was equivalent to being buried alive; but one can ramble and meditate at leisure now, for the days of Feudal tyranny and oppression are ended forever, and Habeas Corpus is King now. Thank God! In this lovely and richly-endowed France, Libertas has spoken in clarion tones, and her torch burns brightly, her gifted sons and her fair dames are free.

Mrs. Molada and Harry lunched on the glorious terrace, and interesting and engrossing was their excursion into the history of France during the power of Loches, and Fancy pictured to them the roar and din of battle, and the cries of the combatants. How vain, how foolish, seemed the strife and the struggles for power, victor and vanquished alike buried in the past, and the scene of their deadly hand-to-hand combat in ruins. But, fascinating as this spot is,

<sup>\*</sup> The great German poet Schiller, makes Agnès Sorel's play an interesting rôle in his celebrated "Jungfrau von Orléans"—Maid of Orléans.

Apollo's golden chariot-wheels rolled on, and they were warned to bid adieu to the lonely fortress and its lordly seat.

### LE CHÂTEAU D'AZAY LE RIDEAU.

It lies about half-way between Tours and Chinon, so that these two palaces may be visited on the same day. What a drive that was! Beautiful Azay is built upon piles on an island in the river Indre. It was built by François I, who built so many of these delicious quiet palaces, and combines three different orders of architecture, forming one of the most interesting types of the Renaissance in France. There it stands amid lovely greens, on the gently-flowing Indre, and beautiful by many flowers, always flowers. One sees upon the pediment of the façade the royal monogram of François I. and the "good" Queen Claude. What an enviable retreat for a brilliant court! Perhaps the "good" Reine Claude, with her children, found heartsease here who knows? Poor Princess! Dead at twenty-five! And the crown and the kingdom were hers but for the Salic law. Daughter of Louis XII and Ann of Bretagne, her father, after the death of the two little princes, buried in Tours Cathedral, married her to François I, whom he named his successor. Princess Claude had been betrothed to Charles Quint his rival. One feels the heart-ache when one recalls the sad fate of this young Queen. And the Indre flows on and its ripples seem to say:

> "Men may come, and men may go, But I flow on forever."

Then in another strain, dreaming over its memories:

I sang, alas! to a youthful Queen,
But her answer was only a moan,
I sang my best through the living green,
In the gayest and merriest tone.

The crown of France shone bright on her brow,
The royal sceptre was in her hand,
"Oh, give me river, I ask thee now,
For a green restful grave on thy strand."

But thou, I said, art a sovereign Queen,
The royal throne and the crown are thine,
Be in truth, Princess, a ruling Queen,
Of thy kingly father's royal line.

Then her mournful face looked down in mine,
And she shook-her head in mild amaze,
"Oh Francis!" she said, "My heart is thine,"
And I fain would have tarried to gaze.

But oh, she fled! I saw her no more!

I had only laughed to make her glad;
I laugh no more as I did of yore—

I am dreaming aye of that face so sad.

## LE CHÂTEAU DE CHINON.

Chinon lies directly south of Tours, on the Vienne, while the renowned palaces of Touraine lie to the east of that city. It is as steep a climb to Rock Chinon as to Ehrenbreitstein am Rhein, or to the Königstein in the Saxon Switzerland. Crumbling walls, ivy-grown towers, dried up moats, open draw-bridge and portcullis greet the stranger. The moats are planted with fine trees, and the broad walks and flowers of the plateau are beautifully kept. It is a romantic and fascinating spot, and whispering voices echo down the centuries of the long ago. Fair and happy faces of queens and princesses, stately kings and brave Crusaders seem to gaze out from the ruins, and one thinks to hear the harp of the Troupadour and the voices of children. It is haunted with many a scene. Artist, antiquarian, student, you will find satisfaction here. Norman and Burgundian architecture of the eleventh century delight still. From this imperial Rock one looks out on an Eden of green meadows and streams, vineyards, poplars, acacias, vales, towns, villages, church-towers, a land of sunshine and of song.

The great poet Schiller has adorned Chinon with his brilliant imagination. He has laid several of his scenes in Die Jüngfraŭ von Orléans—The Maid of Orléans—in this ancient château, among them that scene in which Charles VII. receives Johanna, and Dunois, pretending to be the King, opens the interview with the query:

"Bist Du es, wunderbares Mädchen?"

Charles le Victorieux proved himself but a king of clay, a poor thing at best, who, after the heroic achievements of this extraordinary shepherdess, whom no one pretends to understand, made not the slightest effort to rescue Jeanne d'Arc from her cruel fate.

"I would have yielded crown and kingdom to save that dear girl!" cried Harry. "What a craven-coward-spirit he must have had."

"Yes, it was his brave generals who brought the war to

a successful end. Charles the VII, had anything but a heroic end. His son, le Dauphin, afterwards Louis le Onze, disturbed the tranquility of his reign by frequent rebellions, and Charles, persuaded that the Dauphin would poison him, starved himself to death."

In the Argenton tower is the subterranean passage which led to the house of Agnès Sorel, whom Schiller makes a noble character in the drama. The ruins present an imposing appearance. As at Amboise, there was once a Roman fortress here, and Chinon is, very likely, after Amboise, the oldest château of these valleys; but the time of its founding, or by whom, is only a matter of conjecture. Its history and associations render this Windsor of France one of the most interesting places in Europe. Saint Louis held his court here away back in the times of the Crusades, and, indeed, all the French monarchs from the reign of Philippe Auguste down to Henri Quatre, were, with the Royal Family, more or less in this ancient palace. Henry II, of England, of the Plantagenet line, son of Matilda, the daughter of the Norman Henry I., and Henry Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, died at Chinon in 1189. He had assisted Philippe Auguste to quell the rebellions of his uncles by mediation.

In the Glacière Tower was the prison of Jacques Molay, Grand Master of the Knights Templars. One almost fancies to hear the departing footsteps of those who came and went, or the ring of gay laughter, and the pattering of the little feet, that wearied themselves with play. But the play is done, the curtain has fallen, the sun has set to rise no more,

the brilliantly-lighted stage of life's tragedy here is empty of the actors, who, weary of the play, have deserted, and all we have left is what we call a noble, a royal ruin, in which it was very pleasant to ramble and sketch, and paint memory pictures.

Through these historical tours, and a suitable accompinament of reading, our friends were ever gaining a clearer insight into French history, and learning, through the history of the French nation, still better God's design, concerning the human race, in his dealings with different nations. Truth and knowledge are like an artichoke.\* One must eat each leaf by leaf. The eye could not bear all the light at once, nor the thought grasp all truth, nor attain to all knowledge with a single effort. Mind grows, power increases, step by step.

<sup>\*</sup> The French artichoke grows round, and consists of layers of thick green leaves overlapping each other. It is boiled, and the leaves are drawn out one by one, and the white portion is eaten after being dipped in white sauce.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

# SOUTHWARD.

# AÚCH IN ARCADIEN.

"Far explore the mountain hollow, High in air the clouds then follow! To each brook and vale the Muse Thousand times her call renews."

THE weeks at Tours had passed swiftly, and regretfully our friends marked the approach of colder weather. A gray day of rain aroused that slumbering cough, and they made immediate preparations for their journey southward.

The cathedral *cloches* were counting noon in sweetest chimes on their last day, when Harry came in from his practice on the cathedral organ in great glee with a handsomely bound volume of Mozart's Masses, a gift from his new friend the organist.

- "Have you forgotten, chéri? We lunch at the Vicarage to-day, and you have to dress, you must hasten; the carriage will come for us in a few moments."
  - "I will be ready in one little minute, mater."
- "I have, what I hope will be acceptable to you, my dear Mrs. Molada," said Mr. Sommerville as they sat at luncheon. "My elder, and only brother, Sir Hubert Sommerville, of

Sommerley Abby, has a villa at Cannes, and they have arrived there to winter. I wrote him of your proposal to spend the winter in some part of the Riviera, and why, and here is a letter from him and Lady Mabel, in her own right, for my belle soeur is an Earl's daughter, who 'stooped to marry a Baronet,' she laughingly says, containing an urgent and cordial invitation to you and Harry to spend a few weeks at 'Villa Raffaello,' until you visit chief points, and are in a position to choose your place of abode. Here is the letter, which I hand over to you. If you accept, I will telegraph, since you leave to-morrow. They meet you at the station you see, and Lady Mabel is a living, walking sunbeam. She will give you un piatto di buona cera—a dish of welcome—she is simpatica.''

"I can assure you of the truth of my husband's statement, and I do hope you will accept, Mrs. Molada."

"Do mater," cried Harry, forgetting all ceremony in his pleasure.

"You are all too kind and good; I shall gladly accept this charming invitation. It will be delightful to possess two such friends."

"On our drive, then, I will send my telegram, and the day you will arrive. Will you travel direct through?"

"No. I thought of stopping off at Lyons, and at Avignon, reaching Cannes on Saturday."

"Oh! Then there will be time to write also. In any event I will telegraph."

Lyons! What a city of noise and rush and bustle! They manufacture silk in quantities, but the *populaire* don't seem

to wear any. Lyons scrambling up the hill-sides that surround it, its high houses pitching their roofs steeple-high. Here the noble rivers, the Rhone and the Saone spanned by numerous bridges, celebrate their nuptials, and as one, the lordly Rhone hastens to bury his waters in the Great Sea, the Gulf of Lyons.

They visited the cathedral and inspected its curious clock, which, to be truthful, was disappointing. There are some Roman ruins, interesting for that reason, arches, pillars, columns. La Place des Terraux, on the banks of the Saone, has melancholy associations. On the scaffold there, the two conspirators, De Thou and Cinq-Mars, Monsieur le Grand after he had become the favorite of Louis XIII. perished.

This history is a melancholy proof of the revengeful spirit of Richelieu. Much of character is betrayed by the voice, and it is said that when Richelieu was aroused, his "voice sounded like the wind whistling through a cavern." Was that the hiss of hatred and revenge? These two, associated with others, had made a treaty with Spain, with the knowledge and consent of the King, and Gaston, le Duc d'Orléans, the King's brother, who both left the Marquis Cinq-Mars and his friends to perish, so soon as the Cardinal-Minister had discovered the plot, and its object, his own downfall.

Richelieu is at Valence, is dying, but he will go to Lyons, the seat of the Criminal Court, if he should die on the road. He commands a *room* to be constructed, gilt-painted, hung with crimson damask, containing a bed, a table, a chair, and

in this he is borne on the heads of twenty of his body-guard the land-journey, then by boat.

Cinq-Mars is sentenced to suffer torture "ordinary and extraordinary" before decapitation, and, deserted of all, the favorite, poor youth not yet twenty-two, wonders where all his Court-friends are! and his King, who plotted with him so affectionately, confidingly! Then Richelieu orders the feudal-castle of the family Coïffier d'Effiat, the ruins of which one sees on the hill-banks of the Loire between Tours and Saumur, and its towers, to be razed "to the height of infamy."

Saint Simon refers to Cinq-Mars the "favorite" in his celebrated Memoirs, and calls him a "coxcomb." I suppose the family were rivals of his. But it is a long history, with two sides!—which you can read and decide for yourself.

#### TO AVIGNON.

The journey lies through vineyards, not beautiful, climbing vines, but trained on short sticks, as in Champagne, past immense hills, couriers of the Alps, now in the distance, now close at hand, the slopes sometimes clothed with vineyards, figures in blue, with bits of green, or red, even white, busy among the vines, villages and towns, or lonely houses perched high upon or nestled in the shadows of huge gray or brown boulders, church-towers and spires peeping through the deep, rich green of the olive-trees, the picturesque, chalkwhite ruins of castles seated on numberless great brown rocks, looking whiter still for those rich brown tints, and the dark olive leaves with their silvery lining, the blue heavens and soft clouds hanging over the buntes Bild—

varied scene. And the mighty Rhone sweeps onward, bearing Saone and Lake Geneva waters to the sea. Countless and brilliant are the tints and the perfumes of the land of the olive, orange, oleander.

Voilà! The battlemented, pale brown walls of Avignon, whose paramount interest lies in the fact that here the Popes reigned seventy years. In the reign of Philippe le Bel, Pope Clement V. changed the Papal seat from Rome to Avignon at the threshold of the fourteenth century, and it remained the capital of the Holy See until, through the influence of that remarkable woman, Santa Caterina di Siena, a diplomat, a politician, a states-woman, the Popes returned to Rome. This extraordinary woman preached to infuriated mobs, toiled among men dying of the plague, executed diplomatic negotiations, harangued the republic of Florence, corresponded with queens, interposed between kings and Popes.

The next morning, a delicious breeze stirring the foliage, and a bright sun shining alike on people, grapes and broken ruins, through the narrow, awning-shaded streets, Mrs. Molada and Harry ascended the rock-plateau to the cathedral, bare of beauty save the bright gaiety of the early sunbeams. The frescoes are much injured by age and moisture.

There are many *ex-voto* offerings hung in the different chapels, reminding one that these are found all over the continent, and especially in France and Italy.

One familiar with Rome, will remember the chiesa\* of San

<sup>\*</sup> Church of Saint Augustine.

Agostino, where the walls of the shrine of that much-revered Madonna are completely covered with these ex-votos, and where the lamp at her right hand is never extinguished. The Madonna of San Agostino is believed to possess great miraculous healing power. The people frequenting this church are called "the Ranters of Romanism." These ex-votos consist of pictures, or models, of that part of the body, hand, foot, eye, ear, healed by appeal to the Madonna or some saint, hung, out of gratitude, and for the encouragement of others, in that particular shrine.

The great Palace of the Popes is close by in a superb and commanding position, overlooking the plain and the river. It was built, or rather begun, by Pope Clement VI. after his purchase of Avignon from the famous Jeanne, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence, she of the four husbands. Queen Jeanne was noted for her fascinating beauty, her talent and learning. She was the great-grand-daughter of King Raymond-Beranger IV. of Proyence, the pupil of Boccaccio, the friend of Petrarca, the enemy of Santa Caterina di Siena, the most dangerous and the most dazzling woman of the fourteenth century. It would be difficult to imagine two women more diametrically opposite than this Queen and Saint. Queen Jeanne preferred Ovid to the Golden Legend, and she was the contemporary of the patriot Cola Rienzi, with whose principles she could have entertained little sympathy. Interesting but unfortunate, her end was a shocking tragedy. She was born amid the strife of antagonistic principles, and she was misguided in her early training by that wretched "Catanese woman" who

"lowered her morality." It is well worth while to read her history together with that of her times.

A young and pretty girl, her feet thrust in those inevitable sabots, Hélène by name, with her bunch of keys, conducted them through the deserted and faded state-rooms, the chapel and the chambers of the Inquisition. All is still and deserted now.

Harry's curiosity had been whetted by a perusal of portions of the history of Avignon, and as it is voluminous, to that history I refer my reader. Avignon awakens touching recollections of Petrarca, Petrarch, and the Laura whom he has immortalized. Her tomb is in the old city, but her grave was desecrated, and has disappeared, one only knows where it was. But a monument has been erected to her memory.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

### NELLA RIVIERA.

"And fair Ausonia\* ravage at his will."

Our friends have at length reached the regions of the Alpes Maritimes, besung by Ariosto, the land of romance, sun, beauty, the land once ravaged by Goth and Hun, Vandal, Saracen, Moor, and plundered and oppressed by Italians themselves, the land conquered by the old Romans, whose roads still exist. But ancient Liguria dreams amid flowers, and dwells in peace now, under the sway of the sceptre of the great-souled and brave King Umberto Primo,† and the beautiful, accomplished, talented and intellectual Queen Margherita, the beloved Queen of Daisies—la Regina delle Margherite—la Perla di Savoia, the Pearl of Savoy.

The Saracen will wander here never again, nor shall the Moor destroy, but the land is taken possession of by invalids, and by gamblers, from every region of the globe. One revels in this land of the delicate lemon-tree, always in bloom and fruitage, this land of the orange and olive-tree, and the vine, of the evergreen carouba-tree, with its bean-shaped pods, the majestic Eucalyptus, the umbrella pine, the

<sup>\*</sup>Ausonia—Another and classic name for Itaiy.

<sup>†</sup> Humbert I.

mulberry-tree, the evergreen camphor-tree, the pepper-tree, with its bunches of small, blue-black berries, the pomegranate, with its brilliant and gorgeous scarlet blossom, and its cooling, refreshing fruit, the arbutus, with its lovely scarlet berries, the Spanish chestnut, the almond-tree, with its exquisite bloom, palms of a thousand years growth, figtrees of five hundred years, the medlar, the service-tree, or sorbe, with its pleasant and delicate pear-shaped, brown fruit, the stately dark green cypress, the strawberry-tree in its wonderful beauty, the sacred Ilex in its weird, fantastic forms. The Esterels are so overgrown with the cork-tree, an evergreen oak, *quercus suber*, that stripping the bark is become a branch of industry.

I may here remind my reader that, although Cannes and its mountain-group of the Esterals are not actually in the Riviera d' *Italia*, they almost adjoin, are always spoken of in connection with it, and might be called the *Riviera di Francia*,\* as we speak of the *Riviera di Napoli*.† Riviera signifies coast or shore.

And the flora? What shall one say? The goddess Flora has strewn her marvellous beauties with lavish hand. This is the home of the lovely Mediterranean purple heath, the Maiden-hair,—the Italians call it *l'erba della fontana*—the spleenworts, especially the black-maiden-hair spleenwort, the violet, myrtle, juniper, rosemary, the handsome bright green euphorbia bush, exquisite orchids, the oleander and the aloe in wonderful blooms, the sweet delicate passion-flower, the fragrant lavender, wild thyme, the rose, in its

<sup>\*</sup>Francia-France.

<sup>†</sup> Napoli--Naples.

wondrous varieties, beauty and fragrance, that marvel of loveliness, the magnolia-tree, *showered* with its pure-snowy-white flowers, or pale pink-and-white, a glorious contrast to the flaming pomegranate. But, if the trees and flowers and ferns grow unhindered, poor woman has grievous burdens to bear.

In the towns, and in the vales, one sees her carrying loads upon her head surpassing anything of the sort in France or Germany, and when a burden is too heavy for one woman, two women will carry it together on the head, and the babe is always borne on the head.

Women clean the streets, move furniture, or a piano, while a man may be seen walking beside them, directing, but never lifting. The peasant-women are always bareheaded, rarely one sees a black-lace veil among the better sort. But they never, by any chance, enter a church bareheaded. If not wearing a black-lace veil, a clean white mouchoir is thrown over the head at the church-door before entering. Commend to me this reverence for the sanctuary, and the custom of keeping the churches always open for meditation and devotion, where the busy and the weary may retire a moment, in passing, and thus have the thought drawn heavenward. I have witnessed many a beautiful and pathetic scene of this sort in the churches of Italy. And, as no region can be perfect on this round world, there are three lawless foes that are liable to swoop down on this sunny land, three winds, the Tramontana, the Mistral and the Bise. The Tramontana is the north wind, icy and penetrating, from the Alpine snows and glaciers. The Bise is a northeast wind, and the Mistral a north-west. Only a few spots are shielded from these lawless visitants.

Sir Hubert and Lady Sommerville gave our friends a genuine royal welcome to their charming home in Cannes, and, in company, they made many pleasant drives among the mountains, and in the grand pine forest to the north of the city, which is, unhappily, gradually growing less, and will soon be gone. It was near Cannes too, that the Battle of Arluc was fought A. D. 72.

The Esterels, with their forests of cork-trees, graceful summits and unceasing and wonderful changes, now in deepest shadow, again in gorgeous colors, never one instant the same, for motion is perpetual, are of surpassing loveliness. The highest peak of the range is Monte Vinaigre, a little over two thousand feet in height.

The islands of Sainte Marguerite and Saint Honorat are about a mile from the shore, beautified with myrtle groves. The Isle Marguerite is called "la rosette of the sea." The fort on Isle Sainte Marguerite was the first prison of the mysterious Man of the Iron Mask, and the illustrious Marshal Bazaine escaped from it. Olive groves abound, and the Eucalyptus, not indigenous to the Riviera, was first planted here, and has since made its triumphal way through, even to Rome, where it adorns the Abbey of *Le Tre Fontane*—the Three Fountains—in the Campagna, where Paul was beheaded, planted there by command of *la Regina* Margherita, thus to arrest the plague in that spot, which it has effectually accomplished, that tree possessing the peculiar property of absorbing noxious vapors from the soil and the

atmosphere. The good Monks of the Abbey assured me that the *third year* after the planting of these trees, they had not a single case of the plague, which was so virulent here, that a Monk seized with it, never reached Rome alive, a distance of about a mile and a half. The Monks of Tre Fontane make a liqueur from the Eucalyptus which is highly esteemed. These two islands were originally called Lero and Lerina, or the Lérins.

St. Honorat—Honoratus, a converted Roman—a good and brave man, planted the Cross and founded the Convent of the Lérins on Lerina, probably, but it is a disputed point, about A. D. 410, though some authorities have dated as early as A. D. 375. This Monastery was a school of philosophy for Europe for centuries. The two truths grasped most strongly by Honoratus were the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, truths which are now becoming of such intense interest to the church.

There is a legend that the Lerina was filled with serpents, and that Honoratus, by some means, disposed of them; also that there was not a spring of fresh water on the island, but that out of the limestone rock, at his prayer, a spring burst forth.

St. Patrick was a Monk in the Convent of the Lérins, and it is singular that the legend of St. Honorat is also told of him regarding the serpents in Ireland. The bold, simple, objective teaching of St. Patrick, may be taken as a specimen of the way in which the Monks of the Lérins proclaimed the message of their faith. In the halls of Tara one of the Princesses asked St. Patrick if he were not of the men of the hills.

"Would it not be better for you to confess to the true and living God, than to enquire concerning my race?"

Then the Princesses asked: "Who is God?"

"God inspireth all things, He sustaineth all things, He giveth light to the light of the sun, He hath made springs in a dry land, and dry islands in the sea."

The history of this Lérins Monastry is most instructive. The Convent was destroyed by the Moors in 1107, a terrible massacre of the Monks followed, five hundred were slain, some escaped to the Esterels, and afterwards returned to find two Monks on the island. Honoratus did not die in his beloved Convent. He was created Bishop of Arles, and died there. "St. Honorat's Well" still supplies the island and the new Convent. The ancient monastery is a heap of ruins.

In the beautiful Bay of Cannes the green isles still flourish, the wild sarsaparilla, the milfoil that banishes melancholy, the resinous pines, the sleep-giving henbane, and the fennel and the aloe, that strengthen the sight, still grow. "The seven chapels" are gone, but the "plant of pardon"—the Cineraria maritima still shows its spikes of yellow flowers where St. Honorat taught an ideal, the consecrated life of the Beatitudes. His sister Margaret, named for Sainte Marguerite of Antioch, who vanquished the fiery dragon, dwelt on Lero, now bearing her name. Honoratus visited her there "when the cherry-trees were in blossom," for no woman might land on Lerina, much less visit the Convent of the Lérins.

It is to such great souls as that of Honoratus, that the

world owes the preservation of precious manuscripts and of learning in those dark and lawless ages, when all would have perished but for their loving care. That abuses crept in later, does not lessen our debt of gratitude to these noble men.

Lady Mabel arranged a carriage-trip by the *Corniche*, or Cornice Road from Nizza—Nice—to San Remo. Leaving Nice, they enter the famous Cornice by a rather steep ascent around Monte Grosso. This bold ridge commands a vast and marvellous view, including the old château and the gardens of the city, the classic heights of Cimiès, the monastery in ruins, the mystic turnings of the valley of Paillon, which remain in view until lost among the Alps white with ages of snow. Ascending now the shoulder of the Aggel, the scene changes to wilder moods of bold bluffs, bare rocks beset the way, far below stretch the tideless sea and the rugged shore.

Reaching the plateau of Eza, a new set of pictures unfolds. Eza is the most picturesque thing, the most fascinating spot on this coast, and it has glorious carouba-trees. At the foot of Monte Soleia lies Portus Oliviæ, the Villafranca of to-day, Eza with the ruins of a *castello* built by the Saracens. Then comes Turbia with the massive fragment of the Augustan monument, telling of the Roman conquest of Liguria.

At Turbia the Cornice begins to descend, sharp turns, gorges, overhanging cliffs. Now comes Roccabruna clinging to its landslip, with its promontory, and, eccolo! Mentone! Mountains above and behind mountains, miles of serpentining

coast-line, the sea—Shelley's "deep untrampled floor"—of purple-blue, the slopes terraced and clad with vines, olives, lemon and orange-trees, villages, hamlets, ruins, chapels, churches, convents, perched high on cliff or precipice, above, wild and bare Alpine summits, a blue cloudless sky, and wild and romantic valleys opening to the sea adown which rush the Alpine "torrents" to the great waters.

The most beautiful part of the Cornice Road lies between Nice and Mentone, a distance of nineteen miles. At Turbia the scene is superb. Looking backward the entire coast to Cannes and the Esterels; forward it is surpassingly lovely; on the right Monaco, Monte Carlo, the Mediterranean, left the steep Monte Aggel, and descending, Roccabruna bursts into view, and turning a curve, Mentone and its encircling amphitheatre of mountains. The route by train is also very interesting and beautiful, the highest peaks visible being Monte Sant' Agnese, the Roc d'Ormea, and the Berceau, nearly four thousand feet in height. Behind rise the snow-clad summits of the Alpes Maritimes, rising from five to nine thousand feet, unseen from the lower route.

The Riviera di Ponente—western—extends from Nice to Genoa, the Riviera di Levante—eastern—from Genoa to Lucca, Leghorn. The Cornice was widened by the first Napoléon, and follows the windings of the coast-line, strictly taken from Nice to Spezzia. From Hyères to Genoa it is 263 miles; from Genoa to Leghorn 112.

Of all the fascinating valleys of the Riviera, the loveliest are the Oniglia, the largest, and the Nervia. But there are many bewitching vales. From Bordighera radiate lovely valleys, mostly with carriage drives. In the Nervia valley, first one passes Campo Rosso, then the "torrent"—they call the mountain streams torrents here—Dolce Acqua, with the lovely ruins of the Castello of the Dorias. A lovely Idyl is this Dolce Acqua. On the summit of the hill, on the slopes of which Old Mentone is built, high above the sea, and directly above the town, and where formerly stood the feudal stronghold of the Grimaldis, is the Campo Santo—Holy Field—beautiful with marble monuments, and a wealth of roses and other blooms.

It may be interesting to recall how this name came to be first applied to cemeteries in Italy. When the Pisans laid out their cemetery, in some regards one of the most beautiful and remarkable in the world, the earth was brought from the Holy Land to cover the soil to a considerable depth. Hence they applied the very appropriate name of Campo Santo. Volumes have been written on this remarkable cemetery. What a view from this elevated Holy Field at Mentone!

East, Ventimiglia, the most ancient fortress in the Riviera, and the coast-line to Bordighera, west the *Tête de Chien*—Dog's Head—at Monaco, and the coast to the Esterels, north the sublime mountains around Mentone.

Monaco, on its elevated promontory jutting out into the sea, is only ten miles from Nice, and five from Mentone, and there one hears the constant rattle of wheels announcing the hurried approach of the gamblers from Mentone. Oh, the beauty of this spot, second only to Eza.

That magnificent balustraded terrazzo, those gardens,

those flowers, those roses, the oleanders and the palms, the aloes and cacti, the bamboo and the banana, the fragrant air, the sapphire sea and the transparent deep blue of the heavens. The grandeur and the oriental beauty of it all are almost unsurpassed in Italy.

One says in Naples: "Vedi Napoli e poi mori." See Naples and die. They say too: "The Bay of Naples is a piece of heaven fallen down upon the earth."

Yes, Naples and her Rieviera, east and west, are lovely, but Monaco is her peer. Oh, it is a bleeding pity that a spot of such beauty should be so distinctly and emphatically disreputable, so handed over, body and soul, to the Demon Gambling!

If the Princes of Monaco were tyrants they did not stand alone in that, and they had courage in them. Prince Honorè I. fought at Lepanto, and brought home a trophy which is displayed yet. San Remo—formerly San Romolo—named from its first Bishop, interests one greatly by virtue of its quaint, narrow streets, frequently so steep as to require low steps to mount them, the high old houses being supported now and then by arches built across the streets from one house over to the opposite one, which looks odd and not ugly, rather picturesque. Our friends enjoyed the view both from Capo Verde and Capo Nero, superb from both points.

From Capo Nero, eight hundred feet high, the snow-crowned mountains of Corsica, eighty miles distant, are clearly defined against that glorious sky, especially at sunrise and sunset. Capo Verde is crowned with the chapel of

the Madonna della Guardia, surrounded by cypress trees. From this point one has a view of several of the spires of Monte Bignone. How sublime those silent spires of God's temple!

If you, Cara Mia, have seen this land of beauty, you have joined me in this sketch of a very happy journey, and your fancy has recalled its wondrous scenes.

# CHAPTER XXV.

## ENNABELLA, CASA DAGMARA.

"This way and that soft veils of air, And colors never twice the same, Woven of wind, and dew, and flame."

"A land of sea and sun, of flowers and perfumes."

L ADY MABEL had a lady friend in England who possessed a villa in the Riviera. This friend was wintering in Greece, and her house was inhabited by the housekeeper, Mellingby, and a couple of other house servants, and the gardener Antonio. They all drove one morning to inspect the place.

The townlet of Ennabella is seated among and on hills, near violet covered valleys, through which echo the wild fantasies of mountain torrents, leaping from rock and precipice adown the gorges, where picturesque red roses look through scarlet salvia, purple veronica, jasmine, heliotrope, the white clematis montana, the great white iris—fiordilisa—the purple trailing kennedias, splendid judas trees, and millions of violets and lordly caroubas.

Indeed, how true, Bella Italia is the Alma Mater, not only of Art but of Nature.

Casa Dagmara stands on a lovely hill of half-a-dozen summits it would seem, for its top is varied with numerous

terraces, and the hill is overgrown with no end of trees and flowers, so that the house is in the midst of large, well-kept gardens, and a noble terrazzo with handsome balustrade, stretches along the brow of the hill in front of it, and a pergola\* completely covered with a luxuriance of sweetest scented roses, stands on one end of this terrazzo. There are groups of olive trees, lemon trees in bloom, and fruit on the same tree; lovely pomegranates also in bloom and in fruitage, in fact, this pomegranate is the most remarkable and the most brilliant thing of the Riviera with its flaming, gorgeous flower and its rich fruit.

Then there are orange-trees laden with their golden glory, vines, purple with grapes, a fontana bordered with maidenhair, and one terrazzo has a bewitching allée of ilexes,† with seats here and there. Near the fontana a group of solemn dignified cypresses throws deep shadows on a marble seat beneath them, and in the glittering crystal deeps of those liquid pearl—diamonds of the leaping water.

"Un Paradiso, mater!" cried Harry. "What would one have?" he added. "This is just exactly what we want Lady Mabel."

There is a large, bright, sunny drawing-room, containing a piano, a library adjoining with an organ, both rooms opening upon the gardens and the broad terrazzo. Then Harry makes the pleasant discovery that there is a pretty

<sup>\*</sup> Pergola-arbor.

<sup>†</sup> Ilex—an evergreen oak—The Germans call it *Die Stein-Eiche*, Stone oak, since it frequently grows out of the rocks. Seen in the moonlight, its weird fantastic forms resemble the imagined contortions of spirits in pain, reminding one strongly of those forms seen at Pompeii.

English pony-carriage, and a pony, sleek and sweet-tempered—Giotto by name—who is so obliging as to accept lumps of sugar, and wlll scent the apples in a pocket and hunt them out with the skill of one of "Fagen's" trained pick-pockets.

This is the climax. And there is a saddle too! And the view! Below, not far distant, glitters the sunlit sea, coast-lines stretch, stretch around curves, and hide behind great rocks, distant ruins or chapels are perched on seemingly inaccessible heights, and the Alpine peaks of never-melting snows rise in sublime majesty. No Tramontana, no Bise, no Mistral will penetrate here. The rental until June for this Elysium is ridiculously low.

"Here we abide, my dear Lady Mabel. It is simply perfect."

Then Mrs. Molada added in a lower tone, "what a ravishing nook to die in. The sweet name of the villa is suggestive Dawn-Dagmara. It whispers to me of the dawn of the Sun-land, where the light is everlasting."

"Allez," said Lady Mabel. "You are sad because weary. It is the dawn of new health amica mia,—of new hopes, new life. You have not spoken of such a thing to your Harry?"

"No, no, not yet. But he must know soon. I shall never be well, never return to Canada. I am deeply convinced of that. I hear a voice calling me away."

"Oh, but you are sad, homesick."

"No, I am perfectly happy. All is just as it should be. I do not choose. I am all in the Father's hand. What He does is well done. I am content, perfectly."

"You have a wonderful faith amica mia."

Lady Mabel gazed in the great clear eyes and was deeply moved. She too was learning a new lesson. Just then Sir Hubert and Harry with Don Pedro, approached, and the conversation ended, but Lady Mabel remembered it with trembling forebodings.

Mellingby would undertake care and attendance assisted by Pisa the housemaid, and Elmo the footman. Antonio had charge of the stable. It was arranged that Mellingby should expect them on the Wednesday of the following week, and they would arrive for six o'clock *pranzo*—dinner—and Sir Hubert and Lady Mabel were to spend a few days with them to make it seem like a home-coming.

During this interval, they visited many interesting points, and among them the Red Rocks at Mentone—Les Roches Rouges—a retreat of the aborigines of Liguria. There are five of these grottoes, in which the remains of pre-historic days of the Stone Age, as flints and polished stones, in spears, hooks, javelin points, knives, have been found.

In 1872, a wonderfully-preserved Troglodyte was discovered in them. The botanist, the geologist, the archaeologist, the palaeontologist, the ethnologist, finds himself in a mine of wealth here, and throughout the Riviera.

"These caves remind one," said Sir Hubert, "of the curious Troglodytic city on the southern coast of Sicily, near Modica, in the deep rocky vale of Ispica. Here are cliffs hewn out into numerous habitations, consisting, in several instances, of two or three stories, with doors and windows. This singular city bears no historical name, and

there is no trace of its aboriginal dwellers, nothing to intimate who they were, or what became of them."

"That is an interesting fact of which I was not aware," said Mrs. Molada. "How true it is one must be an omniverous reader, a student all one's life to keep one's self au courant with the age."

Then came that visit to *Genova la Superba*—for Harry's especial delectation—a review to the experienced travelers, and a half-day at the celebrated Villa Palavicini, some seven miles west of Genoa, an Idyl of the Orient, decked with noble trees of all lands, flowers; what scarlet pomegranate-blooms, and exquisite passion-flowers, temples, lakes and grottoes, with a boat, hills clad in woods.

If any criticism were possible, it would be that there might be too much art, too little nature. It was a *riant*—smiling—picture through which the *Strada Ferrata* whirled our party, the sun-lit sea, curving coast-lines, hills, mountains, ruins, distant views.

"Eccola!" cried Harry. "Proud Geneva!"

First they drove to the highest *chiesa*—church—on a hill quite above the city, commanding a marvellous view of the city and the gulf, the *Chiesa Santa Maria di Carignano*, and the drive up to it is most charming. Then they took a boat and were rowed out four or five miles on that far-famed gulf, to view the other half of the picture from the *chiesa*.

How superb lay the crescent-shaped city, amid its encircling hills of living green. At each horn of the crescent is a Molo-pier, a light-house terminating each. That of the Molo Vecchio, solid rock, nearly four hundred feet in height,

is a rich ruby light which glimmers like a star at night. What a panorama! Forts and ramparts stand on the lower eminences, splendid houses of glittering whiteness rise tier above tier, the white marble palaces, the Palazzo Doria prominent among them, the orange and citron groves, the blue waters covered with shipping from every clime. Their hôtel is a marble palace—Fiesco's—marble stairways, marble pillars, frescoes still unfaded.

They drive through the magnificent Strada Nuova—a marble street of marble palaces, which have such beautiful façades, marble pillars, sculptured ornaments,—a massive splendor distinguishes them,—these imposing piles of marble. There are so many of these palaces, such numbers of picture-galleries, that Harry may just have a glimpse of one or two. It would demand a volume to describe them, and weeks to study them. Silent and forsaken they stand, relics of a past glory for Genoa.

The Palazzo Brignole is peculiar in this that its outer walls are of a bright crimson, whilst the ornaments are of white marble. The effect in the brilliant sun is gorgeous. It has a noble picture-gallery. The Palazzo Serra is overflowing with precious things. The Doria is resplendent in snowy whiteness, and delicious gardens, plashing fountains, and marble terraces charm with gorgeous tints and orient fragrance. These palaces have marble halls, marble staircases, marble statuary—marble is a mere bagatelle in this luxuriant city of marble pavements and trottoirs—foot-ways.

The chiesa of L' Annunziata is of extraordinary magnificense. It is one mass of gold, blue, marble of every color, bright pictures set in golden panels, lapis-lazuli, statues, crimson silk hangings, all illuminated with the golden beams of the setting sun. This church contains the celebrated Cena—Last Supper—by Procaccino. As the truth in toto is to be told in this true story, I must frankly confess that our friends were sadly disappointed in this picture. But it is hung in an unfavorable light.

Mellingby received her new mistress and Harry, and their guests with tante gentilezze, strengthened by her fellow-servants drawn up in the hall. The beautiful rooms below and above, and the dining-room, were decked with mimosa, ferns, and fragrant with a wealth of blooms, and a pranzo was served fit for a royal repast, and a dessert of luscious green figs, grapes, oranges, peaches, pomegranates and other fruits nestling in green leaves and scarlet arbutus berries.

"This frittura of cervelli, reminds me," said Mrs. Molada, "of the first time I partook of this dish. It was when we visited the great Maestro Liszt at the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. We dined on that renowned terrazzo. It was the 22nd of October, yet we sat in the open air two hours at table, lost in a rare conversation, and such a view as one does not often dine with. The Campagna, Rome, San Pietro lay at our feet. We were in the heart of the Sabine Hills, and to the north, behind Rome, the proud, lonely Soracte stood in stately majesty, whilst his lordly train, the "olive-sandalled" Apennines, maintained a respectful distance. The cervelli\* were like air-puffs, light and delicate, just like these."

<sup>\*</sup> The dish referred to—Cervelli—consists of sheep-brains, made round and the size of a plum, and fried in olive oil. It is an Italian dish par excellence.

And the chat was of many lands, for all were widely traveled except Harry, and merry laughter rang out, and Lady Mabel proved good her title to a "living sunbeam." And then they went out on the great terrazzo, where they found Harry's "amber-coated" Don Pedro, and sauntered up and down viewing purple sea and winding coast-lines, and beheld the sun set in saffron and gold behind the snow-crowned Alps. And music and singing filled the evening. Then the attendants were summoned to the library, and Harry placed a Bible before Sir Hubert, and they sang a hymn to the organ, and committed themselves to the All-Father for the night.

Our hero rose the following morning with dawn, plunged into his cold bath, and hastened out to reconnoitre their new domains. He found Antonio busy among his flowers.

- "Buon Giorno, Antonio!"
- "Buon Giorno, Signorino!"
- "Your flowers are well tended, Antonio. You seem to love them."
- "Si, Signorino, the flowers are my friends, they talk to me, and I to them."
  - "How is it with the moral flowers, Antonio?"
- "Ah, Signorino mio, the moral flowers are difficile. The weeds grow so fast, and they spring up just where one never expected to see them, and they choke and degrade the flowers."
- "Yes, they are difficile. One must just pull them up, roots and all. Pull up the weeds I mean, pull them up, pull them up."

"Si, Si, Signorino! 'Pull them up, roots and all, pull them up!' Easier said than done," said Antonio, shaking his head.

Leaving the gardener to this early moral problem, Harry gazed at the sunrising, took a run to the cypresses, the fontana and the ilex avenue, and then started down the steep via into a lower one, to look around the townlet. He soon reached a lower street, and found a fanciulla standing sobbing bitterly over a basket of fruit she had let fall in the gutter.

"Che roba è questa?" he enquired. "What is the matter."

"Ahimè! Va piano!" cried the little damsel, unconsciously quoting Dante. "Oh, be careful. Do not step on the fruit. I must pick it up. It is for Lisetta, who is ill, and la madre has no more money," and she began again to weep bitterly.

"Poverella mia! Cosa fa?—my poor little thing! what matter? We will go to the mercato and buy another basket. This is spoiled, quite. Come."

"Santa Maria! Ma, thou art good! Grazie! grazie!— thank you."

"Come then! Avanti! Don Pedro. Where is the mercato little one?"

"Far down, at the end of that long via, round the corner, in the piazzetta."

Harry bought a beautiful basket of grapes, green figs, oranges and pomegranates.

"What is your name little one?"

- "Rosetta."
- "Where do you live, Rosetta?"
- "Down there in the Via San Martino."
- "I will go with you and see where it is. May I bring mia madre to see you and Lisetta?"
- "Si, si, siccuro," and Rosetta patted Don Pedro's head timidly.

"He will not hurt you. Don Pedro is kind."

They soon reached the *casetta*,—little house—when they said *addio*, and the happy child disappeared with a smile on her red lips. Harry looked at his little watch, which Lady Mabel had given him in Genoa, and started on the run for home. He found breakfast ready, and the friends assembled on the terrazzo, wondering what had become of him. He was not long in telling the story of his encounter with Rosetta, and it was decided they would all go and see the sick girl after breakfast. Accordingly, soon after breakfast they descended the hill, and soon reached the *casetta* in the *Via San Martino*, Mrs. Molada taking a jar of jelly for Lisetta, and Harry a nosegay of all the choicest blooms he could gather at Dagmara.

La madre—Signora Savello, was working at her lace-cushion, and the pins flew in and out in a bewildering fashion to Harry. Lisetta was seated in a sunny window eating grapes, and Rosetta was cutting a luscious pomegranate for her. A cough interrupted frequently the enjoyment of the fruit. Rosetta rose and came timidly forward, patting Don Pedro.

"Mia madre, this is the Signorino\* who bought the fruit for me this morning."

The *madre* rose and curtesied respectfully. Mrs. Molada introduced her friends, and they moved to the window where the sick girl sat. The girls were twins, and both had raven black hair, great black eyes, and a queenly form so often found among this royal Italian race. They still show their descent from the stately Romans. One often sees the air and manners of an Emperor in the peasant class.

"See, Lisetta mia, here is the Signorino who sent you this fruit, and look at the beautiful flowers he brings you."

The thin, pale face and the beautiful eyes became radiant.

"Grazie, grazie, Signorino! How good of you to bring me the flowers. I love them so."

Then they all shook hands with her, and Rosetta said, "See Lisetta, the beautiful dog. Thou mayest caress him, he will not hurt thee. The Signorino says 'he is kind.'"

Lisetta coughed then patted Don Pedro. "But he is beautiful!" she said with a smile.

No, Lisetta did not walk now any more. She was grown too weak for that. Sir Hubert fancied she might drive out. Yes, la madre thought so too. They all thought so, and Harry began to make plans in his busy brain in which the pony-carriage and Giotto figured prominently. Did Lisetta drink goat's milk? Not much. La madre had no goat. Now and then a neighbor sent a cup of milk, but that was not enough. No. It became clear that Lisetta must have

<sup>\*</sup> Signorino is a diminutive of Signore,—Mr. and gentlemen, and signifies little gentleman.

a goat. And they would come after lunch and take her out for a drive a "little minute," just when it was brightest and sunniest.

"Now, Lady Mabel, we must buy a goat; presto!" cried Harry, so soon as they were out of hearing.

"Suppose," said Sir Hubert, "we just cross the via to that grocer shop, and make enquiries as to where a goat might be found."

The man knew a neighbor higher up among the hills, who had a number of goats, and he was at once commissioned to secure and send one to the Contadina Savello.

"And subito-presto," cried Harry. "It is for the sick Lisetta."

"Si, si, the goat shall arrive before noon."

"That being settled," said Lady Mabel, "I want to drive you to make a couple of calls before we return to Cannes, which must be on Saturday evening. Since new arrivals must call first on the Continent, I will introduce you in person. Lord and Lady Southglen occupy Villa Bellatesta on the hill adjoining yours. You will be charmed with Lady Alice. She is widely traveled, highly cultivated, kind and amiable—what the Italians call *simpatica*. They only arrived last week, and are wintering in Ennabella. Then we call at the Vicarage on Dr. and Mrs. Muchlove—and never was a name so appropriate. Dr. Muchlove—and never was a name so appropriate. Dr. Muchlove's church is in Pietra Santa, but they reside here for quiet, health and economy. There is no church of English-speaking in Ennabella, and these are the only English families here."

Sir Hubert ordered the carriage at the albergo, and then they walked back to Villa Dagmara and spent the rest of the morning inspecting its many charms. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and Harry felt the blessedness of the giving, as he handed Lisetta the spray of roses he had brought, and saw her eyes brighten, and as he saw her delight on the drive, Rosetta at her side, he on the seat opposite, for the rest of the party were to be picked up after the carriage returned. When they brought Lisetta home, la madre met them with a radiant face.

"A goat has been sent, and I have milked her,—here little one, drink this cup of warm milk here in the sun, before they bring you in."

Rosetta clapped her hands. "Who sent the goat mia madre?"

- "I do not know little one."
- "No? But I know. It's been the Signorino."
- "No, it was Sir Hubert," cried Harry.
- "You had it done, I know."
- "Yes, he did, Rosetta. Thou art right," said Sir Hubert.
  - "I knew it, I knew it."

The visits were made, all parties were delighted, and as both Lord and Lady Southglen and Dr. and Mrs. Muchlove were old friends of Lady Mabel's, Mrs. Molada invited them to pranzo the following evening, and a most enjoyable little dinner-party it was. The conversation turned on art in general, and finally on sculpture.

The Southglens had seen all the finest art of Europe, and

were a decided authority on statuary. They were describing a view they had once had of the statuary of the Vatican by torch-light—the peculiar beauty which torch-light gives to statuary. When the flambeaux were so held as to cast the light behind the marble, the effect became very striking, and the repose, or action of the statue stood out with a remarkable degree of force.

"Imagine," said Lady Alice, "the statues of the Cortile Belvedere seen in this way; I assure you the effect is very remarkable. They almost seem to start into life. The Antinous, that statue of perfect repose and beauty, the Apollo, the representation of the pure spiritual, and the unfathomable agony of the Laocoon."

"I have a peculiar thought regarding the pain described in the Laocoon," remarked Lord Southglen. "I have frequently questioned if the sculptor had not a conception of the eternity of pain, and to portray the idea in this marvel of art. Had he a conception of the eternal duration of mental pain? This thought could only be expressed through the representation of physical pain, as in the Bible. Why did he use the serpents as instruments? Might it be that the relentless unyielding coils of those awful serpents, and the anguish of the three men, for they are all men, but the father is a giant, are all types, emblems of the eternal sufferings for sin?"

"That is a most striking thought, it is quite new to me," said Sir Hubert. "If we were certain that the artist knew anything of the Christian religion, I should be certain that your suggestions were true. And he may have seen some

Jews on his travels, as Plato and Longinus did. That is how they acquired any light they had of Divine Revelation."

"The Perseus by Canova must have produced a fine effect," said Mrs. Molada, "thus seen."

"Marvellously lovely, yes," replied Lady Alice, "and that exquisite work of antiquity, the Meleager."

"Many critics," Mrs. Molada added, "object to the two Boxers being with the Perseus; but to me, the contrast of the animal in these, brings out in double force the intense beauty and nobility of the Perseus."

"That is just my thought," remarked Sir Hubert.

"Do you know," said Lady Mabel, "the Genius of the Vatican, is one of the loveliest things in Rome; in fact of Europe. I think it should be in the Cortile Belvedere."

"And the Minerva Medica," said Mrs. Molada. "How I love it! Nothing but Sight can picture that queenly statue to the mind."

"I quite agree," said Lord Southglen, "and you remember those two wonderfully realistic portrait-busts of the two young Cæsars. They were superb by torchlight as well as those two statues last mentioned. The thought comes to me always when looking at these master-pieces of Art in any field, how wonderful this high power in man is, from God given, to express a great conception, thus perpetuating the thought down the ages. We might multiply examples. The Moses or the David of the mighty Angelo, or his Pietà in San Pietro, or Bernini's yet more impressive Pietà in the Lateran. The suffering, the death of the Christ of God, the agonizing sorrow of the Mother. Take then the

thought that Raffaello has so exquisitely painted in his Transfiguration on the Mount. There is inexpressible sorrow, trouble on earth, but help is close at hand, one has but to reach out and touch and take by means of Faith. What a sermon that picture is preaching to the world!"

"I am reminded," said Mrs. Molada, "of our view of the eighty-three busts of the old Roman Emperors, Empresses, and their near relations, by torch-light, in the Hall of the Emperors at the Capitol. This is possibly the most interesting portrait gallery and character-study in the world. In the centre of the hall, you will remember, is the seated, superb statue of Agrippina the elder, the grand-daughter of Nothing could give one an idea of the grace Augustus. and loveliness of this statue, seated in the old Roman Sedia, as seen under torch-light. I regretted much that the statue of Agrippina the younger, quite as beautiful, was not also there, near her imperial mother; they ought to be together, but it is in the Museum at Naples. Then we went into the Hall of the Dying Gladiator, besung so pathetically by Byron, and saw the three gems of the Capitol in the torchlight, the Gladiator, the Antinous of the Capitol and the Faun of Praxiteles, besides, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno, and that lovely symbol of the Soul, with its choice of Good or Evil at hand, a little maiden clasping a dove, but assaulted by a snake. How they all seemed to start forth in life!"

During this fascinating conversation, my hero sat, eating nothing, eyes flashing fire, as he turned to look at each speaker in turn. How varied is the mystic web of which mind is formed, or, possibly more correctly expressed, grows, expands.

"I am deeply grateful for this brilliant resumé of art," said Dr. Muchlove, "it has been a mental picture-gallery to me, and I am sure to my wife."

"It has indeed," said Mrs. Muchlove, "almost equal to seeing one's favorites again."

"Your modesty is very edifying," remarked Lady Mabel, laughing, "but I suspect you could teach us all if you chose."

"My dear Lady Mabel," said Lord Southglen, "permit me to whisper a secret in your ear. Are you aware who is the author of that elaborate work—Art—Its Mission? It will soon be a public secret."

"Ah! Is that true? Then I congratulate myself on just having read the book, and of discovering the author."

"I was just wondering," said Sir Hubert, "to give a violent turn to our subject, how you are all proposing to reach Pietra\* Santa for Divine service on Sundays."

"If I may be permitted," said Lord Southglen, "I would propose that we all drive in our carriage. It is sufficiently large, since we are only two. If Mrs. Molada will allow us, we will call for her and Harry on our way to pick up Dr. and Mrs. Muchlove. We shall make a nice family party. We are the only English here, and we must be very clannish."

"That is most thoughtful and kind, and we gladly accept. I see we shall not be permitted to feel like strangers."

<sup>\*</sup> Pietra—Pronounce Peaytra,

Mrs. Molada rose from table, Harry glided across and took her arm, and they all went out on the terrazzo to view the lovely scene. In silence they watched the golden sunset. For a brief moment dark rich purple deepened in the sky, and a million rose hues fell on the sea, and mingled with the blue, then shade and gray deepened, quickly followed by the great silver moon, and the stars, and night and silence fell on mountain and sea.

# CHAPTER XXVI.

#### DISCOVERIES.

### POST TENEBRAS LUX.

## ACQUA DOLCE.

Acqua Dolce! Sweet! I greet thee, Echoes flinging through the mountains, Thousand fancies bringing to me In thy leaping, limpid fountains.

Silence but for thy wild chanting!
Silent is thy fallen fortress,
Silent now the foe on-marching,
Helpless now the Doria's prowess.

Where are now thy merriest throngs?
Romance and lute of Troubadour?
Dost thou not hear the festive songs?
Silent these hall forevermore.

The hopeless captive now is free!

The play is done, the farce is o'er;

Thy solitude is sweet to me.

I dream of what can be no more.

"A T last! Carissima, we are at home settled, and ready to begin our music and reading in earnest. But let us unpack the cabinet, and place it under that lovely Carlo

Dolce Madonna. How suitable and fortunate that just that Madonna is in the drawing-room."

Elmo was summoned, and the cabinet soon stood in the desired place. Then Mrs. Molada and her precious boy went out among the beauties of Casa Dagmara. The golden light of the early sun, tinted with rose, kissed the radiant morning. The silent mountains rose into the blue, and the sea, like a costly sapphire, threw back its intense blue light into the fire of the sun, its reposeful surface giving no hint of its possible treachery when driven by the tempting winds. A sail or two glided over the waters. They mounted to the highest of the hill-top terraces, the better to see the freshness and beauty of the morning, and the distant views, the matchless panorama of the mountains and the sea.

All was a delicious silence, broken into sweet sounds only by the plashing of the cypress-shadowed fontana, and the improvisations of the wild-wood-birds. The olive-trees were laden with olives, and threw soft shadows on lawns and flowers, the golden splendors of citron and orange enriched the deep greens among which they hung, and the blossoms of the lemon-trees and pomegranates offered their incense orisons.

"Do you know Harry, every Christian should always be like the citron or lemon-tree, and the pomegranate, because they are always both in bloom and fruitage. They have the beauty of the flower, and the usefulness of the fruit. So a soul should have the sweet bloom and beauty of Love, and the fruit of works as a sanction, a proof to an incredulous world."

"That is a beautiful thought sweet mater, I shall always think of it when I see these trees I love so much."

They walked up and down the ilex allée, passed out under a group of fig-trees, and Mrs. Molada gathered green figs, oranges and lemons, and clusters of purple grapes, and Harry flowers for the sick Lisetta. Every where these two seemed to think of others, and to seek to serve the needful and the troubled, with never a word to the gallery.

"How nice it is Carissima, to have these lovely things, and to make others happy with them!"

"Yes, indeed. And what will our joy be, think you, when we look into the face of the Christ of God, and hear Him say: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, *My brethren*, ye have done it unto Me.'"

"That will be glorious! Oh, sweet mater! You are just a perfect mater! If I ever do see Jesus so, and hear him say those words to me, it will be your work."

"It will be of His grace chéri. 'Not unto us'—you see my meaning?"

They drank from the leaping fontana, and descended the terraces to the large flower-garden, in which Casa Dagmara stands, and out on the great terrazzo to the pergola, where Mellingby and Elmo were arranging the breakfast-table—for, depend upon it—these two will breakfast in the open air at every opportunity. The air was scented with the breath of the mimosa, part of the balustrade of the terrazzo was sheeted with the blue flowers of the plumbago, the Mediterranean and the Alps were silent. Antonio was attending to the roses.

- "Buon Giorno Eccellenza!" he said to Mrs. Molada's salutation.
- "This a beautiful spot to train the flowers in Antonio," she said. "How good of God to create such beauty."
- "Eccellenza is right, and God is good, or He would not be so good to us."

Antonio offered her a spray of roses, and withdrew.

"Sweet mater, let us order Giotto and the pony-carriage, and mark our first day alone at home, by a visit to Dolce Acqua. We will take that faithful lunch-basket, and make a day of it. You wish to paint the ruins of the old Doria Castello, and you can make your sketches for it, and Don Pedro and I will gather wild flowers. By the way, if our basket could speak, what a romanza it would tell!"

"Yes, would it not?—of all those pleasant wandering in la belle France."

The orders were given, they would not return till time for pranzo, and a basket of fruit was not to be forgotten. Then they breakfasted and chatted beneath the roses, the great judas-trees cast long shadows on the terrazzo, the pomegranates flamed in the scented air, and under the white and pink oleanders the ring-doves fluttered. Finally they started en grande tenue, halting in the Via San Martino, to gladden the hearts of the Contadina—peasant woman—and her sick Lisetta. As I have already stated, the valley of the Nervia, together with the larger Vale of Oniglia, are the most beautiful of the Riviera di Ponente. If I could picture everchanging colors, every varied form, mist and shadows, the songs of the on-rushing, laughing, sighing, moaning Acqua

Dolce—could I translate the spirit of this wonderful vale, then might I hope to paint it in words. But it is not doable.

It would seem that Nature just let fall from her great arms every form of varied rocks, and showered them with cushions of turf, mint, juniper, cudweed, sweet lavender, vines, olive-trees, lemon and orange-trees, sword-lilies, roses, golden broom, gorse, broke up a violet farm—there are violet farms here—and scattered the violets in wonderful profusion, hyacinths, tangles of smilax, maiden-hair, spleenworts, pomegranates, ilex, cypress, caroubas, magnolias, and so on ad infinitum, and then set the Acqua Dolce leaping gaily, sometimes madly, or meditating calmly, and filling the valley with a thousand variations on Echo.

They passed Campo Rosso, and then came Dolce Acqua. What a nook of almost unearthly beauty, of silence, of solitude, of repose! The picturesque ruins of the Castello, throwing soft shadows on the clear "torrent," whispered of an animated past ended, the silver stream prattled and plashed, and tripped like Joy personified, and its Allegro flung its spirit on the entire scene. Giotto drank deep draughts, and Don Pedro lapped the glittering crystals, both casting their shadows in the stream.

"God did not put any alcohol in this pure water did he mater? What a drink His love has provided for the world! Think how the poor trees and flowers would quiver and shrink if I should irrigate them with alcohol!"

"What great events, what great results spring from small things! A dish of mushrooms caused a European war, and changed the destinies of nations." "How so? How was that, mater."

"Kaiser Charles or Karl VI. of Austria died of a dish of mushrooms, and his daughter, and heiress, afterwards the powerful Empress Maria Theresia, had to win her imperial rights by arms. All Europe took sides in the Seven Years War. Observe the results of alcohol from the first glass. Alas! the conscience of the drinker becomes like a dark lantern, that lights nobody but himself, and him only with a false light which is naught save a Fata Morgana. Like the false and cruel 'Pinabel,' in 'Orlando Furioso,' who induced the brave 'Bradamante' to visit the 'rocky cavern' with a lie, that she might perish, and he be no more in danger from her discoveries and revelations concerning him. Alcohol is a liar. Its spirit engenders hate, and produces ruin.'

Harry gave Don Pedro his basket to carry, and set out on his wild-flower hunt, and Mrs. Molada seated herself on a boulder, under refreshing shade, and for awhile lost all sense of time and space in a profound reverie. Then she began her sketch, and the ruins gradually took form under her skilful pencil. Then she painted in the colors grays, reds, browns, purples, greens, for her water-colors sketch. Now and again she rose, stood at different points, to take in the various views. Suddenly, as she stood leaning against a great rock, she heard a voice exclaim:

"At last! Muriel-my Muriel! I have found thee!"

That voice sent a shiver and a thrill through her frame and her soul, whether of terror, agony or joy she did not ask in her intense excitement and astonishment. Surely she must be dreaming. That voice, whose every tone she knows so well, has been still ten weary years. She trembles and clings to the rock against which she leans, then turns her head slightly in the direction of the voice, and there stands a noble and grand figure with bared head, gazing into her eyes with an intensity of feeling now beyond power of words.

He took a step forward, dropped on one knee, and seizing her hand kissed it passionately.

"I have found thee at last, my sweet Muriel! But how white you are! You are faint. Pray sit down. How pale and fragile you look! Are you a spirit? Will you elude me again?"

"Does the grave give up its dead?" she started back trembling violently.

"Are you a phantom? Am I dreaming?" She put her hand to her head. "You are not Casella? My Casella? Casella Whiteheatherhill?"

The new-comer started to his feet in great bewilderment. "Muriel! Muriel! My very own! Do you not know me?"

"Yes," she said as in a whisper, "the eyes are the same, the golden locks, and the voice. Oh I should know that in a universe. But my Casella died among the cruel Arabs, I know not how or when!"

"Muriel, here is my hand. Take it in yours. I am your Casella, but I am more. I have succeeded, only this last summer, to my uncle, the Earl of Edenwood, Earl of Gorselands, Deepdale Priory, Homelands, Rippleton, the chief family-seat, Edenwood Castle, and the Hawksnest.

The title is, as you know, a very ancient and wealthy one, and I am glad for your sake that I have reached the dignity. Now you will be Lady Muriel."

All this he said to give her time to recover herself.

- "But you will vanish in a minute. Oh, tell me, you are not a phantom. Where have you been all these years? Why did not you present yourself long ago, if you were not in your grave?"
- "I have not come from the grave, though almost so. have sought you. I visited all the principal cities of Europe where we had been together. No trace, no trace. Where have you been? And you are in black! Why are you in mourning, Muriel? Where is your father?"
- "My dear father has been dead ten years. We thought you had perished in Khartoum with poor Gordon. No one was supposed to have escaped. I lost all hope; he lost all hope, he died; the sorrow broke his heart. Oh, death knows no sympathy, no pity. He tramples on all tenderness. I thought he had engulfed you too.
- "'Joy that forever coming, comes not, quite' was mine. The cordon of silence—that awful silence—fell between us. Ten years I have counted you with the sacred dead."
- "Muriel, my precious one, you look pale and thin. You are ill?"
- "My physician has sent me here to winter. Lung and heart trouble. I do not think I shall ever be well again in this world!"
- "Good God! Muriel! Do not talk like that. You will drive me mad. I am not to lose you again after this long waiting."

- "Lord Edenwood seems to take much for granted."
- "Muriel, am I not Casella to you?"
- "Lord Casella."
- "No. Only Casella."
- "How can I call you that now, after so long?"
- "Come, Muriel, let me make you a nice seat under these lovely shadows, and let me tell you my history."

She seated herself, and he at her feet among the flowers.

- "Whose the pony?" observing Giotto.
- "Mine. The others of my party are botanizing."
- "Oh!"
- "Yes. But begin your story."
- "Where is my ring, Muriel? Our betrothal ring?"
- "Your ring is in the jewel-casket you gave me. How should I wear it, believing you dead, and I in deep mourning? I put on mourning for you, then for my dear father, and then—but tell me your story."
- "Very well, I will tell you my story first, since you wish it, and then you will be composed sufficiently to tell me yours.
- "Tamia was fought, that splendid Arab tribe had been slaughtered, all hope of a peaceful evacuation of the Soudan was dead, and the Arab took his revenge at Khartoum. I must not give you facts that all the world knows. The little steamer 'Abbas' bore away that party—Colonel Stewart and others—before the siege had become too strict to permit of their departure, but Gordon could not drive me from him; no threats, no entreaties succeeded. You remember I was invalided, and on furlough for an indefinite period,

and had accompanied Gordon to Khartoum simply as a friend, not officially. We two were left alone after the 'Abbas' sailed. Daily from the roof of that huge, lonely palace, we gazed over that vast desert to the north, the horizon of which is visible for leagues. Is there no army approaching? None. We see nothing in the shape of aid. Is the world dead beyond the level line marking sky and sand? Has England left us in Khartoum to die? Good God! How awful the cold selfishness of men! How could they hesitate one single instant? Have they forgotten us? Do they not apprehend the danger? Thus we questioned, thus we waited. Then comes the tidings that the 'Abbas' lies a battered wreck on the rocks of the Dar Djuna, and the relics of her murdered passengers and crew are scattered over the wild waste of the wilderness of the Monassir. Gordon was in a frenzy of agony at the news, and could not believe the tidings true. And how great was his joy that I had persisted in not going with them. Still we mounted that roof, and gazed over the Nubian desert, the 'Waterless Sea.' Naught save the silence of death. We wrote evenings, and deep into the night. Gordon's diary and mine were found. Then at last, the Arabs burst into the city. Gordon, I, and a few others, started for the church. We could not enter it. A party of approaching Arabs fired into our midst. I was struck in the head and fell. I knew nothing more of what happened then. I have since cherished a wild hope that Gordon was not slain, that he is a captive of the Arabs. I have about lost hope now. I fear it was his life for those two Pashas. It was months

before I recovered consciousness. But how do you imagine I was saved? In addition to my English orderly whom I had taken out with me, I had an Arab servant, Hassan, who had become greatly attached to me through gratitude. To Hassan I owe my life. He had a fine little son about four years of age, who had been seized with a virulent fever. I treated little Said, and he recovered. When the volley was fired into our little party and I fell, Hassan picked me up saying I was dead, and that he would bury me. Since he was an Arab, no one interfered. He bore me to his place of abode, obtained what help he could, and he and his wife nursed me. So soon as it was possible, he conveyed me to Cairo, and summoned an English physician. No one knew my name—true name. Hassan knew only my Arab name.

"The English physician said I would probably live, but was not likely to recover my reason. However, I did. But memory was absolutely dead. I could not tell my own name. I remembered nothing of recent events in Khartoum, nor whence I came. Hassan never left me. Some three or four years passed—or more, I can not tell exactly. One day Hassan had gone out with me for a stroll, and I heard an English lady sing that thing you were always so fond of: 'The Lord is mindful of His Own.'

"Like a flash of light your countenance rose before me. I remembered our betrothal; and the windows of my mind were opened. I traveled direct to Rome, where we had parted, taking Hassan with me. No trace of you, or your father! They told me you had left years ago! That was

all they knew. I dismissed Hassan, who was obliged to return to Egypt, and engaged an Italian, Alessandro, who has traveled with me ever since.

"I went to Florence, Venice and Naples; to Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Baden-Baden, Leipzig, Heidelberg. No trace! Then to Paris and Tours. And I tried London, Edinburgh, Dublin. The Wandering Jew did not travel so fiercely. Then, to try to forget, I crossed the Atlantic to New York, crossed to Canada, and in Toronto I heard of the dangerous illness of my uncle, Lord Edendwood, and rushed back to England, arriving at Edenwood Castle just in time to receive his blessing. I am the last of our race. So the title comes near extinction.

"After assuming the duties and responsibilities of my rank, and of my inheritance, the furious and distracting pain in my head returned—the result of my wound in the head—and I tore off here to the Riviera to drive it away. They say this pain can not be cured—travel and change of climate alleviate the distress. These are the facts, in the main, dearest Muriel. And I have thee! At last! And I hold thee fast. And now, Muriel, it is thy turn. Tell me thy history, since we parted in Rome.

"It was during the reports that Gordon, and all with him, had perished—probably—that we left Rome and went to Florence, where my dear father died. I was then alone in the world. The physician who attended my father was so kind to us. He was so noble and good. He asked my father for me. My father told him of my betrothal to you —you who had surely fallen at Khartoum. But, finally,

gave him permission to address me on the subject. I was then only eighteen, and our friend nearly forty. I told him my heart was broken—was buried in the grave of my betrothed. He said I might learn to love him. He urged that though he was double my age he was as young in spirit as ever, and would and could make me happy. I said the point was could I make him happy? I promised to consider the matter.

"Shortly after my dear father's death, Dr. Molada was appointed to a professorship in the Toronto Medical School. We were married, and went out to Canada, and my dear husband died in Toronto over a year ago. I learned to love my noble husband. Oh, how good and true he was. His memory is very sweet and precious to me."

"Then you had forgotten me, Muriel?"

"Forgotten! One never forgets, Casella. One closes the door over the past and keeps silence. 'The dead past was buried.' I sought to make the rest of life left to me noble and holy."

"And you love me none the less because you loved your husband so much?"

"None the less, Casella—for I have you again—and—and—my noble husband has gone to God. But my stay will be short in this world."

"Oh, Muriel! Do not say such things. You are mine —mine!"

"I am God's first. What He wills, that I will."

Just at that moment Don Pedro came bounding on the scene, followed by Harry, who carried a basket of flowers. Lord Edenwood sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

- "Hello, Molada!"
- "Hello, Lohengrin!"
- "Don Pedro! Brave fellow! He remembers me, I do believe."
- "Of course he does," said Harry. "Where is Alessandro?"
  - "At Pietra Santa."

All this time Mrs. Molada looked on in mute surprise. Harry cried, kissing her hand, "How now, mater, about the enamel-portrait in the jewel-casket and my Lohengrin? Did I not say it was my Lohengrin? Who was right?"

It was now the turn of the new-comer to be surprised.

"Yes, yes, Harry, you were right. This is the friend who gave me the casket and the cabinet, Lord Edenwood. I had thought him dead. I had believed him to have perished at Khartoum with Gordon. He has just been telling me how he escaped."

"Yes; but I was not Lord Edenwood then, only Casella Whiteheatherhill. I only came into the title this last summer. When I saw you on the steamer Corsican to Montreal, I was leaving for England, to receive my uncle's blessing before his death. I had just heard of his dangerous illness."

"What a day this has been," cried Harry, dancing in high glee with Don Pedro. "Are you not glad we came to Dolce Acqua to-day, mater? Thou and the Don must be ferociously hungry."

"Yes. Open the baskets then. You will make the tea. We have plenty of fruit. Lord Edenwood will lunch with us, and, I hope, accompany us back to Ennabella."

"Shall be delighted. So you are staying at Ennabella! A Paradiso!"

"So Harry says," added Mrs. Molada. "We are at Casa Dagmara."

"So!" said Lord Edenwood. "I know your near neighbors, Lord and Lady Southglen, now staying at Casa Bellatesta, very well, and that accomplished pair, the Rev. Dr. Muchlove and his charming wife, are friends of mine."

"How delightful!" replied Mrs. Molada. "Then I fancy you may be acquainted with Sir Hubert Sommerville and Lady Mabel, now staying at Cannes."

"Intimately."

"We had them as guests for a few days—after our visit to them at Cannes—and Lord and Lady Southglen and the Muchloves to dine while they were with us."

"So it seems we have some mutual friends," said Harry. "How very pleasant!"

Lord Edenwood was the life of the trio. He brought water from the Acqua Dolce to boil for tea, while Harry got out the wee "stove," watered Giotto, romped with Don Pedro, and extemporized the prettiest table for Mrs. Molada, who was pale and trembling from the excitement of the unexpected and joyous meeting.

"Hello!" cried Harry; "there is Alessandro!"

They were just finished with lunch, and were about to prepare for departure. Allessandro was on horseback, leading his master's horse.

"I walked miles this morning," said Lord Edenwood, "and directed Alessandro to meet me here." No, Alessandro had dined. He made his grand salutation to the Eccellenza and to Harry, and proceeded to water his horses. Then they returned to Ennabella, Lord Edenwood riding beside the pony-carriage.

On entering the drawing-room at Casa Dagmara, the first objects that greeted Lord Edenwood were the cabinet, with doors thrown open, and the chased silver jewel casket displayed in it.

Mrs. Molada opened the casket, and showed him the portrait of her husband. Then she opened the inner division, and the magnificent enamel portrait looked out in its fascinat-smile.

"Oh!" cried Harry, "how like your friend it is, mater!" Lord Edenwood picked up their betrothal ring and the gold bracelet, bearing the legend: "Amo te-Ama me."

"Harry," he said, with deep emotion, "your dear mater and I were betrothed twelve years ago, before I went out with Gordon to Khartoum. This sapphire ring was our betrothal ring. Will you give your Carissima to me? She is mine. Muriel mine, let me put this ring on your finger again, and this bracelet on your wrist, as I did twelve years ago."

"Would you wed the grave, Casella? I shall die here."

"Mater! Mater! What did you say? Why, you came here to get well. You did too much in France. I could not live without you, Let your friend put the ring and bracelet on again. I give you to him, willingly, for I shall be with you both. You will—you must get well. Put on the ring, Lord Edenwood."

"Very well," said Mrs. Molada, and she held out her hand. "I will wear your ring—our ring—while I live. But I bid you, Casella—and you, my Harry—seek only, wish only God's will—and—at last."—she sank back in a swoon.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

#### A DECISION.

### "KENNST DU DAS LAND WO DIE CITRONEN BLÜ'HN?"

HARRY threw himself on his knees, and began covering the white hands with kisses.

"Do not be alarmed, Harry," said Lord Edenwood, "it is only the great excitement."

He rang the bell. Mellingby appeared.

"Your lady has fainted," he said; "attend to her, please. I will summon medical aid."

He hastened out, intending to despatch Alessandro to Pietra Santa for Dr. Ferrara, and on the terrazzo encountered the Rev. Dr. Muchlove and the doctor.

"You are in the nick of time, gentlemen," he said. "Will you wait here, Dr. Muchlove? Mrs. Molada has fainted. Will you come with me, Dr. Ferrara?"

Mellingby had laid her mistress on the sofa, and was applying cologne water to the head and temples, and Harry to the hands.

Dr. Ferrara administered some remedy, and in a few moments Mrs. Molada sat up, smiling at "the foolish absurdity of fainting away for nothing." Lord Edenwood introduced Dr. Ferrara, the heart-andlungs specialist from Pietra Santa, explaining that he and Dr. Muchlove had arrived very opportunely just as she had swooned.

"Permit me to differ from your idea of having fainted for 'nothing,' Mrs. Molada," said the Doctor. "You have been suffering from some undue excitement. The action of the heart is very weak and uncertain—unsteady. Avoid all excitement. Excitement would probably prove fatal to you. Live out of doors. Take long drives—no fatigue—breakfast and lunch in the open air. The Rev. Dr. Muchlove has communicated to me the cause of your being here. There is more immediate danger, believe me, from the heart than from the lungs. And now permit me to take leave."

"Will you see Dr. Muchlove?" enquired Lord Edenwood.

"Pray, invite him to enter."

"Do you entertain any serious apprehensions regarding Mrs. Molada, Doctor?" asked Lord Edenwood, when they found themselves alone on the terrazzo. "Be very candid with me. I have a right to know. She is, or rather was my betrothed twelve years ago, before I went out to the Soudan."

"Mrs. Molada is in a very precarious state. She may die any moment, and she might live for years, but for the lung-trouble. She must have had some great excitement to-day. The whole frame is agitated to a remarkable degree."

"Our interview is confidential, Doctor," said Lord Edenwood. "Allow me to explain. I met Mrs. Molada to-day quite unexpectedly, after a separation of twelve years. She thought me dead. She believed I had fallen with Gordon at Khartoum. She has reckoned me among the dead for ten years. I came upon her suddenly at Acqua Dolce, where she was making a sketch in water-colors of the ruins of the Doria Castello. She was terrified at first, and held me for a phantom."

"It is a wonder it did not kill her—the suddenness—and she had the fixed idea of your death," said the Doctor.

"You must be right. I found it difficult to convince her of the *reality* of my presence. I persuaded her, this afternoon, after our return here, to wear again our bethrothal ring, and Harry seconded my persuasions, when she assured us she would not live long."

"I would strongly counsel an immediate marriage."

": If I could persuade her. She has only promised to wear our betrothal ring" during life."

"I tell you frankly, Lord Edenwood, the only safety for your friend is in a settled quiet. Drive to Eza to-morrow. Manage to lunch in that enchanting spot, and under those fine carouba-trees, you MAY hit upon an irresistable plea for a speedy union. Try it. Try it. There comes that lordly boy, showing Dr. Muchlove out! A remarkable boy that! A born noble."

"He is a noble; and he shall be a noble—so recognized by the world. An idea has struck me, Doctor. I shall win!"

"Success to you Lord Edenwood."

That evening Mrs. Molada wrote her promised letter to the Bishop of Hollikulliwogony. There had never been a question in her mind as to what her reply to his proposal would be; but she had given her promise to write, and she knew he was expecting her letter.

#### ENNABELLA, RIVIERA.

#### CASA DAGMARA.

My Dear Bishop Taborno:

Dear friend:—After our ramblings in France, we are settled here in a lovely house, which I have rented for the winter. My precious boy grows and thrives every way, and throws out roots and branches to the sun and the light like a thirsty flower or tree. I have given him up to the King—without reserve.

It must be Entsagen—it must be India alone. But you counted the cost when you offered Christ your life and being. You did not reserve your will. You gave Him your service, and He chooses for you. When you consecrated yourself fully, as I know you did, you died. You are in the grave of the risen Saviour. Keep the grave-stone down. Self will attempt, perhaps, to rise again. Self is the most stubborn and persistent thing in the universe. Now it is Christ in you." This is an insoluble riddle to the world. Oh, learn daily, as Saint Paul did, "the power of this resurrection," from a life of self-sin, to a life of perfect love. Entsagen is for us both.

"I shall never see Toronto again, although my husband's grave is there. He is not there—only his house in which he dwelt. My spring will be passed among the 'Saints in Light.' You referred to my betrothed, Casella Whiteheatherhill, in our interview at Tintern Abbey. He did not perish with Gordon in Khartoum! He is here! He found me this morning, sketching at Acqua Dolce. Imagine the surprise! I had counted him dead for ten years. I can not analyze my emotions. I can not tell whether it was terror or joy that animated me. I could not believe the reality of his presence, and fancied I saw a spirit. How absurd! One

never sees a spirit. That might have convinced me. But my powers of reason seem to have forgotten their functions. Casella rode beside our pony-carriage back here. He asked where our betrothal-ring was, and he and Harry, between them, persuaded me to wear it, after ten years. And he put it on my finger. I promised to wear it while I live. It gives him pleasure, and dear Harry thinks it will help in a recovery, which is but a vain hope.

The next tidings you will have of me will be that I have gone to the Land of Light; that I am in the Dawn of an Everlasting

Day; that I am in the immediate Holy Presence.

I have been reading, over and over, the promises in Revelation attached to 'Overcometh.' How wonderful they are! Will you study them with me, when you read this letter?

Good-bye, my beloved friend in Jesus, until we meet in the Throne Room.

MURIEL MOLADA.

Lord Edenwood arrived in his carriage at Casa Dagmara the following morning, by arrangement, and found Mrs. Molada and Harry just finishing breakfast on the terrazzo.

"I have given all directions for luncheon at Eza," he said, after the morning greetings, "and you, my dear Mrs. Molada, have absolutely not a care—nothing to do but to grow strong, and drink in this wonderful air. It is one of the finest mornings I have ever seen. I brought this spray of roses and the maiden-hair for you to wear to-day, but I see that Harry—the young rascal—has anticipated me. Where did you find those splendid roses, Braveheart?"

"In our grounds, Lohen—Lord Edenwood. You have not seen the upper terraces of Casa Dagmara yet."

"No; you must let me see them to-morrow."

"But give me your flowers, Casella; I will wear them in my girdle—so. What taste you have! Did you arrange these yourself?"

"Totally-I am glad you like them, Muriel."

"Who would not like what you arrange, my friend?"

How bright she looked — how the great lustrous eyes gleamed! But Lord Edenwood was not deceived. He saw the hectic flush with a shudder, and knew that she was a rare exotic flower, soon to be transplanted to higher realms. He knew that he could not hold her back by his strong love. He was not sure he wished to—he hardly knew. But he would be her husband; she should be his wife. And, oh, how he would cherish her last days—or hours—and Harry should be his son and heir—and add to his name, Molada, his own. He should be Molada-Whiteheatherhill, Earl of Edenwood.

He drove away in a dream of love and beauty, with Muriel at his side, and the kingly lad opposite, and he chanted a *Te Deum* in his soul, that he had the power to do all that wealth, rank and love could do to make life sweet to his beloved, and to bless her boy.

"What are your views in reference to the temperance question, Muriel?" he inquired as they drove along.

"Total prohibition, Casella. I have impressed upon my Harry's mind the deep principle of love to the race, and shown him that *Love covld not* give alchol to a brother or sister. And I may tell you Harry has been a missionary-worker in Toronto among the newsboys and drunkards."

"Then we are in perfect harmony on this weighty question. I am an absolute Prohibitionist. When I succeeded my uncle to the Earldom of Edenwood, and awoke to the great responsibilities of my position, I resolved that I would

banish alcohol totally from my estates. These estates are vast. I have thousands under my care and influence. I held meetings among my people, told them my views, and explained that I would not renew any licenses on my estates. As they expired they were dead. I told them I would build new cottages and tear down the old damp placeswhere there were any—that I would be a father to them, and give them all in my power necessary to their happiness, but that I would not consent to kill them and their children with deadly poison. I assured my tenants, large and small, that I would renew their leases on one condition only, that they would second me in this matter. I told them I would not attempt to coerce anyone; every man was free to choose. I would banish alcohol from the Earldom of Edenwood by the grace of God. I believe they will work with me. If all the English nobility would take this stand, we would soon root out this deadly evil from the land. Some are doing it. I tried my wings on this subject before my uncle's death. When I made the Atlantic voyage last summer for the relief of that maddening pain in the head, not with any idea of finding you, for I never dreamed of your being out there, I entertained the idea of lecturing on temperance for awhile, and I delivered a lecture in Toronto. You know my mother's name was Colonna, and I bore that name, since I desired to travel incognito, a whim, but I wished it."

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Molada. "I heard much of that eloquent lecture. To think that you should have been so near, and have talked with my laddie, and yet not have discovered me!"

"The name Molada was strange to me, you see, though Braveheart's face spoke strangely to me."

Harry was an intent listener to this conversation, now and then having a word of confidence with Don Pedro, who occupied a place in the front of the carriage with the coachman. Finally they reached beautiful Eza. For awhile they beheld the enchanting pictures, far and near, in silence. Then a servant arrived in a dog-cart with luncheon. They seated themselves under those fine carouba-trees, and enjoyed the delicious refreshments, attended by that trained garçon, who anticipated every want at a glance.

When all was removed, Lord Edenwood directed that the two men should enjoy a meal before the garçon left. Then Harry and Don Pedro rambled off to "spy out the land," Lord Edenwood sought out the loveliest spot, with the best view, and arranged a seat for his betrothed, throwing himself on the ground before her. They gazed at the scene for some moments in silence, both hearts too full for utterance.

- "Muriel!"
- "Yes, Casella."
- "I want you just to be my wife. Give me the right to be with you always, and take care of you. You are mine. You gave yourself to me long since in a solemn vow. Let us just be married quietly without delay. I can not exist away from you."
- "That would be most selfish of me Casella. I should be only a burden. You are the owner of great estates and a proud name. Marry a maiden snitable to you, when I am gone. You will not have long to wait. Do your duty to your inheritance."

Their eyes met. Muriel's were full of unshed tears.

"Muriel, you know I will never marry any other woman. My love for you is my very being. Be entreated. Be my wife?"

"Would that I might. It would not be just to let you sacrifice yourself so, and it would not be very long."

"Then I shall never marry. Will you refuse me the only joy within my reach? Oh, say yes,"

"Do not try to make me selfish, Casella."

A long pause ensued. Then Lord Edenwood seized her hand, touched the ring, and reminded her of their plighted troth so long ago.

"Muriel, I have a claim. You are mine, in sickness as in health. And who knows? You might recover."

She shook her head. "Never Casella. Do not flatter yourself with a fallacious hope. I shall not recover."

"Muriel, I am the last of my race. I shall marry none other but you. The estates will revert to the crown, the title become extinct. I desire to accomplish a great reform on my estates, but the opportunity will be lost, for there is no heir, unless you come to the rescue. Harry, as my stepson, will be my heir. I shall educate him for the Earldom. He will, by act of Parliament, add my family name to Molada, and he succeeds me as Lord Edenwood. He is already a prohibitionist, and will carry on the reform begun by me. It seems to me a marvellous providence that this is so. You will never refuse me the felicity of being near you, and of taking care of you while you live? Never. This winter we will go to Rome, re-visit the Royal Court of the

great-souled Rex Umberto, and the fascinating Regina Margherita. Spring will come, and sunny May. Then I will take you to England, and present Lady Muriel of Edenwood to our Queen, our beloved Victoria. Then we will travel, and educate Harry. And who knows, you may renew your strength."

Lord Edenwood rose to his knees, took her hand and pressed it to his lips in a long caress.

"You will Muriel? It is yes?"

"Yes, Casella, yes. I will be your wife."

He sprang to his feet, and bending down to her, imprinted a long kiss on the lofty white brow. Muriel rose and laid her head upon his breast. He lifted the holy, pale face, and their lips met in a lingering kiss, the twin to that betrothal kiss of twelve years ago.

- "My precious Muriel! Naught but death shall separate thee and me. Mine at last." He drew her hand within his arm, still holding it in his, and they moved to another point, and stood looking down upon the radiant and unpathed Mediterranean.
  - "You remember young Taborno, Casella?"
  - "Yes. Why?"
- "He is Bishop of Hollikulliwogony in India. He is in Toronto now, returned from India for a rest. I met him at Tintern Abbey, the residence of a friend. He made me a second proposal of marriage. You knew of the first. I did not accept. But he was so terribly in earnest, and begged me not to give my answer then. I promised to write. I sent my letter of farewell to him yesterday. When

I am gone, tell him. He will be glad of news, and to hear from you. Will you?"

"Most assuredly."

"I told him of your return, and that I wore our ring."

- "When shall be our wedding-day sweet Muriel? Let it be at once. One day this coming week. May it be on Wednesday?"
- "Very well. It shall be on Wednesday at noon, in the church of Pietra Santa, and Dr. Muchlove, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sommerville of Tours, brother of Sir Hubert, shall marry us."
- "I know him well. Just what I should wish. And you would like the Southglens, the Sommervilles from Cannes, and Dr. Ferrara?"
  - "Certainly. But no one beside."
  - "May I arrange it all for the function?"
  - "Yes, Casella. Who so well?"
- "I will see the Southglens and Muchloves, and Dr. Ferrara. To the others I must write. Muriel, darling, lay aside these sable robes to-day, will you not? They are injurious to your health."
  - "Yes, I am a widow no longer, but your blissful wife."
- "And I will send the carriage to-morrow morning, and you can drive to Pietra Santa, and make any orders you desire. You will have Lady Alice over this evening. She will be delighted."
- "Yes. I will take her with me, as well as Harry. But let no hint of our plans become known, or, instead of quiet, we shall have a crowd at the church."

"Not one syllable, if I can help it."

Suddenly Harry and Don Pedro stood before the pair. Harry uncovered and saluted profoundly.

"Bless me! Where did you come from so quietly Harry?" asked Lord Edenwood.

"We made noise enough. I fear you two people are growing deaf in—"

"Our happiness. Harry, your Carissima has promised to be my wife, and you become my son and heir."

"I congratulate with all my heart. Nothing could give me such joy." He kissed gallantly his mother's hands, and gave his hand to Lord Edenwood. "I give you my paternal blessing, my children."

Lord Edenwood laughed heartily, and Muriel smiled on her beautiful boy, and, stooping, kissed him.

"Don Pedro! Here, sir, give the paw." The noble animal obeyed with great dignity. "Remember, Don Pedro will be at the function, and will walk with me behind the bridal pair."

"Harry must have a new suit," said Muriel.

"Yes, he, too, must lay aside his mourning," said Lord Edenwood.

"And Don Pedro shall wear a wreath of white clematis montana over his collar," cried Harry, "like that which he is wearing now. Is it not lovely?"

Returned to Villa Dagmara, Lord Edenwood proposed to himself to call at once on Lord and Lady Southglen, and the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Muchlove.

"And you will return here to dinner, Casella?"

"If I may-shall be most happy."

Mrs. Molada descended to the drawing-room, dressed for dinner in a soft gray silk, and Harry wore a suit of the same favorite color.

Lord Edenwood, on his return, looked much pleased at the change.

In the evening the Southglens and Muchloves came to offer their congratulations. Lord Edenwood had told them the romantic story, and they had never heard anything so wonderful in all the realms of fiction. And, in fact, how true it is, that real life far surpasses the wildest dreams of romance.

Mrs. Molada invited Lady Alice and Mrs. Muchlove to accompany her to Pietra Santa the next day. Lord Casella wrote his letters the same evening to the Sommervilles at Cannes and at Tours, telling them the thrilling story, and inviting them to the wedding on the part of Mrs. Molada, whom he desired to spare all fatigue, and he visited Dr. Ferrara.

Then came letters of congratulation, and costly gifts for the bride.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### IN THE PERGOLA.

### AT LAST! GONE!

WHEN Lord Edenwood entered the church on his wedding-day, accompanied by Dr. Ferrara, he found it crowded to the doors, and the ushers had, with difficulty, reserved an aisle and the chancel for the bridal party. The romantic and thrilling story had circulated in the city, and much interest and excitement prevailed. A crowd was assembled outside the church, to catch a glimpse of the bride.

From the entrance to the church up the aisle to the altar little white-robed maidens stood in a double row, between which the bride was to walk, each with a basket of roses. Nobody knew how it had all been managed, but, *inter nos*, Lady Alice and Lady Mabel were the prime movers in carrying out this graceful fancy.

At length Mrs. Molada arrived. How superb she looked! She wore a robe of purple velvet trimmed with sable, and a bonnet of the same, and Harry wore the same materials, and a Troubadour hat of purple velvet and sable, in the front of which the Earl had fastened a large solitaire diamond.

The bride wore no ornament, save the sapphire ring and

the gold bracelet, bearing the legend, Amo te-Ama me. As she walked up the aisle to the altar, over the roses scattered at her feet as she passed, led by her regal boy, one saw that a lady of imperial dignity and beauty and exalted purity of soul walked there.

Don Pedro followed in his wreath of white clematis montana, and the organ pealed forth the march in the Götterdämmerung.

When Dr. Muchlove asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Harry replied in a clear voice, "I."

After the bridal pair had been congratulated by their friends, they repaired to the vestry with their guests to sign the registry, the organ meanwhile playing the march in Lohengrin.

Then Lord and Lady Edenwood left the church, greeted as they retired by the joyous notes of the Mendelssohn wedding march, and in many a bright eye glistened a tear, for all rejoiced with the beautiful Lady Muriel, the last scion of a race as old and noble as that of the Whiteheatherhills.

They drove away to Villa Dagmara, followed by their friends, where a wedding déjêuner was served after the reception. To each guest the Earl introduced Harry as: "My son and heir, Lord Harry Molada, of Edenwood."

Sir Hubert and Lord Southglen made a felicitous speech—to say nothing of the others—and the Earl's reply was not less so. Then somebody called for Lord Harry Molada, and he rose, seated himself at the piano, and played the march in *Lohengrin*. In reality he was speaking to his

noble step-father, and the Earl understood fully the delicate compliment. Then he played his beautiful "Variations" on "My Love Lies Far in a Soldier's Grave," and now it was Lady Muriel's turn to be deeply moved.

"What is that, Lord Harry?" enquired Mrs. Muchlove.

"It is variations," replied Lord Harry, "on a song written by my dear mater, Lady Muriel, 'My Love Lies Far in a Soldier's Grave,' when she thought that her betrothed had fallen at Khartoum. It was sung at the Molada concert in Toronto. She wrote it especially for that concert."

"It is very beautiful, indeed. Could you let me have the song and music?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Muchlove. I will copy them for you."

"I have heard much concerning that 'Molada Concert,'" remarked Lady Alice. "It created a furore in Toronto. The journals were full of it in England as well as in Canada. You are partial to Wagner, I see, my Lord Harry."

"Yes, Lady Alice, I admire him and love him, and I once had a very dear friend named Lohengrin, just a grand friend."

He glanced at the Earl and Lady Muriel with a glad smile, and they both returned it with deep emotion. But the day was declining. The party was about to break up. The bride and bridegroom rose from table, and they all went out as by common consent on the terrazzo. Lady Muriel was pale with some great thought. She led the way to the beautiful rose—over-grown pergola.

"My dear friends," she said, "I would like you all to unite with me in singing 'Abide with Me,' before you go, before we part, perhaps not all to see each other again in this world."

Ever the same, this pure soul, turned to Christ always, as the needle to the pole. Her precious boy ran for the guitarre, Lady Muriel seated herself in the pergola, her husband standing at her side. They sang the first verse, Lady Muriel's white face upturned to the deep blue of the Heavens, the lad's gaze fastened on her countenance, as if he fain would read the thoughts reigning in her soul.

They began the second verse, when the guitarre fell from her hand to the ground, and she exclaimed, with arms outstretched, "At Last! Harry! Casella! Fare——" and sank back in her husband's arms.

Lord Harry threw himself on his knees at her feet, and gazed in her face.

"Mater! Mater! Little mother! Carissima!" cried the boy. "Pater! Mater is not answering me! Does she hear me do you think?"

Dr. Ferrara had pressed forward, and was examining the pulse and heart. "No, no, Lady Muriel will hear no more on earth. She is gone!"

With a wail and a cry that thrilled all present, the boy threw himself upon the ground with his face in his hands.

"You must be mistaken, Doctor," cried Lord Casella in agony. "Try your remedies. It is merely a fainting fit, as before."

"No remedy can help my Lord. Lady Muriel has gone to God."

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Do not tell me my precious wife is dead."

They bore her to the drawing-room, and laid her on the sopha. The Rev. Mr. Sommerville of Tours called to the prostrate lad, but there was no reply. Lady Mabel knelt down and touched him, but he gave no sign of hearing. They summoned the doctor who lifted him up. He was unconscious.

"He is in for a violent attack of brain fever," said the doctor. "Here Mellingby! help me to get Lord Harry to his room, and to bed. It will be brain fever. Attend to him. I will at once send a professional nurse from Pietra Santa."

Meanwhile Dr. Muchlove was trying to approach the stricken husband of a few hours.

"Come with me Lord Casella," he said.

"Leave me alone with my dead. I shall not leave her. She is mine. I can not, I will not give her up, I can not! She is not dead. She will revive presently. Oh, God! thou hast stricken me sore! Mr. Muchlove, I can not give her up."

"Not to God! You surprise me! I thought, she thought you were a Christian. God has taken her, and your will is

not dead yet my friend."

"Oh, yes, yes, to God, yes! Oh, God! there is nothing more!"

"There is the young Lord Harry, her son. Come to

him. He lies in his bed insensible. It is brain fever the doctor says."

Dr. Ferrara approached him as he left the drawing-room, and said, "If you will commission me, I will give all necessary orders according to your command."

Lord Casella put his hand to his head. "Oh, God!" he cried, "this maddening pain! Orders! Yes—yes—there must be orders. Summon the best embalmers. Let the precious form be embalmed and placed in a crystal casket, until—until my son take a final farewell. It would kill him to have it otherwise. When all is done, let me know. Let my wife be robed in white satin, with the long golden curls, and the two wedding-rings on the finger. This is her first wedding-ring. Bring me the sapphire ring now, that is for my son, her boy. He will find a little comfort in that. Dr. Ferrara, I trust you as a brother."

Lord Casella hastened to his son's room. The lad was in the ravings of a violent fever, and knew no one. Dr. Ferrara brought him the betrothal-ring, and the Earl fitted it to the lad's middle finger, it was just the size.

Weeks passed. The boy had a hard struggle for life, but youth conquered, and one Sunday morning as Lord Casella sat beside him, he opened his eyes in conscious recognition, and enquired in a voice scarcely audible:

- "Pater, what has happened? Have I been ill-long?"
- "Yes, Harry mine, you have been very ill. You must not talk."
- "Where is Carissima?" He gazed in the Earl's face. "Where is she?" he repeated.

The Earl's lips quivered, a reply was impossible. Then Lord Harry looked down at his hand and observed the ring. "Father, thy will be done!" whispered the stricken boy, folding his hands, and sinking deeper in the pillows. Soon he could sit up, then move about his room, then go out on the terrazzo, and then the Earl took him for long drives.

One morning they had rambled up to the ilex allée, when the boy cried suddenly:

"Pater, let us leave here. I can not bear it. Can I see my Carissima now?"

"Do you think you are strong enough my son?"

"Oh, yes, oh yes, let us go now. Let me say good-bye."

So they drove to Pietra Santa, and sought the crypt of the church. Lady Muriel lay lovely to behold in the crystal casket. Lord Harry spoke no word. He knelt down by the casket and gazed long at the marble face so still in death. Not a muscle of the boy's countenance moved, not a tear. He was as if turned to marble.

"At last!" he whispered, "Farewell, Carissima! You hear the 'Inasmuch' now, 'Farewell!"

He rose and threw himself into the Earl's arms.

"Thank you dear Pater, for having also my own dear Pater's ring on that hand."

"And, my son, here in this holy presence let me tell you what your Carissima said the day before the wedding. She said: 'I intend Harry to have my Roman cabinet and the silver jewel-casket with its precious treasnres. Should he ever love, I would wish him to use my—our betrothal ring.'

Whether she thought death was so near I can not tell.

AL.

I have delivered her message, or rather told you her bequest."

Then with one lingering gaze he whispered: "Farewell, till the First Resurrection."

At Edenwood Castle is an exquisite Gothic chapel, the "Lady Muriel Chapel," in white marble and costly Munich stained-glass, built by Lord Casella. On the pure white marble floor are two memorials of Lady Muriel, one representing her sleeping on a marble couch, with a spray of roses and maiden-hair in her left hand, which rests upon the breast, the right hand at the side, from which has fallen a single rose in full bloom. At the foot stands a superb Angel of Death, a rival in beauty to that one by Canova in Saint Peters at Rome. At the head stands Faith, star-crowned, pointing upward.

The other memorial is a white marble group, each a portrait. It represents the death-scene in the pergola. Lady Muriel has fallen back in her husband's arms, who stands supporting her, a magnificent form, and the guitarre has fallen on the ground, while her beloved boy kneels at her feet, and gazes in her face, and Don Pedro the faithful close by him looks on in disconsolate sorrow.

"What a tragic story," says everyone who comes to view this masterpiece of art and love. Hither the two stricken ones came often, sometimes together, more frequently alone.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### TRAVEL-REUNION.

THE Earl of Edenwood, with his son, Lord Harry, spent the first year of mourning in England, doing noble work among all classes in the cause of temperance, holding meetings weekly in his own earldom and elsewhere, and our hero followed up the good work begun in Toronto, hunting out the drinkers, and persuading boys and men to become members of his Anti-Sin Club.

In the face of the astounding and appalling fact that alcoholic intoxicants are sold to *uine-hundred-millions*, they both felt there was no time to be lost in the endeavor to stop this *crime against humanity*.

"Courage my boy," the Earl would say, "we will throttle this monster fraud, this monster crime, this "Geryon," that is cheating humanity of soul and body."

There was a great revival in the earldom, which spread elsewhere, the churches awoke to the importance of the work, the greatness of the need, some volunteered to give up their license to sell intoxicating drinks.

During the first part of the year, news came of the death of Mr. Raben of Rabenshort, and a copy of his will was sent to them. Lord Harry was sole heir to the legacy of the \$5,000.

"Pater, I can not, of course, accept this money. With your permission I will write to Messers Goodwill, Seaklere, Deep and Trueman, desiring them to hand over this sum to the "Molada Newsboys' Hall" in Toronto. And there is another matter I had almost forgotten. On our arrival in Paris en route to the Riviera, we received a cheque for \$2,000. We never knew who sent it. I would like to send that sum to the Rev. Dr. Glenavon, Judge Underhill and Mayor Mowbank to be used for furnishing books, magazines and papers for the reading room of the Newsboys' Hall. I know my Carissima would wish this could she speak to us."

"I know she would Harry. Do as you will. I give you power to manage this affair in your own way."

Finally that distressing pain in Lord Edenwood's head again forced him to travel. They made a tour of the world, Lord Harry's tutor traveling with them. On the Rhine they met Judge and Mrs. Underhill and Gabrielle, and they traveled for some months together. After this tour Gabrielle was to study in London, Paris and Rome, before returning to Toronto.

In India they visited Hollikulliwogony, and saw Bishop Taborno. Lord Edenwood had written, as promised in that memorable scene at Eza, but now, in personal interviews, he related all the thrilling story of his escape from the Arabs at Khartoum through an Arab, his unexpected meeting with his betrothed at Acqua Dolce, his married life of a few hours, and her sudden death.

# CHAPTER XXX.

#### AT LAST.

#### AMO TE-AMA ME.

"Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car il pleure; Vous qui souffrez, venez à lui, car il guerit, Vous qui tremblez, venez à lui, car il sourit; Vous qui passez, venez à lui, car il demeure." \*

FOURTEEN years have passed since the Lady Muriel Chapel at Edenwood Castle was built.

An eager multitude has filled the Fleur-de-Lis church, the joy-bells of Toronto are ringing, and the Rev. Dr. Glenavon stands waiting at the altar. What do you imagine is the event that has so excited and interested all classes, and very particularly the fair maidens of that beautiful city?

Young Lord Harry, Earl of Edenwood, leads to the altar to-day the beautiful, highly-cultivated and good Gabrielle of Tintern Abbey, the only surviving child of Judge and Mrs. Underhill. The bride wears white satin, the fittest for a bride meseems, veil and wreath, but her only ornaments are that superb sapphire ring and the bracelet bearing *Amo* 

<sup>\*</sup> You who weep, come to this God, for He weeps; You who suffer, come to Him, for He heals, You who tremble, fear, come to Him, for He smiles; You who die, come to Him, for He liveth forever.

te-Ama me, more precious to her young heart than aught beside, as once worn by the mother of her young bridegroom. She wears over her heart the badge of the W. C. T. U. in form of a heart of gold, and carries a bouquet of glorious roses, beautiful enough to have grown in the dominions of the fair Margherita, Queen of Italy.

Her golden hair and large brown eyes glitter in the gladness of love on this bright June morning. Her bridemaids, fourteen of them, all her choicest friends, in the colors of her hair and eyes, follow her to the altar, each wearing the badge of the W. C. T. U. in gold, and a united portrait of the bride and bridegroom in enamel, the gift of the young Earl, and each carries a basket of roses. On their weddingday, the bridal pair set apart a sum sufficient to support one hundred missionaries to China, and fifty to Japan; fifty to India, and a like number to Africa and the isles of the sea for fifty years. Both had agreed that the sum usually expended in costly gems, and other foolish outlays, should be given to "Rescue the perishing." They not only sang the words, but they did it, which is far more.

Lord Casella is not at this beautiful Christian wedding. He sleeps in the crypt of the Lady Muriel Chapel, beside his betrothed of twelve years, and his wife of a few short hours. He lived to see her son, his son beloved, attain his majority, and the coming of age of the heir of the Earldom of Edenwood, was the occasion for wonderful rejoicings.

On this happy day a delightful surprise was prepared for the noble-hearted Earl, and the popular young Lord Harry. The people presented an address to the Earl, declaring themselves for Prohibition. "Oh!" said Lord Harry to his father, "how my Carissima would rejoice could she but hear that address."

"She does hear it, son, she hears it."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure. Do you forget the 'crowd of witnesses?' Those 'witnesses' are human souls redeemed, not angels."

But before Lord Harry had completed his career at Oxford, Lord Casella was gathered to his ancestors, and a single Molada-Whiteheatherhill, last of his family, is left to build up a new and powerful race, powerful in intellect, but, more important still in goodness, true *Moladas*. With Prohibition a fait accompli, and with his gifted young wife, his heart beats high with hope for a great and mighty future for his own people on this his wedding-day.

Mayor Mowbank is not at this auspicious wedding. He dwells in the Unseen Land. Baldéra Trueman has developed into a brilliant *pianista*, and has performed before the most distinguished assemblies in America and Europe, and before many crowned heads by command. Mr. Trueman still lectures on temperance, and is a light of the first magnitude. Gertrude Raben has given her life to Paganism, and is, with her husband, one of Hudson Taylor's missionaries in China.

Max Dorn, who once said to our hero, Harry Molada— "Now I don't know most nothin" —has joined a party of students from the Toronto University, Victoria College, MacMaster University and Knox College, from the first of which he is a gold medalist, and they are in Hudson Taylor's regiments, teaching the Chinese the Way of Life. Max

owes his rise to good Mayor Mowbank, who discovered the lad's talent, and induced others to unite with him in educating the boy. Jack Drinkdregs is an enthusiastic worker in the "Mowbank Toronto Mission," and Mr. Drinkdregs has joined the Salvation Army, and is proof against all the rum-bottles in the world. The "Molada News Boys' Hall" is soon to be finished, and is to be a great ornament to Toronto.

The sweet-singer Roma, with all his pretty and loving little ways, is dead. Last, but by no means least, the "amber-coated" Don Pedro was at the bridal of Lord Harry and Gabrielle Underhill, and walked in the bride's procession. He looked simply superb, wearing a wreath of bridal-roses and streamers of ribbons of white and the colors of the bride's hair and eyes. Don Pedro is an immense favorite with Lady Edenwood. She has had herself photographed with him, and he attends her everywhere, and especially does he delight to follow the bridal pair on their canters through the green lanes and parks of Gorselands, Deepdale Priory, Homelands, Rippleton, the Hawksnest and Edenwood Castle.

ŧ,

